Nov. 4, 1967

THE NEW YORKER

Price 35 cents

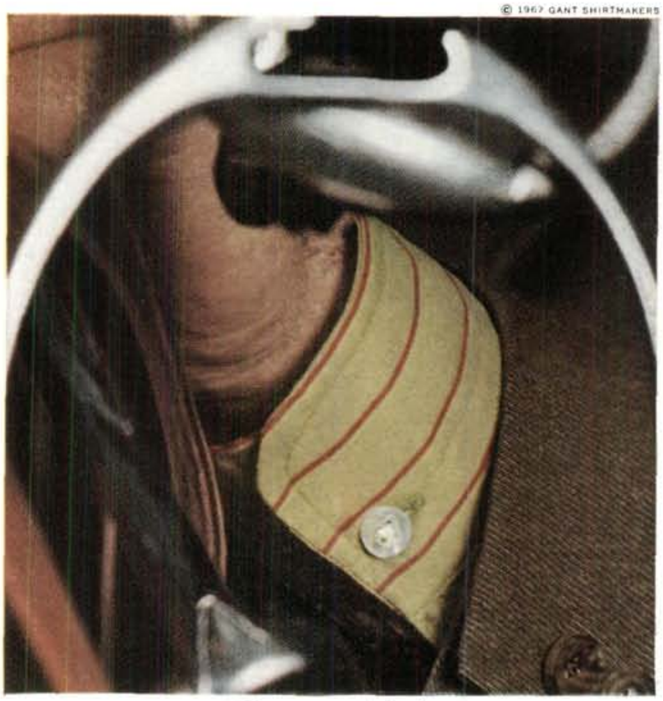
Property of
Ambassador College Library
Big San[illegible] TX 757
AUG 0 5 1993

LUE MOUNTAIN COLLEGE
GUYTON LIBRARY

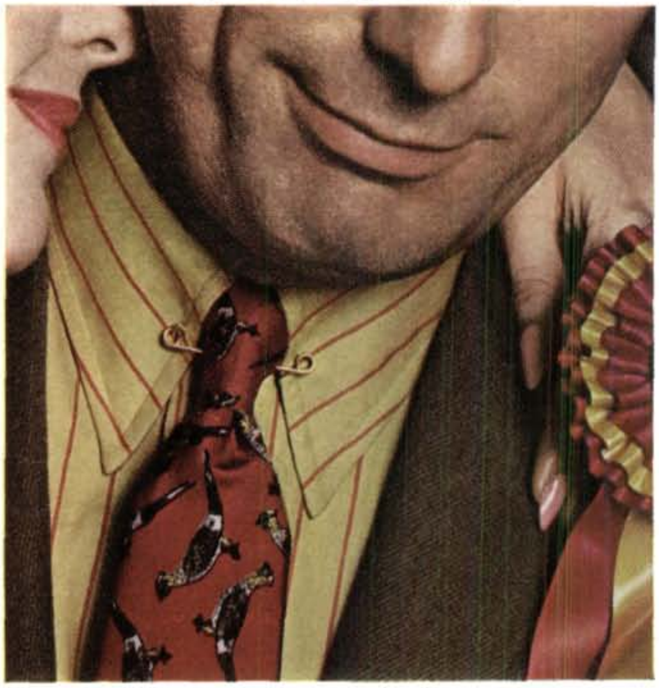
English entry:

© 1967 GANT SHIRTMAKERS

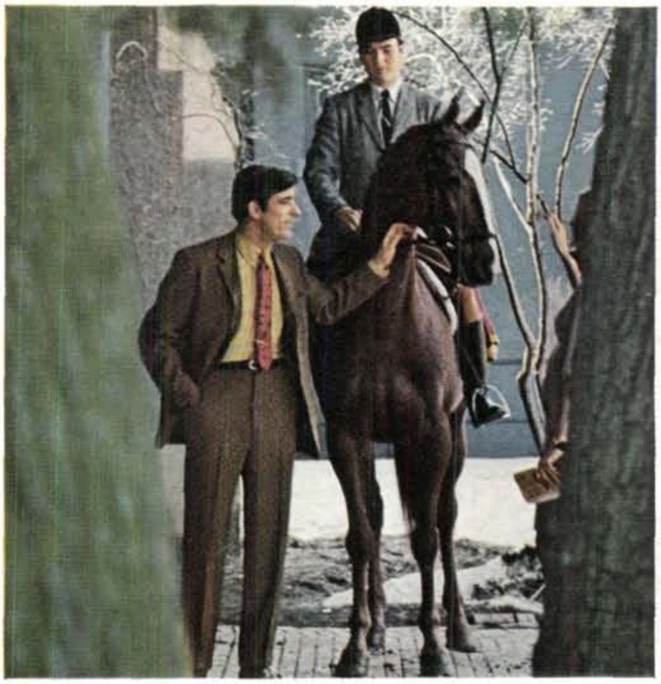
the broadcloth . . .



Town shirt . . .



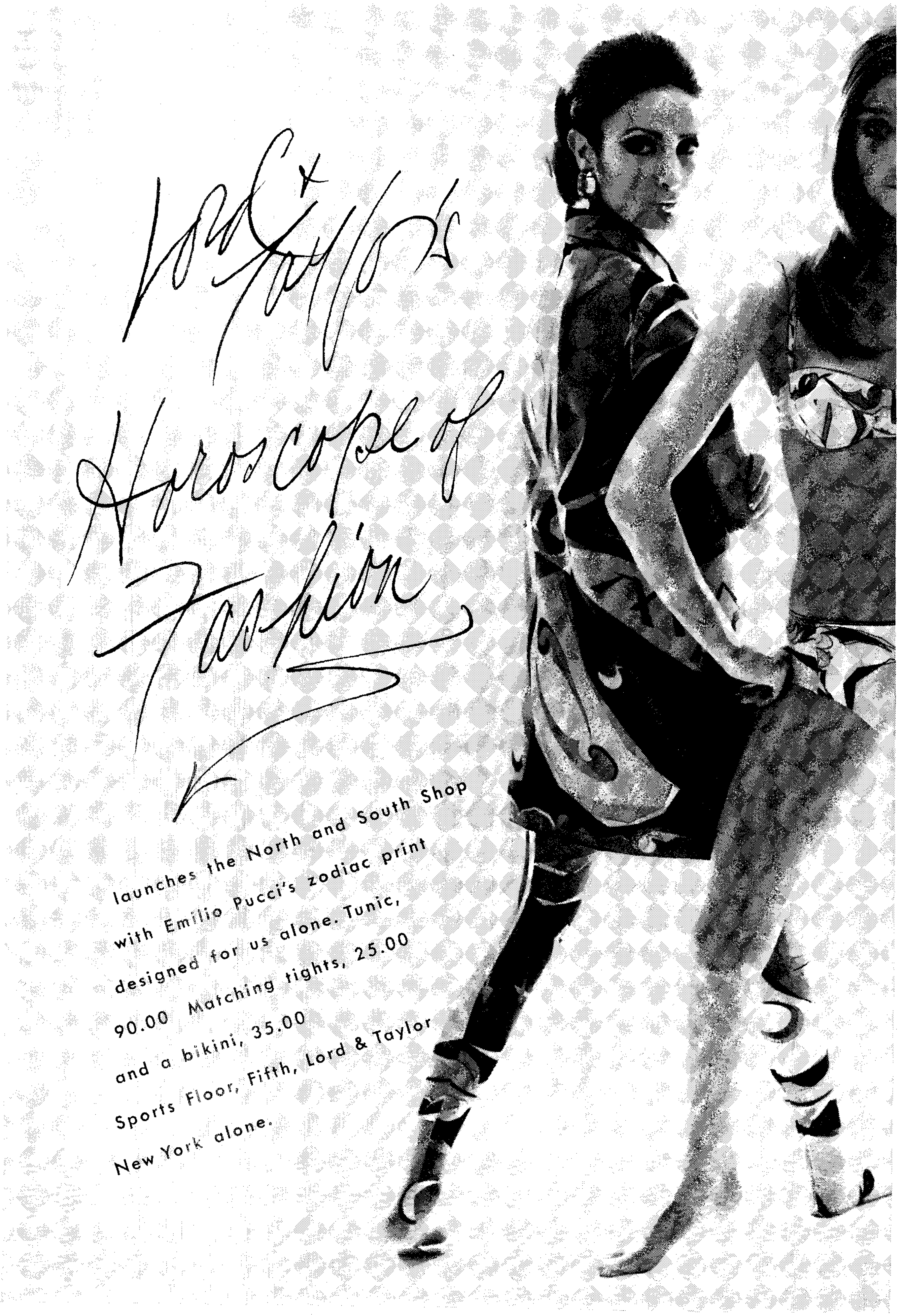
very spirited . . .



patently Gant

To spur you on—this gallant Gant Town shirt. Its winning attributes: The flair of its collar which can be worn with or without a pin. The lush imported English cotton broadcloth, its spirited colorings. Tailored with singular precision—patently Gant. In deep-toned shades with color-framed stripes. About $11 at discerning stores. For one nearest you, write Gant Shirtmakers, New Haven, Connecticut.

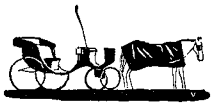
GANT
SHIRTMAKERS



Lord & Taylor's Horoscope of Fashion

launches the North and South Shop with Emilio Pucci's zodiac print designed for us alone. Tunic, 90.00 Matching tights, 25.00 and a bikini, 35.00 Sports Floor, Fifth, Lord & Taylor New York alone.

Robert Randall



GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				2	3	4
5	6	7	8	9	10	11

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

After the Rain—The future (pretty bleak) as interpreted by John Bowen in a drama that is interesting and most capably performed. (Golden, 45th St., W. 246-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Birthday Party—Harold Pinter's first full-length play, written a decade ago, is obscure but interesting enough if you are one of the author's disciples. The American cast isn't too successful in portraying the various English types on view, and the direction, by Alan Schneider, is only intermittently satisfactory. (Booth, 45th St., W. 246-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Black Comedy—A comical invention of Peter Shaffer, in which dark is turned into light. Mr. Shaffer claims he has been inspired by the classical Chinese theatre, but what he gives us here is old-fashioned, free-swinging vaudeville. The cast, under the direction of John Dexter, is admirable, which is more than can be said for a curtain-raiser called "White Lies." (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. 246-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Daphne in Cottage D—Sandy Dennis and William Daniels are the only two performers in this play by Stephen Levi, but they whip up a lot of suds as they portray an alcoholic widow and a doctor brooding about the fact that he has accidentally killed his small son. (Longacre, 48th St., W. 246-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Jewish State Theatre of Poland—An eight-week engagement of Jacob Gordin's **MIRELE EFROS** presented in Yiddish and starring Ida Kaminska. (Billy Rose, 41st St., W. 947-5510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Rosencrantz and Guildenstern Are Dead—A remarkably ingenuous drama by Tom Stoppard about Shakespeare's expendable courtiers. Brian Murray and John Wood are excellent in it. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. 245-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

There's a Girl in My Soup—Terence Frisby's comedy, imported from London, in which Gig Young figures as a fortyish womanizer who is taken on the hip by a nineteen-year-old swinger, played by Barbara Ferris. Thin stuff. (Music Box, 45th St., W. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Unknown Soldier and His Wife—Peter Ustinov's attempt at a satire on war through the ages fritters away whatever force it might have had into facetiousness. There are, however, quite a few entertaining spots, and the performances are generally good. That of Brian Bedford, as a recurring general, is especially good. (George Abbott, 54th St., E. JU 6-3787. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

What Did We Do Wrong?—Hippies vs. the older generation in a comedy by Henry Denker that has only one advantage—the presence of Paul Ford, who is superbly funny as the put-upon parent of an exasperating child. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. 246-6380. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:40, and Sundays at 3.)

You Know I Can't Hear You When the Water's Running—Alan Schneider's direction and the performances of Martin Balsam, Eileen Heckart, George Grizzard, Joe Silver, and Kathleen Dabney make something worthwhile of this quartet of plays by Robert Anderson, in which our old friend sex prevails. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. 265-2533. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**CACTUS FLOWER:** Lauren Bacall and Lloyd Bridges, among others, in a comedy by Abe Burrows that describes the blossoming of a cold and efficient secretary employed by an amorous dentist. (Royale, 45th St., W. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **DON'T DRINK THE WATER:** Woody Allen's farce about a Jewish family from Newark in trouble behind the Iron Curtain. Lou Jacobi and Peggy Cass are in it. (Morosco, 45th St., W. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

More Stately Mansions—Ingrid Bergman, Arthur Hill, and Colleen Dewhurst in Eugene O'Neill's autobiographical drama. Directed by José Quintero. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. 246-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées this week on Thursday and Saturday, both at 2:30; subsequently on Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

MUSICALS

Hallelujah, Baby!—An account of the adventures of a Negro lass and her lad as they try to make something of themselves in a hostile environment. The book, by Arthur Laurents, isn't very substantial, but the music, by Jule Styne, and the lyrics, by Betty Comden and Adolph Green, are lively. Leslie Uggams and Robert Hooks are fine in the leading roles. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. 246-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Henry, Sweet Henry—A musical about a philandering musician who is chased by a couple of pubescent girls while he is chasing older girls. A dull business in which Don Ameche, Lord have mercy on him, is featured. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. PL 7-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Illya Darling—Melina Mercouri as a jolly trollop in Piraeus is a fine figure of a woman in this variation on the film called "Never on Sunday," but the musical is a rather weak vehicle despite some sprightly tunes and a spate of virile dancing. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30. Special matinée for the Actors' Fund Sunday, Nov. 5, at 3.)

Long Runs—**THE APPLE TREE:** A triptych based on stories by Mark Twain, Frank R. Stockton, and Jules Feiffer. With Sue Ane Langdon (who has just replaced Barbara Harris) and Alan Alda. (Shubert, 44th St., W. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) ... **CABARET:** How things were just before the Nazi take-over in Germany. Jack Gilford, Lotte Lenya, and Joel Grey. (Imperial, 45th St., W. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **FIDDLER ON THE ROOF:** Joseph Stein's adaptation of some of Sholom Aleichem's stories, with Herschel Bernardi, who will be succeeded on Monday, Nov. 6, by Harry Goz. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **HELLO, DOLLY!:** Betty Grable now has the role of Lily Langtry. (St. James, 44th St., W. 695-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **I DO! I DO!:** Mary Martin and Robert Preston as a couple reënacting fifty years of happy married life. Carol Lawrence and Gordon MacRae play the matinée performances. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **MAME:** This version of the Patrick Dennis novel about an exuberant aunt and her orphaned nephew has a cast headed by Angela Lansbury. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

The Freaking Out of Stephanie Blake—A comedy by Richard Chandler, starring Jean Arthur. Previews through Friday, Nov. 3. Opens officially on Saturday, Nov. 4. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Trial of Lee Harvey Oswald—A play by Amram Ducovny and Leon Friedman, in which Peter Masterson plays the title role. Staged by Tunc Yalman. Previews through Saturday, Nov. 4. Opens officially on Sunday, Nov. 5. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. 246-6270. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 7:15. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The 90 Day Mistress—Dyan Cannon, Martin Milner, Ruth Ford, and Walter Abel in a comedy by J. J. Coyle. Directed by Philip Rose. Previews through Sunday, Nov. 5. Opens officially on Monday, Nov. 6. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. 582-5340. Nightly at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 7:10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Halfway up the Tree—A new comedy written and directed by Peter Ustinov, with Anthony Quayle and Eileen Herlie. Previews through Monday, Nov. 6. Opens officially on Tuesday, Nov. 7. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is distinctly advisable.)

City Center Drama Company—Dorothy Stickney and Leon Ames in a revival of Lindsay and Crouse's **LIFE WITH FATHER,** which will play

	Page
THE AIR	185
BOOKS	223
THE CURRENT CINEMA	164
FOOTBALL	169
MUSICAL EVENTS	189
ONWARD AND UPWARD IN THE GARDEN	193
THE RACE TRACK	221
THE THEATRE	162
U.S. LETTER: McFARLAND	173

THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43RD STREET
TELEPHONE
ADVERTISING & SUBSCRIPTIONS, OXFORD 5-1515
EDITORIAL OFFICES, OXFORD 5-1414

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

It is essential that subscribers ordering a change of address give four weeks' notice and provide their old as well as their new address. Please give Zip Code numbers for both addresses.

THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 West 43rd St., New York, N. Y. 10036; R. H. Fleischmann, publisher; R. Hawley Truax, chairman of the board; A. J. Russell, Jr., president; P. F. Fleischmann, executive vice-president, Milton Greenstein, and Marvin Rosenthal, vice-presidents; J. Kennard Bosee 3rd, treasurer; Myra L. Fries, secretary and comptroller; David D. Michaels, advertising director; William P. Buxton, advertising manager. Branch advertising offices: 6 North Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60602; 155 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Calif. 94104; 2975 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90005; 1365 Peachtree St., N. E., Atlanta, Ga. 30309; 21 Grosvenor St., London, W. 1. Vol. XLIII, No. 37, November 4, 1967. Second-class postage paid at New York, N. Y., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, and for payment of postage in cash. © 1967 by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of the New Yorker. Printed in U.S.A. Subscription rates: U.S. and possessions, 1 year, $8.00; Canada, Latin America, and Spain, $9.00; other foreign, $11.00.

The first fruits of our new collection of pins

TIFFANY & CO.

NEW YORK FIFTH AVE. AND 57TH ST.
SAN FRANCISCO 233 POST ST.
BEVERLY HILLS 345 CAMDEN AT 9601 WILSHIRE
HOUSTON FIRST CITY NAT'L BANK BLDG.
CHICAGO 715 NORTH MICHIGAN AVE.

DESIGNS COPYRIGHTED, TIFFANY & CO.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				2	3	4
5	6	7	8	9	10	11

through Sunday, Nov. 5. . . . ¶ Paddy Chayefsky's THE TENTH MAN, with John Kerr, Muni Seroff, and Boris Tumarin, will be the second of two plays in this year's American Playwrights Series. Preview Tuesday, Nov. 7, at 8:30. Opens officially on Wednesday, Nov. 8, at 7:30, and will run through Sunday, Nov. 26. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 2.)

Repertory Theatre of Lincoln Center—A revival of Lillian Hellman's THE LITTLE FOXES, with Anne Bancroft, Richard A. Dysart, Margaret Leighton, E. G. Marshall, Austin Pendleton, William Prince, Beah Richards, George C. Scott, Maria Tucci, and Andre Womble. The first in this season's series of four plays. (Vivian Beaumont Theatre, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)

Amato Opera Company—Through Saturday, Nov. 4: LA BOHÈME. . . . ¶ Starting Friday, Nov. 10: DON GIOVANNI. (Amato Opera Theatre, 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. CA 8-8200. Fridays and Saturdays at 8:15.)

America Hurrah—A trio of plays by Jean-Claude van Itallie. (Pocket Theatre, 100 Third Ave., at 13th St. YU 2-0115. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

American Savoyards—A season of Gilbert and Sullivan. Thursday and Friday, Nov. 2-3, at 8:30: THE MIKADO. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 4, at 4 and 8:30: IOLANTHE. . . . ¶ Sunday, Nov. 5, at 3 and 7:30: THE GONDOLIERS. . . . ¶ Tuesday and Wednesday, Nov. 7-8, at 8:30: PATIENCE. . . . ¶ Thursday and Friday, Nov. 9-10, at 8:30: H.M.S. PINAFORE. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 11, at 4 and 8:30: THE MIKADO. (Jan Hus House, 351 E. 74th St. LE 5-6310.)

Arms and the Man—A revival of Shaw's comedy. The performance just about gets by, but the play, now over seventy years old, is as fresh as paint. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Fantasticks—Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, and Connecticut. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Father Uxbridge Wants to Marry—A play by Frank Gagliano. Season subscribers (twenty dollars) only. (American Place Theatre, 423 W. 46th St. CI 7-0393. Thursday, Nov. 2, at 7; Friday, Nov. 3, at 8; Saturday, Nov. 4, at 2 and 9; Monday and Tuesday, Nov. 6-7, at 8; Wednesday, Nov. 8, at 7; Thursday and Friday, Nov. 9-10, at 8; and final performances Saturday, Nov. 11, at 2 and 8.)

Fortune and Men's Eyes—A play by John Herbert. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. OR 5-1036. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Hair—A rock-'n'-roll musical presented by the New York Shakespeare Festival. Gerome Ragni and James Rado wrote the book and lyrics, and Galt MacDermot the music. (Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

Man of La Mancha—Dale Wasserman's interpretation of "Don Quixote" is only fitfully interesting, even though the music, by Mitch Leigh, that accompanies it is admirable. (ANTA Washington Square Theatre, 40 W. 4th St., between Washington Square and Broadway. 674-5600. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

No Exit and **The Little Private World of Arthur Morton Fenwick**—Jean-Paul Sartre's play is being presented along with a short play by John A. Topa. (Bouwerie Lane Theatre, 330 Bowery, at 2nd St. 674-6060. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Now Is the Time for All Good Men—A musical by a new team—Gretchen Cryer (words) and Nancy Ford (music)—about a teacher who has been court-martialled in Vietnam. The setting is a small town in Indiana. The tunes are appealing, the company is attractive and spirited, and the numbers work well, but the words—full of message and heavily ironic—get very obtrusive. David Cryer is extremely good as the young teacher. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Pocket Watch—A comedy by Alvin Aronson. (Mermaid Theatre, 422 W. 42nd St. 736-4073. Saturdays at 7 and 10, and Friday, Nov. 10, at 8:40. Matinées Sundays at 3 and Thursday, Nov. 9, at 2.)

Scuba Duba—Bruce Jay Friedman's first play is the comic Walpurgis Night of an American in the South of France whose wife has run off with, he thinks, a Negro skin diver. Mr. Friedman knows what he is doing, but what he is doing is not for every taste. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. PL 2-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Stephen D.—The glorious words of James Joyce are delivered with moving intensity by Stephen Joyce in the role of the Artist as a Young Man, and satisfactorily, or more than that, by other actors in other roles. (East 74th Street Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2288. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 3.)

You're a Good Man, Charlie Brown—This delightful little musical and the six actors who play in it manage to capture the elusive humor and charm of Charles M. Schulz's "Peanuts," on which, of course, it is based. (Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. 254-7400. Tuesdays through Fridays at 9; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

Harkness Ballet—Thursday evening, Nov. 2: "Landscape for Lovers," "Monument for a Dead Boy," "Canto Indio," and "Sebastian." . . . ¶ Friday evening, Nov. 3: "Requiem for Jimmy Dean—A Work in Progress," "Feast of Ashes," "Abyss," and "Firebird.". . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Nov. 4: "Landscape for Lovers," "Requiem for Jimmy Dean," "Canto Indio," and "Feast of Ashes.". . . ¶ Saturday evening, Nov. 4: "Landscape for Lovers," "Abyss," "Zealous Variations," and "Firebird.". . . ¶ Sunday matinée, Nov. 5: "Night Song," "Sebastian," "Zealous Variations," and "Firebird.". . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Nov. 7: "Landscape for Lovers," "Monument for a Dead Boy," "Youth," "Canto Indio," and "Tchaikovsky.". . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Nov. 8: "Landscape for Lovers," "Abyss," "Golden Age," and "Time Out of Mind.". . . ¶ Thursday evening, Nov. 9: "Tchaikovsky," "After Eden," "Variations for Four Plus Four," and "Golden Age.". . . ¶ Friday evening, Nov. 10: "Night Song," "Monument for a Dead Boy," "Variations for Four Plus Four," and "Firebird.". . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Nov. 11: "Golden Age," "Youth," "Feast of Ashes," and "Tchaikovsky.". . . ¶ Saturday evening, Nov. 11: "Golden Age," "Monument for a Dead Boy," and "Firebird." (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Evenings at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3. Through Sunday, Nov. 19.)

Carmen de Lavallade—In a dance recital. (Clark Center for the Performing Arts, West Side Y.W.C.A., Eighth Ave. at 51st St. 246-3700. Sunday, Nov. 5, at 5.)

Manhattan Festival Ballet—"Devanagari," an unnamed Sokolow work, "Dance for Three People," and "Schubertiaden." (Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. 254-9740. Mondays at 8:30.)

Larry Richardson—With his company. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500. Saturday, Nov. 11, at 8:30.)

MISCELLANY

Marlene Dietrich—None other. (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 586-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 9. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Saturdays at 3. Through Saturday, Nov. 18.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music and/or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—No mixed media are needed to support the line of communication that Ella Fitzgerald maintains with her audience; she sings as best she knows how, and nothing could excel that. Dinner and supper in the Royal Box are her feasts; the house band, in the skilled hands of Lee Evans, spends the whole evening there. Closed Sundays.

Barberry, 17 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800)—New York, New York, it's a wonderful town, and here assembled are some of the impetuous people who keep it going. Pir Marini's minute dance band takes the stand at nine and hangs on until two, though never on Sunday, never on Monday.

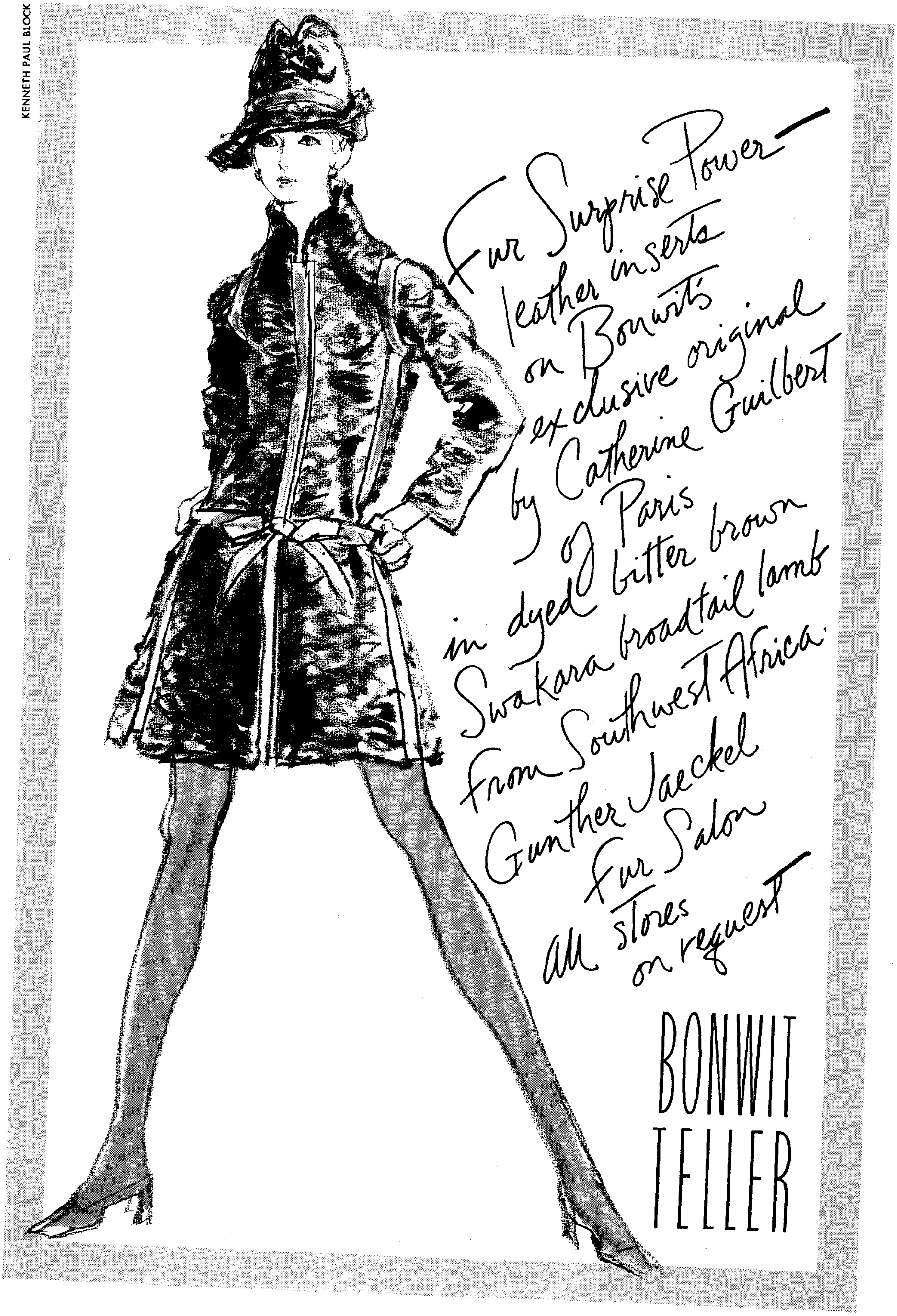
Delmonico's, Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500)—The Constitutional right of peaceful assembly is vigorously defended in the mild-mannered restaurant, wherein Ernie Warren's intent little band puts forth dance tunes from eight until one or maybe two, desisting only on Sundays and Mondays.

El Morocco, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079)—For the benefit of curiosity-seekers who have to work late, the staff has agreed to keep the place open until early in the morning. The staff includes Lester Lanin (in person, not in effigy) and George Anaya, each with a band in tow. Closed Sundays.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—The curriculum of the well-brought-up Café Pierre specializes in the social sciences, such as dining and dancing, the latter of these to the sound of the musicians assembled by Ben Cutler, that Old Blue. They do it every night until well after the theatre. Industrious song and guitar fill in the intervals between sets.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—Boulevardier is the word for Tony Sandler, the prepossessing European who speaks and sings his pieces in the Persian Room during dinner and supper; his supporting cast never would be missed. The orchestras of Burt Farber and Mark Monte purr on and on through the night. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Leo LeFleur's piano and violin do *petits-fours* music in the Palm Court from four-thirty to six-thirty, and Viennese music from seven to nine (except Sundays) in the Edwardian Room. . . . ¶ Gunnar Hansen's violin, which has a romantic story to tell (tales of Hoffmann and tales of the Vienna Woods), is in the Palm Court between eight and one. His accompaniment is piano and a dozen ladies in waiting laden with *Linzer Torte*, water ices, and spirits. He stays home Sundays.

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-


KENNETH PAUL BLOCK
Fur Surprise Power—
leather inserts
on Bonwit's
exclusive original
by Catherine Guilbert
of Paris
in dyed bitter brown
Swakara broadtail lamb
from Southwest Africa.
Gunther Jaeckel
Fur Salon
All stores
on request
BONWIT
TELLER

8970)—Among the major social events of the season is the Peter Duchin orchestra, which mounts this splendid pulpit at nine. A threesome reports for duty, though, as early as seven. The silent night is always Sunday. On Monday, Nov. 6, the Duchins will be succeeded by the band of Bob Crosby, the celebrated bobcat trapper.

The Riverboat, Fifth Ave. at 34th St., in the Empire State Building. (PL 9-2444)—Nothing is ever likely to lower the boom on or of the Count Basie band, which is in full flower and flame beside the dance floor. On Thursday, Nov. 9, it gives way to the most recent Herd of Woody Herman. Eight until two is the schedule every night but Sunday.

St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Dorothy Shay, the Margaret Mead of the Ozarks, is dispensing the folklore she has acquired there, though in what does sound like song manufactured somewhat closer to this city. Her habitat is the Maisonette, at both dinner and supper. The George Cort orchestra and Quintero's assortment of Latin lovers, which mount guard the whole evening, see to it that everyone gets the proper amount of exercise. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ La Boite is a quiet glade stirred only by the piano of Carey Gregory, who begins at dinnertime and sticks around until supper. He is absent Thursdays and Sundays.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Aphrodite in her nightie (but a golden one indeed) is the look of Shirley Bassey, who disports herself in the Empire Room during dinner and supper; tempest is her sound. She will be set free again on Saturday, Nov. 4, when Tony Bennett, that benign and buoyant troubadour, takes her place. The orchestra of Charles Turecamo remains at work. No Sunday sessions. . . . ¶ Wining and dining never cease in the various layers of Peacock Alley, where the dance trio of Horace Diaz murmurs respectfully from eight or so until one or so weekdays, from five to ten Sundays (it stays home Mondays and Tuesdays) and where there is likewise piano on its own, beginning at cocktail-downing time every day but Saturday and Sunday.

Note—Roseland Dance City, 239 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-0200)—A land grant issued on behalf of archeologists who wish to preserve the older forms of folk dance—the two-step, the fox trot, et al. Business before pleasure is the order of the décor, but the bands and the floor are big, and the air is cool. The dining is minimal. Seven-thirty until about one, in general, though Sundays begin at three-thirty.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

(Dining but no dancing, except as noted.)

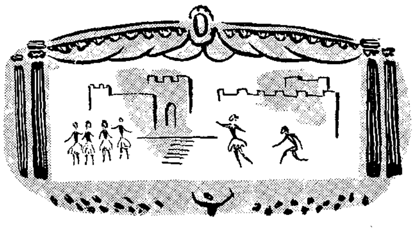
Goldie's New York, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): There are times when the cast of customers makes it look like a Broadway theatre. Louis Golson Hawkins, the *padrone* and lead piano, is around a good part of the time; Wayne Sanders, with whom he serves up midnight tandem piano, is the other keyboard man. Closed Sundays. . . . **L'Intrigue,** 35 W. 56th St. (CI 7-1990): The annual visit of Hugh Shannon to his local parishioners. He brings with him the best old barroom piano (his own) in the business and the best old top-of-the-evening songs. Ten-thirty is tee-off time, and Sunday is his day of rest. . . . **Chucks' Composite,** 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): Innocence abroad, so young is the cast of customers, who all have something junior to do with the graphic arts. The audible arts are handled by the threesome of the pensive Chuck Wayne. No music Sundays. . . . **La Chansonnette,** 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): Rita Dimitri, a soubrette in the classic manner, delivers her Naughty Marietta ballads and fireside talks from her perch atop a baby grand. She makes her entrances at nine-thirty during the week, at nine-thirty and midnight Fridays and Saturdays. A supply of subdued dance music is issued from eight o'clock on. Closed Sundays. . . . **Chardas,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): Western counterpart of nighttime Budapest, which, naturally, is punctuated with outbursts of Hungarian soul music—violin, zimbalon, and all the rest. Béla Babai's group does the dance music, Tibor Rakossy leads the choral work. Closed Mondays. . . . **Waverly Lounge,** 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Laurie Brewis, the little Londoner who, after twelve years at one piano, has unassailable squatter's rights in the Western Hemisphere, begins playing at nine-thirty in the burbling neighborhood pub of the Hotel Earle. The dining is vestigial here. No music Mondays. . . . **Jamaica Arms,** 1315 Second Ave., at 69th St. (YU 8-5850): West Indies vacationers who like to return to the scene of their prime can be observed in this island port, listening to the song and guitar that have become part of the West Indian urban way of life. The music occurs Thursdays through Saturdays from eight to two, and in shorter stints the rest of the week, including Sundays (from seven to twelve). The décor, which is entertainment in its own right, is there all the time. . . . **Tamburlaine,** 148 E. 48th St. (PL 1-0033): The landscaping is Early Tibet; early to rise (healthy, wealthy, and wise) is the triad of Billy Rubenstein, which reports Mondays at eight-thirty; other times, a threesome, of lesser note and notes, performs—sometimes with hammers and tongs. Allan Haig's Arcadian piano improves the dinner hour, six to eight; his week's work is Monday through Friday. Closed Sundays. . . . **Kippys,** 240 W. 52nd St. (581-4773): A preview of the Broadway steak house of the nineteen-seventies. In the upstairs inglenook, Danny Apolinar dispenses words and piano notations that are one mad scene after another. Nine until two every night but Sunday is his stint. . . . **New York Hilton,** Sixth Ave. at 53rd St. (JU 6-7000): The Roman Pub, an opulent sort of pergola, goes in for modest dancing from five-thirty to seven-thirty and nine-thirty to one-thirty. (The early set is omitted on Saturday, and all music is omitted on Sunday.) The neat means to this end is a threesome paced by the nimble piano of Joan St. James. The menu is nearly invisible. . . . **Asti,** 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): Waiting on table is but an on-second-thought matter, for every employee considers himself to be the coming Lanza or, with better luck, Caruso. Closed Mondays.

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				2	3	4
5	6	7	8	9	10	11

SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining but no dancing, except as noted.)

Drake Room, 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): Cy Walter is providing the proper perspective on whatever composition runs the course of his keyboard, and every perspective pleases. He is on duty from six to nine-thirty and ten-thirty to one every night but Sunday, when the pianoforte is given over to Allan Haig. . . . **Château Henri IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): Camelot on the Hudson, by a tongue-in-cheek master builder. The regent of this revival is Norbert Faconi, who began his career as court violinist in the reign of Old King Cole. No sound on Sundays. . . . **King Henri IV,** 142 E. 53rd St. (PL 2-5566): The good King's second castle keep, likewise planned to amuse the eye as well as the palate. George Cardini and his enthusiastic violin provide the marching music. Silence on Sundays and Mondays. . . . **Roma di Notte,** 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): When in Rome, dine as the Romans do, and let the itinerant musicians take the place of discourse. These dulcet citizens are armed with vocal cords, mandolin, violin, and accordion. Curfew arrives at two. Closed Sundays. . . . **Monsignore,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): Friends, Romans, and countrymen, out for a night on the town and the Via Veneto. A skillful job of weaving among them is done by Herman Honigsberg, fiddler emeritus, and his troupe of prowling musicians. Closed Sundays. . . . **Sign of the Dove,** 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): One segment of early New York that has learned how to grow old gracefully. In the bar of this genuine antique, there is unassertive piano from six to one, except on Sundays. . . . **Regency,** Park Ave. at 61st St. (PL 9-4100): In the lounge of the Regency Room, one of the statelier homes on Park Avenue, a piano joins in with the proceedings from five-thirty to twelve-thirty every evening. Supper, but no dinner. . . . **Sherry-Netherland,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): *Maison de style* and music room, too, for there is piano (five-thirty to eight, nine to twelve-thirty) every night but Sunday and Monday. . . . **Polo Bar,** Madison Ave. at 69th St. (LE 5-2000): Near the bar in the main-floor restaurant of the Hotel Westbury is the pastoral piano of Conrad Monjoy, who carries on from nine until one. No music Sundays or Mondays. . . . **Essex House,** 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): Amid the lavish landscaping of the Casino-on-the-Park can be descried the piano of Steven Weltner, whose fingerwork in itself is an excelling example of landscaping. He presides from six-thirty to one every night but Saturday and Sunday. . . . **Salum Sanctorum,** 1112 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-9494): It's anybody's guess about the ancestry of this upstairs suite of rooms, but it could be Baghdad on the Bosporus. In one of them, a piano discourses peacefully from six to one. Closed Sundays. . . . **Café Renaissance,** 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): An architectural fantasy that goes well enough with the guitar, all Iberian in content, of Felipe Gayo, who sets to between seven and eight every evening but Sunday and keeps on until twelve-thirty or one. . . . **Café Carlyle,** Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): In this ornamental countinghouse, George Feyer is at the lackadaisical piano from eight-thirty until two. Closed Sundays.



DISCOTHÈQUES AND SUCH

(No dining unless indicated.)

Arthur, 154 E. 54th St. (688-4420): A visa is required for all passports, but American money is accepted at par. What it will buy is a view of individualists, rugged and quite otherwise, engaged in their nocturnal pastime of being alone with their thoughts and their dance steps. Music is created by a variety of means, some of them apparently earthlings (the Fuzzy Bunnies). Nine until four is the running time; a fair number of dinner dishes are in evidence. Closed Mondays. . . . **Shepheard's,** in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0900): Mostly, the music comes straight out of a wall socket and burnt to a crisp, but occasionally live people (right now, the Young-Holt trio) ascend the podium to create the din. The nourishment for the inner person is well above the discothèque mean. Closed Sundays. . . . **Yellowfinger's,** 200 E. 60th St. (752-0980): Below the surface of unsuspecting Earth and behind a plain, unmarked envelope of a door exists Atlantis, filled with eternal youths and maidens, all in garb of the twenty-first century and executing the footsteps of the same era. Nine-thirty to three-thirty night after night. . . . **Cheetah,** 1680 Broadway, at 53rd St. (582-2970): Listen, children, and you shall hear (the minute you open the door) the midnight ride of musicians who have worked themselves up into a frenzy that equals the frenzy of the strobe lights flickering over a scene of youthful revelry. The bands begin at eight (even at three on Sundays, when they are augmented by rhythm-and-blues chanters). No drinking privileges. . . . **Wheels,** 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): The scene is the Machine Age in a sort of tailspin, urged on by the whirring discs on the walls and the whirring discs on the turntables, but the *prime* mover is the New York Rock-and-Roll Ensemble, which is both Bach with a beat and rock with a bleat. It stays home Sunday and Monday, but everything else keeps whirling that night. . . . **Electric Circus,** upstairs at 23 St. Marks Pl. (777-7080): What happens here—lights! camera! action!—is all in the laps of the Mods, who make excellent and amusing use of their materials, both human and inanimate. As much for watching as for dancing. Eight-thirty until three, or four, is the nightly rule. Alcohol is off limits. . . . **L'Interdit,** in the Gotham Hotel, 2 W. 55th St. (CI 7-2200): Dim recesses, a quite viable late-dinner menu, machine-knit music not quite as audible as is usual, and local ground rules

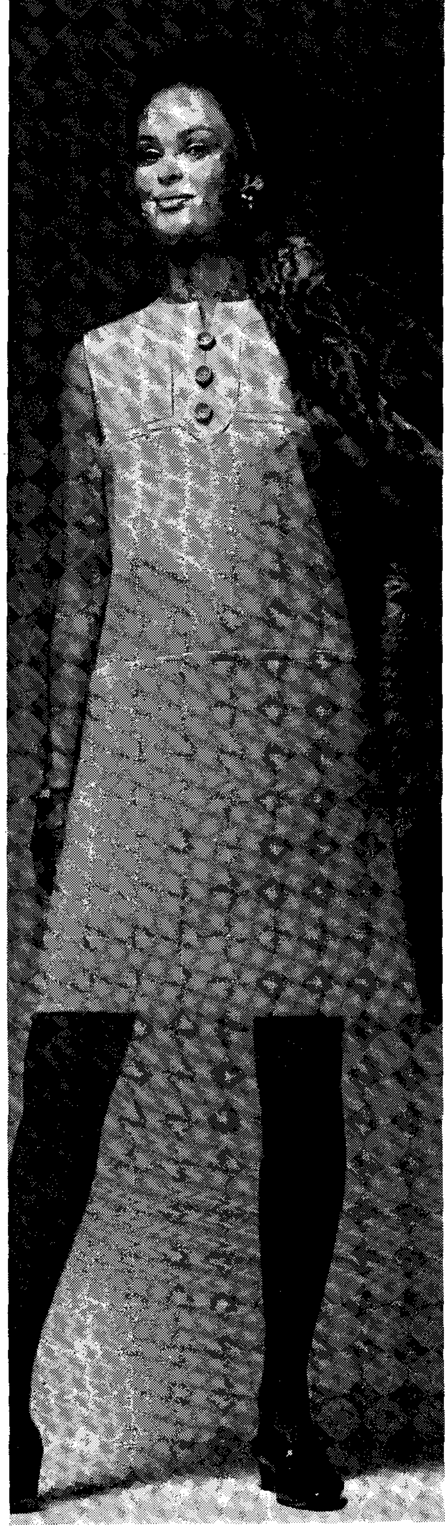
Do you speak Réplique?

(The perfume with a language all its own.)

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

VERY Saks Fifth Avenue

Taking the drab out of winter are bright little dresses such as this. Our seamed and seemly skimmer for under furs or what-have-you. In a rather shocking pink or off-white double knit wool. One of the delights of our Sportsdress Collections for 8 to 16 sizes and $36. Glad to fill mail and phone orders.



against costumery that is extrovert. Nothing doing before nine, or on Sundays.

BIG AND BRASSY

(Dining and dancing.)

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): As of now, Tony Martin, suave and suède, is being a great big master of ceremonies and a dealer in a string of harmless, wide-eyed ditties; as of Thursday, Nov. 9, Jimmy Roselli, a great big sounding box and the personification of Cavalleria Rusticana, will be dealing in Romanesque ditties for a mob of excitable well-wishers. Jokesters, too, and production singers, and a corps de ballet, and hubbub. No nights off.... ¶ In the street-level lounge from ten o'clock on, loud sings this and that cuckoo, often with electronic components.... **LATIN QUARTER,** Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): Garden of Eden, and garden of Eves. Amidst their beguiling revelry stands Hildegarde, always the Lady of the Manor, bestowing (in song and story) her words of advice to the world. On Wednesday, Nov. 8, Teresa Brewer, that gay little pepperpot singer, replaces Hildegarde. Twice a night, and in perpetuity, is the house rule. Dancing.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

PLAZA 9–, Central Park S., just east of the Plaza Hotel door. (PL 9-3933): Thursday, Nov. 2, is the official opening night (at nine-forty-five) for Julius Monk's new revue, "Four in Hand," which is already in session. In it, the Age of Elegance meets the Age of Eloquence head on, and interesting indeed is the collision. Mary Louise Wilson, Rex Robbins, Terry O'Mara, and Liz Sheridan, wits who have worn Monk's-cloth before, are the deft and Delphic oracles. The orchestra is the blithe double piano of Robert Colston and Otis Clements; the intermission music is the equally blithe piano of Baldwin Bergersen; the usual hours are nine and eleven-thirty; the dark night is Sunday.... **CHÂTEAU MADRID,** 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): Los Chavales de España, the Iberian Peninsula's most notable standing, singing army, is leading from strength, and doing it with grace and glee. They're old enough now to go with girls, and three lithe ballerinas have been assigned them. Dinner and supper is their schedule, but the dancing by the customers can make the performance continuous. Closed Sundays. ... ¶ In the neighborly Flamenco Room, after ten, Alejandro Manzana's guitar and Domingo Alvarado's arias sigh as softly and sadly as the wind in the willows. Closed Sundays.... **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): In the last analysis (or maybe terminal analysis) is the state in which Joan Rivers, a talkative girl, conducts a most modern Hamlet soliloquy. She opens fire around ten, or nine-thirty on Friday and Saturday. Closed Sundays.... **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): "Dark Horses," a brand-new bits-and-pieces collection of persiflage, has its outings at nine-thirty and midnight every evening but Sunday.... **THE IMPROVISATION,** 358 W. 44th St. (CI 5-9978): Actors' work is never done, so one or another of them takes an after-the-theatre turn around an establishment that is nothing if not informal. Earlier on, there is both piano and other happenings, also impromptu.... **LIVING ROOM,** 915 Second Ave., at 49th St. (EL 5-2262): Last, but least, in the category of cabarets, for the room noise is Armageddon and most of the performers can be heard but fitfully (which is, however, often all for the best). This restriction does not apply to Bobby Short, man-about-world, whose piano goes to great paeans to enhance his ballads in praise of the hedonist way of life.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Of Time and the River, and often subsurface, is the theme of the piano plied by Bill Evans at the head of his trio. Mondays are assigned to the uproarious detail owned and operated by Thad Jones and Mel Lewis.... **VILLAGE GATE,** 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): The Top of the Gate offers, after the dinner hour, serenades by Johnny Lytle's trio, which will be replaced, on Monday, Nov. 6, by Jeremy Steig's quartet. The lower floor's next occupants arrive on Nov. 3 for a Friday-Saturday stand—Carmen McRae, a true free-form, free-fall aerialist, looping through her special arias, and the Modern Jazz Quartet, which sometimes seems to be in executive session and sometimes seems to be open to the public. Mondays, Symphony Sid gasses and a set of Latin hipsters play.... **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Billy Taylor's piano, inside the oval bar, leaps with joy as it runs swiftly through the night, and his two aides keep with him, stride for stride. Fran Thompson, the solo pianist, reports at nine-fifteen, the Taylors a bit later. Dining. No music Mondays.... **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505): A landing place where the Robert E. Lee makes regular calls. A squadron usually composed of Max Kaminsky, Zutty Singleton, Tony Parenti, and Marshall Brown is in the waiting room. Closed Sundays.... **SLUGS',** 242 E. 3rd St. (WA 4-8400): In the midst of a new urban-youth redevelopment area sits this shack, full of music of the moment. It is currently being done by Yusef Lateef's quartet, which indulges in a lot of earnest thinking. Every Monday, though, Sun Ra's mystic Oriental ragtimers take over. On Tuesday, Nov. 7, the Lateefs will be replaced by a quintet in which Charles McPherson and George Coleman are concerned.... **POOKIE'S PUB,** 282 Hudson St., near Spring St. (924-1945): The centerpiece of the local quintet is Elvin Jones, who can cook up a fire storm with no more than a couple of drumsticks. Jaki Byard is his chief assistant. Mondays, the gang is off duty.... **HALF NOTE,** 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752): Friday through Sunday every week, seventeen men on a dead man's chest (i.e., the band led by Duke Pearson); every Monday, Howard McGhee's equally strong band.... **THE FRAMMIS,** 1220 Second Ave., at 64th St. (EL 5-7160): Just before he could be turned into a legend, Tal Farlow has reappeared, again with the magical guitar, the unorthodox fingering, the living-and-breathing sound that made him famous. His partners are Johnny Knapp on piano and Lyn Christie on bass. Nourishment and late hours; no music Sundays.... **RED ONION,** 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682): Anyone who wants to know what the children do when they're off the streets should listen in. Beer mugs and sawdust, banjos and blampety-blamp—these are their throwbacks to their not yet existent past. Nine to three or four every night.... **YOUR FATHER'S MUSTACHE,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (OR 5-4630): The battle for the minds of the young is fierce, being compounded of washboard, tuba, banjo, and the like. It runs from nine until two or three during the week; Sundays, the Southampton Dixie, Racing, and Clambake Society Jazz Band arrives at half past four in the afternoon. Ruth Crews, a contender for the heavyweight belting crown, is in action each Sunday, Tuesday, and Thursday.... **RED GARTER,** 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (982-4270): The entire student body of the City of New York engaged in hanging Peace and Quiet in effigy. A shotgun band erupts from time to time, and there are movies that date back to Chaplin and Sarah Siddons. Beer is the elixir; nine until the end of time is the schedule. Sundays, a five-to-nine matinée is added.... **BITTER END,** 147 Bleecker St., at LaGuardia Pl. (GR 5-7804): Lori Burton, now the sole carrier of the burden of folksong, will be supplemented, beginning Friday, Nov. 3, by Brownie McGhee and Sonny Terry. She herself retires on Monday, Nov. 6. Tuesdays are assigned to visiting scholars.... **GOTHAM RESTAURANT,** in the Gotham Hotel, 2 W. 55th St. (CI 7-2200): In this stately mansion, the six Talbot Brothers, who for so long were the total night life of Bermuda, do a mild-mannered and merry musicale from five to nine every Sunday. Dining.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

PAT ADAMS—Oils, in which expanses of color are divided eccentrically, and gouaches; through Saturday, Nov. 11. (Zabriskie, 699 Madison Ave., at 62nd St. Closed Mondays.)

LENNART ANDERSON—Interiors with figures, still-lifes, and landscapes; through Nov. 18.

Our all-jet Caribbean Island hop. Seven wonderful ways to enjoy the same vacation.

Haiti, Guadeloupe, Antigua, Puerto Rico, Martinique, Barbados, and Trinidad. Just minutes apart on our Caravelle jet network. Stay on any one. Or see all seven.

Now, you can jet with us to the Caribbean from Miami by Caravelle or from New York by Boeing 707.

So come along soon. Do your island hopping the Air France way and enjoy more sun, sea, and more shopping on all the islands.

We have many excellent complete packages at all price levels. For more information and free folder, see your Travel Agent, mail coupon, or call Air France and ask for Traveltheque.

Air France, Box 707, New York, N.Y. 10011 NY-9

Name

Address

City State Zip

My Travel Agent is

AIR FRANCE

THE WORLD'S LARGEST NETWORK

It's not the time you take but what you see. With Air France you see more.

GREEN GIANT
Niblets Corn

Meaning no offense, corn has come a long way from the Indians.

In the Early Days of Corn History, the Jolly Green Giant wasn't such a big figure. Back then, it was all "how-how-how," not "ho-ho-ho."

Later, though, the Green Man did all the pioneering.

For instance, his Niblets Brand corn was the first to be vacuum-packed. The first to be quick-cooked. The first to taste like corn-on-the-cob, without the cob.

And now, those sweet, tender kernels of Niblets corn are frozen in a delicately seasoned butter sauce. And put up in a flavor-tight cooking pouch to stay fresh and buttery.

The Green Giant modestly contends his Niblets corn frozen in butter sauce makes heap-better eating than Indian maize.

He can say that now. But around 1620, it might have got him "leafed."

Green Giant

Good things from the garden

©Green Giant Company

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

(Graham, second floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Janez Bernik—Paintings that stress texture and varieties of handwriting, lettering, and symbols; through Saturday, Nov. 11. (Adria Art Gallery, 635 Madison Ave., at 59th St.)

Aaron Bohrod—Still-life paintings by a veteran realist, who turned "magical" in the fifties; through Saturday, Nov. 11. (Banfer, 23 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

Camille Bombois—Thirty-six early oils by the French primitive; through Saturday, Nov. 11. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

David Burliuk (1882-1967)—Paintings from various periods of the one-time Russian Futurist, who lived for years in Hampton Bays; through Nov. 18. (ACA, 63 E. 57th St.)

Pietro Consagra—Abstract sculptures made of shaped metal plates and colored with lacquer; through Saturday, Nov. 11. (Marlborough-Gerson, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Roger de la Fresnaye—Drawings and watercolors by a French Cubist; through Nov. 18. (Loeb & Krugier, 12 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Raymond Duchamp-Villon (1876-1918)—Sculptures and drawings, featuring his masterpiece in the Cubist mode, "The Great Horse," by an elder brother of Marcel Duchamp; through Saturday, Nov. 4. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.)

Dan Flavin—Carefully calculated compositions of fluorescent lights; through Wednesday, Nov. 8. (Kornblee, 58 E. 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Juan Genovés—The first exhibition here of a Spanish artist whose theme is crowds in which individuals are picked out; through Nov. 25. (Marlborough-Gerson, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Edward Giobbi—Abstract paintings, many in circular forms; through Nov. 18. (Waddell, 15 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Gillian Jagger—Plaster and resin molds of manhole covers and designs tracked by jeeps, baby carriages, and birds on pavements and on the ground; through Saturday, Nov. 11. (White, 42 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Morris Kantor—Abstract paintings, some containing suggestions of objects; through Nov. 18. (Bertha Schaefer, 41 E. 57th St.)

Karl Knaths—Sixteen abstract and semi-abstract canvases by a well-known American, now seventy-seven; through Saturday, Nov. 11. (Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St.)

Käthe Kollwitz (1867-1945)—More than twenty posters, as well as drawings and graphics, by the Leftist painter celebrated for her humanitarian themes; through Nov. 22. (St. Etienne, 24 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Roy Lichtenstein—Paintings and sculptures, in brass, glass, and marble, based on design themes of the thirties; through Nov. 18. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Lilian MacKendrick—An anniversary exhibition of more than seventy paintings of still-lifes, figures, and interiors; through Saturday, Nov. 4. (Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 67th St.)

Marisol—Painted wood-sculpture portraits of heads of state, including L.B.J., de Gaulle, and Franco; through Dec. 2. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St.)

Rory McEwen—Abstract sculptures in glass, plastic, chrome, steel, and aluminum, all making use of reflected light; through Nov. 18. (Byron, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Roy Moyer—Still-lifes, figures, and landscapes by the current director of the American Federation of Arts; through Nov. 25. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

Giora Novak—Painted sculptures in the form of capsules made of aluminum weighted with lead, which can be moved by the spectator; through Nov. 17. (Poindexter, 21 W. 56th St. Closed Mondays.)

Jules Olitski—Mastodon color-field paintings featuring a contrasting edge; through Thursday, Nov. 9. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Ann Cole Phillips—Expressionist paintings with suggestions of landscapes; through Saturday, Nov. 11. (Bodley, 787 Madison Ave., at 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

Reginald Pollack—Recent landscapes; through Nov. 25. (Peridot, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

Ludwig Sander—Geometrical paintings by a veteran of the New York School; through Saturday, Nov. 11. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Syd Solomon—Abstract paintings; through Saturday, Nov. 11. (Saidenberg, 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Raphael Soyer—Two exhibitions that are running concurrently with his show at the Whitney Museum: Forty paintings and drawings, most of them recent; through Nov. 17. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)...¶ Fifty years of his etchings and lithographs; through Nov. 25. (Associated American Artists, 605 Fifth Ave., at 49th St.)

Mark Tobey—Oils, temperas, and monotypes by a pioneer of American abstract painting; through Nov. 25. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St. Closed Mondays.)

Marilyn Weber—Paintings; through Saturday, Nov. 11. (De Mena, 453 E. 88th St. Weekdays, 1 to 7.)

Robert Whitman—An exhibition, by one of the pioneers of Happenings, of projected stripes of red and white light, which move around the walls and are intersected by passersby; through Saturday, Nov. 11. (Pace, 9 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Irving R. Wiles (1861-1948)—Seventy paintings and drawings by an artist with some resemblance to Sargent; through Nov. 30. (Chapellier, 22 E. 80th St.)

Isaac Witkin—Four large sculptures of aluminum and steel intended for outdoors; through Nov. 22. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St. Closed Mondays.)

Paul Wonner—Quiet still-lifes in oil and watercolor; through Saturday, Nov. 11. (Landau-Alan, 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St. Closed Mondays.)

Jack Youngerman—Color areas in free-form abstract shapes; through Saturday, Nov. 11. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Pre-Columbian Art—More than a hundred examples of figures, vessels, jewelry, and plaques; through Nov. 25. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Americans; Group Shows—At **great hall**, City College, Convent Ave. and 138th St.: About a hundred and fifty paintings and sculptures by Negro-Americans, 1800-1950; through Sunday, Nov. 5. (Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 7; Saturdays and Sundays, noon to 5.)... **lewison**, 35 E. 64th St.: Nineteenth-century portraits, including some of prominent New Yorkers, by, among others, William Jewett, Thomas Sully, Emanuel Leutze, William Sidney Mount, and J. Alden Weir; through Nov. 18. (Closed Mondays.)... **new school**, 66 W. 12th St.: Forty-eight works, many by leading figures of the New York art world such as Red Grooms, Elaine de Kooning, Jack Levine, Robert Indiana, Saul Steinberg, Larry Rivers, Ben Shahn, and Andy Warhol, expressing, in the degree that the artists' styles permit, political protest and a hope for a better world; through Dec. 2. (Mondays through Fridays, noon to 8; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)... **salpeter**, 42 E. 57th St.: Drawings and watercolors by Burliuk, Sol Wilson, Hartley, Kerkam, Walkowitz, Joseph Stella, and others; through Nov. 15.... **wise**, 50 W. 57th St.: Various handlings of light by artists in their twenties and thirties; through Saturday, Nov. 4.

Americans and Europeans; Group Shows—At the **feigen**, 24 E. 81st St.: An exhibition based on the use of words as a modern compositional element, from Klee and Schwitters to Johns and Fahlstrom; through Thursday, Nov. 9. ... **jackson**, 32 E. 69th St.: Seventeen works owned by the gallery, by artists such as Bacon, de Kooning, Dubuffet, Gorky, Moore, and Tobey; through Nov. 18. (Closed Mondays.)

Europeans; Group Shows—At the **goldowsky**, 1078 Madison Ave., at 81st St.: Twenty-three paintings and sculptures by twentieth-century artists, among them Magritte, Giacometti, Dubuffet, and Picasso; through Friday, Nov. 10. (Closed Mondays.)... **samuels**, 18 E. 76th St.: About sixty drawings and watercolors spanning the past five centuries of European art; through Nov. 22. (Tuesdays

What is Black & White and Irish all over?

Colorcast.

Colorcast?

Yes, indeed. That's the Irish for you. They create a raving beauty in black and white...and call it Colorcast.

Makes sense. Black and white blends with every color in your kitchen. Your whims may change as time goes by but Colorcast goes on forever, mixing beautifully with the color of the moment.

Colorcast cooks a lifetime of meals in splendor.

Each piece is sculptured in cast iron and enamelled in white porcelain by Irish hands plying their art under a banner, "Lest we forget, one quality, the best."

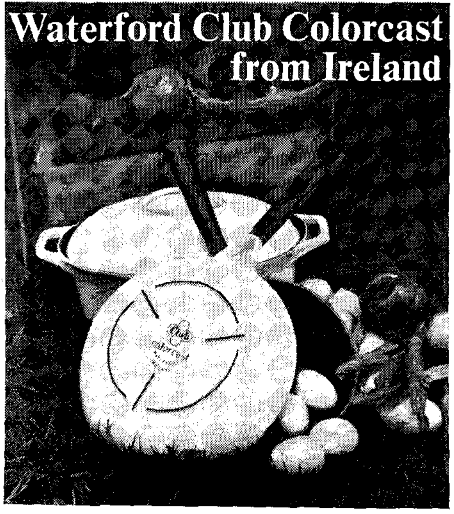
Each piece is a lifesaver to the contemporary cook. The black velvet Teflon finish is baked on so skillfully by the Irish, you can practically hit it with a shillelagh. Nothing but nothing sticks.

Take cast iron, white porcelain, black Teflon, Siamese teakwood (for the handles) and Irish genius...

And what have you got?

Beauty and the best.

For free 24-page full-color booklet, "Beauty and The Best," write to Club Products Company, La Grange Park, Illinois 60525.



There is a certain kind of woman who loves Paris in November and St. Moritz in July. For this woman, there is a certain kind of store: Peck & Peck.

Take a close look at this trim mandarin-collared trench coat. Undercover there's a zip-out snuggly wool lining that mysteriously adds no bulk at all. Metal buttons. Cotton/Fortrel® polyester. Brown or pale olive. 5 to 13, 50.00
With the coat, carry a grained cowhide shoulder-bag that cleverly converts to a hand-bag. Studded with nailheads. Black or espresso. 13.00

Fifth Avenue, New York/Boston/St. Louis
Pittsburgh/Akron/Cleveland/Rochester/Baltimore
Chicago/Providence/Philadelphia/Buffalo
Kansas City/Hartford/Detroit/Washington, D. C.
Atlanta/Twin Cities/Indianapolis

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

through Saturdays, 12:30 to 5:30.) . . . **SHICKMAN**, 929 Park Ave., at 81st St.: Thirty-two seventeenth-century Dutch still-lifes, portraits, landscapes, and genre paintings, including one apiece by Jan Steen, Jacob van Ruisdael, and Isack van Ostadi; through Nov. 18. . . . **VIVIANO**, 42 E. 57th St.: Abstract paintings by Afro, Lanyon, and Manrique; through Nov. 25. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **WILDENSTEIN**, 19 E. 64th St.: A benefit show of sixty paintings and twenty-five sculptures from a private collection, covering modern art from van Gogh, Renoir, and Cézanne through Soutine, Matisse, and Picasso; through Saturday, Nov. 4.

NOTE—Twenty-eight giant pieces of sculpture by such contemporaries as Chryssa, Calder, Liberman, Marisol, Nevelson, and Newman have been set up in various parks, plazas, and building setbacks, ranging from City Hall Park to the Low Library forecourt—all adding up to what must be New York's first citywide outdoor sculpture exhibition. Through Nov. 15. For information about who is where, call RE 4-1000.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—American paintings and historical prints from the collection of Mr. and Mrs. J. William Middendorf II; through Nov. 26. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5; and Election Day, 1 to 10.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—The first comprehensive survey of Picasso's sculpture presented in America, consisting of more than two hundred pieces in bronze, wood, terra-cotta, painted sheet metal, and ceramic, many from the artist's own collection; through Jan. 2. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—The fifth Guggenheim International Exhibition; this one, the first to be devoted entirely to sculpture, includes nearly a hundred examples, executed since 1960, by eighty artists from twenty nations. Through Feb. 4. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—A showing of sixty-five works with New York as their theme by outstanding artists from the beginning of the century to today; through Sunday, Nov. 5. . . . ¶ A retrospective of eighty-nine works, including oil and canvas collages, collage drawings, metal collages, and aluminum sculptures, by Conrad Marca-Relli; through Nov. 12. . . . ¶ A hundred and sixty-one oils, drawings, watercolors, and prints covering forty years of Raphael Soyer's preoccupation with New York City life, its street scenes, underprivileged people, and particularly young working women; through Dec. 3. (Weekdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.) Good complements to the Soyer showing are his exhibitions at the Forum Gallery, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St., and the Associated American Artists Galleries, 605 Fifth Ave., at 49th St.

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—A hundred and one American and European paintings, including works by Courbet, Whistler, Eakins, and Chase, assembled under the title of "Triumph of Realism;" through Nov. 19. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Election Day, 1 to 5. An admission charge of fifty cents goes to the Museum's special-exhibitions fund.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—"The World Beneath Our Feet . . . Minerals," a panoramic arrangement illustrating the variety of color, form, and composition of these elements. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Election Day, 1 to 5.)

ASIA HOUSE, 112 E. 64th St.—The first exhibition in America of Japanese art of the Heian period (794-1185), comprising paintings, sculptures, calligraphy, metalwork, and ceramics; through Dec. 17. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

CHINA HOUSE, 125 E. 65th St.—A selection of Chinese sculptures (one, of a frog, is three thousand years old), vessels, plaques, pottery, and some paintings, representing animals and birds; through Jan. 28. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

FINCH COLLEGE MUSEUM OF ART, 62 E. 78th St.—Portraits of figures in the arts—Braque, Lipchitz, Calder, de Kooning, Saul Steinberg, Stravinsky—by René Bouché, who died in 1963; through Nov. 12. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

JEWISH MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—An exhibition portraying the heroic resistance, to the death, of Jewish Zealots against the Romans at Masada in the first century A.D. The show consists of archaeological findings, photomurals, charts, and maps. Through Feb. 18. . . . ¶ Sixty master prints by artists from the fifteenth century to the eighteenth—Cranach, Dürer, Rembrandt, and van Leyden—interpreting themes from the Book of Genesis; through Jan. 7. (Sundays through Thursdays, 10 to 10; Fridays, 10 to 3.)

GALLERY OF MODERN ART, 2 Columbus Circle—The first major showing here of prints and drawings by Felicien Rops, a nineteenth-century Belgian artist who specialized in social themes; through Dec. 31. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 8.)

MUSEUM OF AMERICAN FOLK ART, 49 W. 53rd St.—Paintings and carvings by nineteenth-century folk artists of the Greater New York area, including James and John Bard, Erastus Salisbury Field, and John Bradley; through Dec. 10. (Daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—"The Book Beautiful," a show that points out the synthesis of various talents in the production of books and manuscripts, with examples in many languages from medieval times to the present; through Jan. 31. (Weekdays, 9 A.M. to 10 P.M.; Sundays, 1 to 10.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House at Lincoln Center is 799-4420, for Philharmonic Hall TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Town Hall JU 2-4536. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA—Thursday evening, Nov. 2: "Die Zauberflöte," with Judith Raskin, Colette Boky, Loretta Di Franco, George Shirley, John Reardon, John Macurdy, and Donald Gramm. (A non-subscription performance.) . . . ¶ Friday evening, Nov. 3: "Le Nozze di Figaro," with Pilar Lorengar, Mirella Freni, Teresa Berganza, Nancy Williams, Justino Diaz, Tom Krause, and Fernando Corena. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Nov. 4: "Manon Lescaut," with Renata Tebaldi, Marcia Baldwin, Barry Morell, John Reardon, and Raymond Michalski. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Nov. 4: "La Forza del Destino," with Leontyne Price, Louise Pearl, Richard Tucker, Robert Merrill, Cesare Siepi, and Fernando Corena. (A non-subscription performance.) . . . ¶ Monday evening, Nov. 6: "La Ventana," danced by the Metropolitan Opera Ballet; and a new production of Humperdinck's "Hansel and Gretel," with Teresa Stratas, Rosalind Elias, Lili Chookasian, Karl Dönch, and William Walker. . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Nov. 7: "La Forza del Destino," with Lucine Amara, Louise Pearl, Richard Tucker, Robert Merrill, Ezio Flagello, and Fernando Corena. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Nov. 8: "La Traviata," with Jeannette Pilou, George Shirley, and Sherrill Milnes. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Nov. 9: "Manon Lescaut," with Renata Tebaldi, Marcia Baldwin, Barry Morell, John Reardon, and Raymond Michalski. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Nov. 10: "Falstaff," with Pilar Lorengar, Judith Raskin, Fedora Barbieri, Marcia Baldwin, Anselmo Colzani, Luigi Alva, and Frank Guarrera. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Nov. 11: "Le Nozze di Figaro," with Phyllis Curtin, Teresa Stratas, Teresa Berganza, Justino Diaz, Tom Krause, and Fernando Corena. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Nov. 11: "La Forza del Destino," with Milka Stojanovic, Louise Pearl, Richard Tucker, Robert Merrill, Cesare Siepi, and Fernando Corena. (Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

NEW YORK CITY OPERA—Final performances of the season—Thursday, Nov. 2, at 8:15: "La Traviata," with Nadja Witkowska, Kay Creed, Salvador Novoa, Dominic Cossa, and Jack Bittner. . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 3, at 8:15: "Madame Butterfly," with Lee Venora, Kay Creed, Placido Domingo, William Ledbetter, and Nico Castel. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 4, at 2:15: "La Bohème," with Elisabeth Carron, Carol Bayard, Jerome LoMonaco, Richard Fredricks, and William Beck. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 4, at 8:15: "La Traviata," with Maralin Niska, Kay Creed, Placido Domingo, Romano Roma, and Michael Devlin. (A benefit performance.) . . . ¶ Sunday, Nov. 5, at 1:15: "Der Rosenkavalier," with Elisabeth Grümmer, Anne Elgar, Frances Bible, Georg Schnapka, and David Clatworthy. . . . ¶ Sunday, Nov. 5, at 7:15: "The Barber of Seville," with Nadja Witkowska, Malcolm Smith, Dominic Cossa, and Enrico di Giuseppe. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Nov. 7, at 8:15: "Lizzie Borden," with Brenda Lewis, Ellen Faull, Anne Elgar, David Smith, and Richard Fredricks. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 8, at 8:15: "Julius Caesar," with Beverly Sills, Frances Bible, Beverly Wolff, Norman Treigle, and Dominic Cossa. . . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 9, at 8:15: "The Barber of Seville," with Anne Elgar, Charlotte Povia, Enrico di Giuseppe, Dominic Cossa, and Spiro Malas. . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 10, at 8:15: "Der Rosenkavalier," with Jeannine Crader, Patricia Brooks, Frances Bible, Georg Schnapka, and Richard Fredricks. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 11, at 2:15: "Tosca," with Athena Lampropulos, Placido Domingo, Romano Roma, and David Smith. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 11, at 8:15: "Carmen," with Huguette Tourangeau, Joan Patenaude, LaVergne Monette, Salvador Novoa, and Robert Hale. . . . ¶ Sunday, Nov. 12, at 7:15: "Lizzie Borden," with Brenda Lewis, Ellen Faull, Anne Elgar, David Smith, and Richard Fredricks. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727.)

ORCHESTRAS

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC—At Philharmonic Hall—Claudio Abbado conducting on Thursday, Nov. 2, at 8:30; Friday, Nov. 3, at 2:15; Saturday, Nov. 4, at 8:30; and Monday, Nov. 6, at 7:30 (no soloists). . . . ¶ Seiji Ozawa conducting on Thursday, Nov. 9, at 8:30; Friday, Nov. 10, at 2:15; Saturday, Nov. 11, at 8:30; and Monday, Nov. 13, at 7:30 (all with Kinshi Tsuruta, *biwa*, and Katsuya Yokoyama, *shakuhachi*).

DETROIT SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—Sixten Ehrling conducting, with Evelyne Crochet, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Nov. 2, at 8:30.)

WASHINGTON NATIONAL SYMPHONY—Howard Mitchell conducting, with Michael Rabin, violin. (Philharmonic Hall. Sunday, Nov. 5, at 3.)

PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA—Leopold Stokowski directing a Bach-Mahler program, with Veronica Tyler, soprano; Maria Lucia Godoy, mezzo-soprano; and the Singing City Choirs. (Philharmonic Hall. Tuesday, Nov. 7, at 8:30.)

PITTSBURGH SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—William Steinberg conducting a Webern-Mahler program. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 8, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Same program; Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434. Thursday, Nov. 9, at 8:30.)

MASTER VIRTUOSI OF NEW YORK—Gene Forrell conducting, with Erna Spoorenberg, soprano. (Philharmonic Hall. Friday, Nov. 3, at 8:30.)

AMERICAN OPERA SOCIETY—Carlo Felice Cillario directing a performance of Bellini's "Norma" in concert form, with Elena Suliotis, Nancy Tatum, and Joyce Mathis, sopranos; Gianfranco Cecchele and Paul Franke, tenors; and Luigi Roni, bass. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Nov. 9, at 8.)

CONTEMPORARY CHAMBER ENSEMBLE—Arthur Weisberg conducting. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, Nov. 9, at 8:30.)

FESTIVAL ORCHESTRA OF NEW YORK—Thomas Dunn conducting, with David Bar-Illan, piano. (Philharmonic Hall. Friday, Nov. 10, at 8:30.)

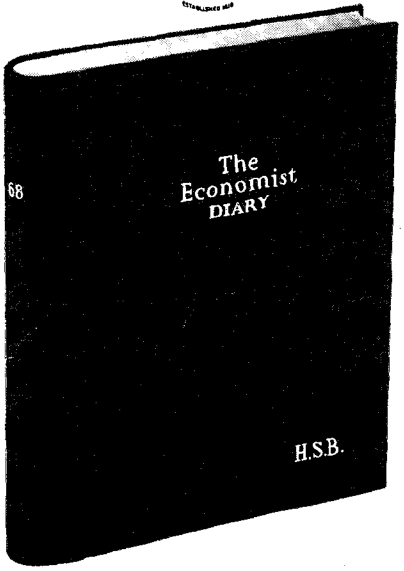
RECITALS

WALTER BERRY—Baritone. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Thursday, Nov. 2, at 8:40.)

NANCY CIRILLO AND MITCHELL ANDREWS—Violin and piano. (Town Hall. Friday, Nov. 3, at 8:30.)

AMADEUS QUARTET—Chamber music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. 879-5512. Friday, Nov. 3, at 8:30. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left. . . . ¶ Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Nov. 4, at 8:30. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

COMPOSERS' SHOWCASE—A program of American works by Ross Lee Finney, Martin Boykan,



indispensable to the executive

OUR EXCLUSIVE AMERICAN EDITION OF THE 1968 ECONOMIST DIARY

Certainly one of the most useful books a man can own . . . The Economist Diary is published for us by the famed Economist of London . . . and, in addition to its world information, maps and diary, includes a special 40 page section of Americana. We suggest you order now for Christmas giving, as the supply is limited.

- 13 months' diary with a week's appointments at a glance; a book that lies open flat on the desk.
- 32 pages of the latest available facts and figures on world trade, primary products, production, etc.
- 40 pages of maps, in color.
- 40 pages of special Americana—government, taxes, finance, trade, population, communications, labor, etc.—from our ambassadors abroad . . . to analysis of our largest metropolitan areas.

The Economist Diary is 8" x 10", printed on fine plate-finish parchment, spiral bound, and covered in handsome red leather. The title is blocked in gold. Cover gold leaf initialed at no extra cost. $12.50

Address Mail Orders to Dept. N.

ESTABLISHED 1818

Brooks Brothers
CLOTHING
Men's & Boys' Furnishings, Hats & Shoes
346 MADISON AVE., COR. 44TH ST., NEW YORK, N.Y. 10017
111 BROADWAY, NEW YORK
BOSTON • PITTSBURGH • ATLANTA • CHICAGO • SAN FRANCISCO • LOS ANGELES

Individual masterpieces

For those with the taste as well as the means

After many years of research, Audemars Piguet introduces a super slim automatic watch that is traditionally finished completely by hand.

AUDEMARS PIGUET
665 Fifth Avenue, New York 10022

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

John Perkins, and others, performed by Easley Blackwood, piano; Neva Pilgrim, soprano; the Composers Quartet; and members of the Aeolian Chamber Players. (Great Hall, Cooper Union, Fourth Ave. at 8th St. Friday, Nov. 3, at 8:30. No tickets necessary.)

Abbey Simon—Piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. 879-5512. Saturday, Nov. 4, at 8:30.)

Guarneri String Quartet—Chamber music. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500. Saturday, Nov. 4, at 8:30.)

The Clancy Brothers and Tommy Makem—Folk singers. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Nov. 4, at 8:40.)

Evenings for New Music—The first in a series of four programs prepared by Lukas Foss, this one devoted to the music of Ernst Krenek, Lawrence Singer, Axel Borup-Jorgensen, Ben Johnston, Don Wilson, and Luigi Nono. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Tuesday, Nov. 7, at 8:30.)

Baroque Players of New York—The second in a series of three concerts devoted to chamber music of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, this one an all-Italian program. (Town Hall. Tuesday, Nov. 7, at 8:30.)

Boris Goldovsky—Piano, in the second in a series of three recitals entitled "Scarlatti to Schönberg," presenting, with comment, an informal survey of keyboard music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. 879-5512. Wednesday, Nov. 8, at 8:30.)

Jeffry and Ronald Marlowe—Duo piano. (Town Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 8, at 8:30.)

New York Pro Musica—A program of music of the sixteenth century. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. 879-5512. Friday, Nov. 10, at 8:30.)

Régine Crespin—Soprano. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Saturday, Nov. 11, at 8:30.)

Ernst Haefliger—Tenor, in a Schumann-Schubert program. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. 879-5512. Saturday, Nov. 11, at 8:30.)

Manitas de Plata—Flamenco guitarist, with assisting artists. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Nov. 11, at midnight.)

MISCELLANY

Benefit Concerts—Alfred Wallenstein directing Haydn's oratorio "The Creation," performed by seventy-three members of the New York Philharmonic, with Phyllis Curtin, soprano; Leopold Simoneau, tenor; Donald Gramm, bass; and the Westminster Choir. (Philharmonic Hall. Sunday, Nov. 5, at 8. For tickets, call 581-7400.) . . . ¶ Jan Peerce, tenor, and the Musica Aeterna Orchestra conducted by Frederic Waldman. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Nov. 11, at 8:30.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811.)

Professional Basketball—At Madison Square Garden—Thursday, Nov. 9, at 6:30: Seattle vs. Detroit and Knicks vs. Cincinnati. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 11, at 8:30: Knicks vs. Boston.

Boxing—Dante Cane vs. James J. Woody, heavyweights, 10 rounds. (Madison Square Garden. Friday, Nov. 10. Preliminaries at 8:30; main bout at 10.)

College Football—SATURDAY, NOV. 4 (all games at 1:30): Cornell vs. Columbia, at Ithaca. . . . ¶ Pennsylvania vs. Harvard, at Philadelphia. . . . ¶ Princeton vs. Brown, at Princeton. . . . ¶ Yale vs. Dartmouth, at New Haven. . . . SATURDAY, NOV. 11: Amherst vs. Trinity, at Amherst, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Army vs. Utah, at West Point, at 2. . . . ¶ Columbia vs. Dartmouth, at Baker Field, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Cornell vs. Brown, at Ithaca, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Fordham vs. Manhattan, at Fordham, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Harvard vs. Princeton, at Cambridge, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Navy vs. Duke, at Norfolk, at 1:45. . . . ¶ Wesleyan vs. Williams, at Middletown, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Yale vs. Pennsylvania, at New Haven, at 1:30.

Hockey—Rangers vs. Boston. (Madison Square Garden. Wednesday, Nov. 8, at 7:35.)

Horse Show—National Horse Show. (Madison Square Garden. PL 7-8870. Through Tuesday, Nov. 7. Competitions nightly at 7:45, plus Thursday, Friday, Monday, and Tuesday at 2, and Saturday and Sunday at 1:30.)

Hunt Racing—Montpelier Hunt Race Meeting. (Montpelier Station, Va. Saturday, Nov. 4.) . . . ¶ Virginia Fall Race Meeting. (Middleburg, Va. Saturday, Nov. 11.)

Racing—At AQUEDUCT: Weekdays; last day Friday, Dec. 15. *Through Saturday, Nov. 4, post time will be 12:30; after that, it will be noon.* The Ladies Handicap, Saturday, Nov. 4; the Vosburgh Handicap, Tuesday, Nov. 7; and the Roamer Handicap, Saturday, Nov. 11. . . . GARDEN STATE PARK, Camden, N.J.: Tuesdays through Saturdays at 12:30; last day Saturday, Nov. 18. The Trenton Handicap, Tuesday, Nov. 7, and the Gardenia, Saturday, Nov. 11. . . . LAUREL, Md.: Weekdays at 1; through Monday, Jan. 1. The Washington, D.C., International, Saturday, Nov. 11 (for this day only, post time will be 12:20).

Trotting—At Yonkers Raceway: Weekdays at 7:40; through Friday, Dec. 15.

FOR CHILDREN

Stage Shows—By the AMERICAN CHILDREN'S THEATRE: "Toby Tyler." (Bert Wheeler Theatre, 250 W. 43rd St. Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. For tickets, call 787-4749.) . . . GINGERBREAD PLAYERS & JACK: "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs." (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. TE 8-0177. Saturdays and Sundays at 2 and 3:30.) . . . MARA AND HER COMPANY: "Princess Qua Qua: A Russian Fairy Tale." (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Saturday and Sunday, Nov. 4-5, at 3.) . . . PAPER BAG PLAYERS: "Scraps." (Henry Street Playhouse, 466 Grand St. Saturdays at 3. Tickets at the box office only, after 2 on the day of the performance. Children under five not admitted.) . . . SILVER BUTTON PRODUCTIONS: "The Silver Button." (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. 736-3056. Saturdays at 1 and 3, and Sundays at 1.) . . . STORYLAND THEATRE: "Heidi." (Judson Hall, 165 W. 57th St. JU 2-4090. Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.) . . . TAUBENSLAG PRODUCTIONS: "Adventures of Pinocchio," Saturdays and Sundays at 1:30. . . . ¶ "Adventures of Peter Pan," Saturdays and Sundays at 3. (East 74th Street Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2283.) . . . TRAVELING PLAYHOUSE: "Pinocchio." (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500. Tuesday, Nov. 7, at 1. Children under five not admitted.) . . . YOUTHEATRE OF NEW YORK UNIVERSITY: "Gammer Gurton's Needle." (Town Hall. JU 2-2424. Saturday, Nov. 4, at 2:30.)

Junior Museum, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—An exhibition entitled "The Artist's Workshop: Tools and Techniques" demonstrates the methods employed in pictorial art and includes examples of different mediums from the Museum's collections of European, American, Egyptian, and Near and Far Eastern art. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, Election Day, and Veterans Day, 1 to 5.)

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—The current show is called "The Realm of the Planets." (Mondays at 2 and 3:30; Tuesdays, except Election Day, through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 7:30; Saturdays, except Veterans Day, at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 7:30; Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 7:30; Election Day at 12, 1, 2, 3, and 4; and Veterans Day at 11, 12, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5. Children under five not admitted.)

Note—Ice skaters of fourteen and under have free and exclusive use of the Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, every Saturday from 10 to 12.

ET ALIA

Election Day—Tuesday, Nov. 7; the hours for voting are from 6 A.M. to 9 P.M.

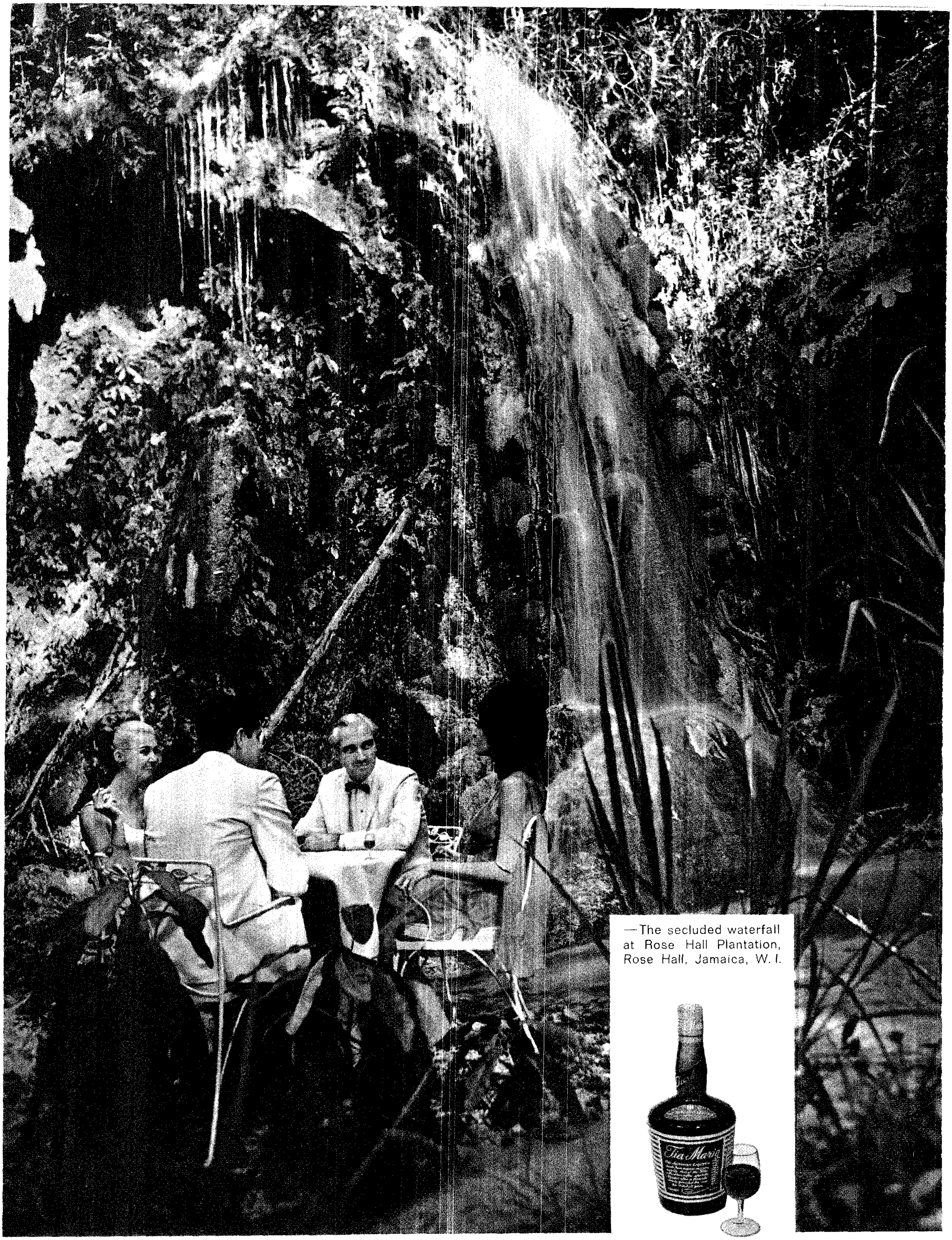
United Nations—Visitors are admitted to the plenary and/or committee sessions of the General Assembly, as well as to periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various other commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the

Dacron. Robust & right.

TAILOR'S BENCH puts plenty of muscle in this great new pair of odd trousers. With a rough-and-ready cavalry twill of 55% "Dacron" polyester, 45% worsted wool. Handle with care? Not on your life! Just relax, live it up—and leave it to "Dacron" to make the press stay put! About $27 in top fall colors at Berlin's, Charleston, S. C.; Belk's Men's Store, Charlotte, N. C.; Irby-Mayes, Dallas; Younkers, Des Moines. Ask for Tailor's Bench odd trousers with "Dacron". You'll like the way you look.

Taylor-Made shoes of Corfam* poromeric.
*Reg. U.S. Pat. Off. for DuPont's polyester fiber. Du Pont makes fibers, not fabrics or clothes.

DU PONT
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
Better things for better living
...through chemistry



—The secluded waterfall at Rose Hall Plantation, Rose Hall, Jamaica, W.I.

Tia Maria
Tia Maria. Jamaica's haunting liqueur

W. A. TAYLOR & CO., NEW YORK, N.Y. 63 PROOF.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

Poetry Readings—W. H. Auden, William Cole, Anthony Hecht, and George Starbuck in a program called "An Evening of Light Verse." (Poetry Center, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500. Monday, Nov. 6, at 8:30.) . . . ¶ Anne Sexton reading from her own poetry and from other works. (Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum Auditorium, 1071 Fifth Ave. at 89th St. Tuesday, Nov. 7, at 8:30. For tickets, call YU 8-6783.)

Chrysanthemum Show—The annual indoor showing of chrysanthemums in all sizes and colors. (New York Botanical Garden, Bronx Park. (Saturday, Nov. 4, through Sunday, Nov. 19. Mondays through Fridays, 1:30 to 4:30; Saturdays, Sundays, and Election Day, 10 to 4:30.)

Auctions—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Thursday, Nov. 2, at 10:30 and 1:45, and Friday and Saturday, Nov. 3-4, at 1:45: Furniture, pottery, porcelain, *objets de vertu*, silver, paintings, and Oriental art; from the estate of James Donahue. . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 3, at 10:30: Old-master paintings by such artists as Boucher, Hals, El Greco, and Romney; from various owners. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 8, at 10:30: Press books, illustrated works, English literature, and a large group of books on paper making; the property of William H. Kresch and others. . . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 9, at 1:45: Impressionist and modern paintings, drawings, and sculptures by Utrillo, Vlaminck, Maillol, Matta, and others; from the estate of Michael Zagayski and from other sources. Exhibition starts Friday, Nov. 3.

Film Libraries—At the MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd—Six programs of Japanese films. Nov. 2 at 2, 5:30, and 8: "Classroom Renegades" (1965). . . . Nov. 3 at 2 and 5:30: "Lost Sex" (1967). . . . Nov. 4 at 11:30, 3, and 5:30: "The Burglar Story" (1965). . . . Nov. 5 at 2 and 5:30: "All Mixed Up" (1964). . . . Nov. 6 at 2 and 5:30: "The Black Sun" (1965). . . . Nov. 7 at 2 and 5:30: "The Face of Another" (1967). . . . ¶ Nov. 8 at 2 and 5:30: "El Dorado" (1921), with Eve Francis. . . . GALLERY OF MODERN ART, 2 Columbus Circle—Four programs in a series called "A Tribute to Fred Zinnemann." Through Nov. 3: Excerpts from some of Mr. Zinnemann's films. . . . ¶ Nov. 4-5: "The Wave" (1935), a Mexican film. . . . ¶ Nov. 7: "Behold a Pale Horse" (1964), with Gregory Peck and Anthony Quinn. . . . ¶ Nov. 8: "From Here to Eternity" (1953), with Burt Lancaster and Montgomery Clift. (Showings Tuesdays through Saturdays at 3 and 5:30, and Sundays at 2 and 4.) . . . NOTE: At both Museums, a limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon.

COMING EVENTS

(A listing for forehanded readers.)

Professional Basketball—At Madison Square Garden: Nov. 14, 18, 21, 25, and 28, and Dec. 2, 5, 9, and 12.

Dog Show—Kennel Club of Philadelphia. (Philadelphia. Dec. 9.)

College Football—SATURDAY, NOV. 18: Brown vs. Harvard, at Providence; Pennsylvania vs. Columbia, at Philadelphia; and Princeton vs. Yale, at Princeton. . . . SATURDAY, NOV. 25: Pennsylvania vs. Cornell, at Philadelphia; Princeton vs. Dartmouth, at Princeton; and Yale vs. Harvard, at New Haven. . . . SATURDAY, DEC. 2: Army vs. Navy, at Philadelphia.

Professional Football—At SHEA STADIUM: Jets vs. Buffalo Bills, Nov. 12. . . . ¶ Jets vs. Denver Broncos, Dec. 3. . . . ¶ Jets vs. Kansas City Chiefs, Dec. 10. . . . YANKEE STADIUM: Giants vs. Pittsburgh Steelers, Nov. 19. . . . ¶ Giants vs. Philadelphia Eagles, Nov. 26. . . . ¶ Giants vs. Detroit Lions, Dec. 10.

Hockey—Professional games at Madison Square Garden on Nov. 12, 19, 22, 26, and 29, and Dec. 3, 6, and 10.

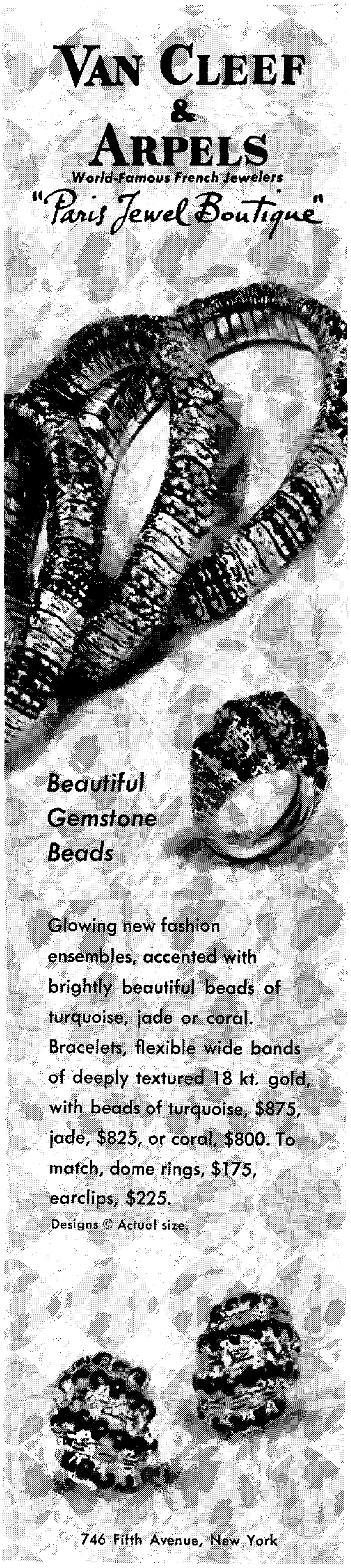
Horse Show—Boulder Brook Club Fall Horse Show. (Scarsdale. Nov. 25-26.)

Music—METROPOLITAN OPERA, Lincoln Center (799-4420): The season continues through April 20. . . . PHILHARMONIC HALL (TR 4-2424): The New York Philharmonic season continues through May 25. . . . ¶ Birgit Nilsson, soprano, Nov. 12. . . . ¶ Little Orchestra Society, Nov. 14. . . . ¶ I Solisti di Zagreb, Nov. 19. . . . ¶ Maurice Chevalier, Nov. 19. . . . ¶ Philadelphia Orchestra, Nov. 21. . . . ¶ Ella Fitzgerald, Nov. 22. . . . ¶ Jean-Pierre Rampal and Robert Veyron-Lacroix, flute and keyboard duo, Nov. 24. . . . ¶ Late Late Concert Players, Nov. 25. . . . ¶ Washington National Symphony, Nov. 26 and Dec. 10. . . . ¶ Erick Friedman, violin, Nov. 26. . . . ¶ Boston Symphony, Nov. 29 and Dec. 1. . . . ¶ Vladimir Ashkenazy, piano, Dec. 3. . . . ¶ Mantovani and an orchestra, Dec. 3. . . . ¶ Jeanne-Marie Darré, piano, Dec. 6. . . . ¶ Masterwork Chorus and Orchestra, Dec. 9. . . . ¶ New York Choral Society, Dec. 10. . . . CARNEGIE HALL (CI 7-7459): American Symphony Orchestra, Nov. 12, 13, 19, and 20, and Dec. 3-4. . . . ¶ Chicago Symphony Orchestra, Nov. 12 and 18. . . . ¶ Zadel Skolovsky, piano, Nov. 15. . . . ¶ Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra, Nov. 16 and 21. . . . ¶ Manitas de Plata, flamenco guitarist, Nov. 23. . . . ¶ Vladimir Ashkenazy, piano, Nov. 24. . . . ¶ Theodore Bikel, folk singer, Nov. 25. . . . ¶ Robert Goldsand, piano, Nov. 27. . . . ¶ Chamber Symphony of Philadelphia, Nov. 28. . . . ¶ Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra, Nov. 29-Dec. 1. . . . ¶ Boston Symphony, Dec. 2. . . . ¶ Jaime Laredo, violin, Dec. 3. . . . ¶ Rudolf Serkin, piano, Dec. 5. . . . ¶ American Opera Society, Dec. 6. . . . ¶ Alicia de Larrocha, piano, Dec. 7. . . . ¶ Masterwork Chorus and Orchestra, Dec. 8. . . . TOWN HALL (JU 2-4536): Juan Serrano, flamenco guitarist, Nov. 25. . . . ¶ Clarion Concert, Dec. 5. . . . ¶ Bach Aria Group, Dec. 6. . . . GRACE RAINEY ROGERS AUDITORIUM, Metropolitan Museum (879-5512): Boris Goldovsky, piano, Nov. 15. . . . ¶ Nathan Milstein, violin, Nov. 25. . . . ¶ Musica Aeterna Orchestra, Dec. 2-3. . . . ¶ Teresa Berganza, mezzo-soprano, Dec. 8. . . . HUNTER COLLEGE (535-5350): Cesare Siepi, bass-baritone, Nov. 18. . . . ¶ I Solisti di Zagreb, Nov. 25. . . . ¶ Bernard Krainis, recorder, Dec. 4. . . . ¶ Ernst Haefliger, tenor, Dec. 7. . . . MADISON SQUARE GARDEN CENTER (PL 7-8870): The opening event—performances by the massed bands, drums, pipes, and dancers of the Welsh Guards and Scots Guards, Nov. 26-Dec. 3—will take place in the amphitheatre called Felt Forum; the box office is on Eighth Avenue between 31st and 33rd Streets.

Ballet—New York City Ballet, at the New York State Theatre, Nov. 14-Feb. 18. . . . ¶ American Ballet Theatre, at the City Center, Nov. 28-Dec. 10.

Theatre—Some productions scheduled to open during the next several weeks: "The Promise," a three-character (Eileen Atkins, Ian McKellen, and Ian McShane) Russian play, by Aleksei Arbuzov, which is also currently running in London. . . . ¶ A musical, "How Now, Dow Jones," based on an original idea by Carolyn Leigh, who also did the lyrics. Max Shulman wrote the book and Elmer Bernstein the music, and the cast includes Anthony Roberts, Marlyn Mason, Brenda Vaccaro, and Hiram Sherman. . . . ¶ A comedy by Carl Reiner, "Something Different," with Bob Dishy, Gabriel Dell, Linda Lavin, and Claudia McNeil. . . . ¶ Barbara Bel Geddes, Barry Nelson, and Beatrice Straight in "Everything in the Garden," a play by Edward Albee adapted from a London play by the late Giles Cooper. . . . ¶ The first two productions in this season's APA-Phoenix repertory—"Pantagleize," by Michel de Ghelderode, and "The Show-Off," by George Kelly. . . . ¶ "Spofford (or, The Flesh Pots of Egypt)," a comedy derived by Herman Shumlin from Peter De Vries' novel "Reuben, Reuben" and starring Melvyn Douglas.

Other Dates—Thanksgiving Flower Show of the Horticultural Society of New York, at Essex House, Nov. 15. . . . ¶ National Postage Stamp Show, at the 71st Regiment Armory, Nov. 17-19. . . . ¶ Thanksgiving Day is Thursday, Nov. 23.


VAN CLEEF & ARPELS
World-Famous French Jewelers
"Paris Jewel Boutique"

Beautiful Gemstone Beads

Glowing new fashion ensembles, accented with brightly beautiful beads of turquoise, jade or coral. Bracelets, flexible wide bands of deeply textured 18 kt. gold, with beads of turquoise, $875, jade, $825, or coral, $800. To match, dome rings, $175, earclips, $225.

Designs © Actual size.

746 Fifth Avenue, New York

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED HERE

Accident—Dirk Bogarde, Stanley Baker, and Vivien Merchant in a distinguished melodrama about the pleasures and pains of domesticity. Directed by Joseph Losey from a screenplay by Harold Pinter. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; through Nov. 6.)

The Battle of Algiers—An exceptionally fine account, in documentary form, of how, in the dark days of the nineteen-fifties, the Algerians fought to secure their independence from France. Directed with great force and feeling by Gillo Pontecorvo. In French and Arabic. (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622.)

Bonnie and Clyde—In Arthur Penn's highly intelligent film, the parts of the Depression's mythic bandits are played by Warren Beatty and Faye Dunaway. One of the themes of the movie is the urge in criminals and assassins to use violence as a way of recording themselves. The picture is perfectly cast and edited, and it becomes touching about the dragonfly lives of two kids with no sense of reality. (Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th, MU 5-7652. . . . ¶ R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; and R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd, AL 5-7050; through Nov. 7.)

Camelot—The biggest Lord & Taylor Christmas window of all time. Vanessa Redgrave and Richard Harris struggle valiantly not to seem puppets, but they are. Joshua Logan was the director of this Hollywood adaptation of the Broadway musical. (Warner, B'way at 47th, CO 5-5711. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, Sundays, and Election Day at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Closely Watched Trains—A comedy about a young lad who takes a job in a godforsaken railway station as a way of shirking service during the last war. One of the fine Czech films shown this summer in the Lincoln Center festival. Directed by Jiri Menzel. (Festival, 6 W. 57th, LT 1-2323.)

The Daisies—Another good entry from the Czech Film Festival of the past summer. This one, a comedy, concerns two teen-age girls who are mostly hungry. (34th St. East, 241 E. 34th, MU 3-0255.)

Elvira Madigan—A sad, sweet tale of young lovers crossed not by the stars but by their own earthbound helplessness. A movie of exceptional beauty, written and directed by Bo Widerberg. In Swedish. (Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-0774.)

The Exterminating Angel—The great Luis Buñuel has made a clumsily acted but engrossing metaphorical comedy about a posh dinner party. The guests mysteriously can't leave, and revert to primal instincts in crumpled evening clothes. In Spanish. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through Nov. 7.)

Far from the Madding Crowd—An all too faithful transcription of the Hardy novel, with miles of wild Dorset landscape to make us think of Wessex, and starring such inarticulate children of the soil as Julie Christie, Alan Bates, Terence Stamp, and Peter Finch. Directed by John Schlesinger. (Capitol, B'way at 51st, JU 2-5060. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, Sundays, and Election Day at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying—A successful adaptation of the Broadway musical, with Robert Morse, Rudy Vallée, and Michele Lee. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting Nov. 7.)

The Jokers—An admirable comic melodrama about the theft of the Crown Jewels from the Tower of London. Directed by Michael Winner and starring Michael Crawford and Oliver Reed. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; through Nov. 6.)

A Man and a Woman—Beautifully photographed account of love between a beautiful widow who works as a script girl and a handsome widower who drives racing cars for a living and a Mustang on his days off. In French. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; and Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th, JU 2-2333.)

A Man for All Seasons—A flawless rendering of Robert Bolt's eloquent play about Sir Thomas More. Mr. Bolt has written the screenplay, and Fred Zinnemann has directed with tact and force a large cast that includes Paul Scofield as the tragic, noble Sir Thomas; Wendy Hiller as his wife; Robert Shaw as Henry VIII; and Leo McKern as the wily Cromwell. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030. Daily at 2:30, 5:45, and 8:30. Reserved seats only.)

Privilege—A fiercely good piece of film-making by Peter Watkins (of "The War Game"), about an England in the near future dominated by a nervy pop idol manipulated by a near-Fascist lineup of Church and State to keep the young in step. The best of the film is not the power forecast but the detail of jangling Mod life as it very nearly is already. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; through Nov. 6.)

Reflections in a Golden Eye—Elizabeth Taylor and Marlon Brando star in a film version of Carson McCullers' early fantasy, which the director, John Huston, has taken at face value, and then some. (Forum, B'way at 47th, PL 7-8320; and Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st, TR 9-1313.)

The Taming of the Shrew—The director, Franco Zeffirelli, has loaded this light skiff of a comedy to the gunwales, and it has sunk. Elizabeth Taylor and Richard Burton go down with the skiff most valiantly. (Victoria, B'way at 46th, JU 6-0540; through Nov. 4.)

Thoroughly Modern Millie—A mild satire on the Giddy Twenties, with Julie Andrews, Carol Channing, James Fox, Mary Tyler Moore, and Beatrice Lillie. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Election Day at 2:30, and Sundays at 1:30 and 5. Reserved seats only.)

The Tiger Makes Out—Eli Wallach and Anne Jackson have a high old time in Murray Schisgal's rowdy reworking of his Off Broadway play. (Cinema Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448.)

Ulysses—A version of the Joyce novel that ably preserves the comic spirit of the author. Directed by Joseph Strick and starring Milo O'Shea, Barbara Jefford, and Maurice Roeves. (Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1200. . . . ¶ Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; and York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; through Nov. 7.)

Wait Until Dark—A thriller about a blind girl who gets involved with a gang of crooks. Audrey Hepburn is the heroine and makes the picture worth seeing. Directed by Terence Young. (Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th, PL 7-3100.)

REVIVALS

The African Queen (1952)—Down an African river with Humphrey Bogart and Katharine Hepburn. (Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th, PL 9-2262; starting Nov. 6.)

Ballad of a Soldier (1960)—A film about the war that is less a drama than a collection of memorable photographic essays. Directed by Grigori Chukhrai, and with Vladimir Ivashov and Shanna Prokhorenko. In Russian. (Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, WA 4-3363; starting Nov. 8.)

Becket (1964)—Richard Burton as the Archbishop of Canterbury and Peter O'Toole as King Henry II, in an adaptation of the Anouilh play. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; starting Nov. 8.)

The Blue Angel (1930)—Marlene Dietrich as a cabaret singer and Emil Jannings as a schoolmaster. In German. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Nov. 4-5.)

Cartouche (1963)—A takeoff on romantic costume films. Jean-Paul Belmondo plays the leader of a band of thieves in eighteenth-century Paris. Directed by Philippe de Broca. In French. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; through Nov. 3.)

Dinner at Eight (1933)—Marie Dressler, Jean Harlow, and John and Lionel Barrymore are just a few of the notables in this film of the Ferber-Kaufman play. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Nov. 3-6.)

Doctor Zhivago (1965)—A version of the Pasternak novel. With Julie Christie, Omar Sharif, Tom Courtenay, and many others; directed by David Lean. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406.)

La Dolce Vita (1959)—Each of the dozen or so sequences of this movie tells a separate story, and deals with a separate aspect of present-day Roman life. Federico Fellini wrote and directed it and Marcello Mastroianni plays the leading role. In Italian. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at LaGuardia Pl., OR 4-3210; starting Nov. 7.)

Don Quixote (1961)—The Knight of the Woeful Figure here is a Russian, Nikolai Cherkassov, in this Soviet version of Cervantes classic. Directed by Grigory Kozintsev. (Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, WA 4-3363; Nov. 3-4.)

Dutchman (1967)—Shirley Knight and Al Freeman, Jr., in a movie version of LeRoi Jones' play about a kooky white girl and her Negro victim. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; starting Nov. 8.)

8½ (1963)—An autobiographical movie by Federico Fellini. With Marcello Mastroianni, Anouk Aimée, and Sandra Milo. In Italian. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; starting Nov. 8.)

Fahrenheit 451 (1966)—Directed by François Truffaut, with Julie Christie and Oskar Werner. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; through Nov. 7.)

Gone with the Wind (1939)—Nearly four hours of Vivien Leigh, Clark Gable, and thousands of others. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633. Sundays through Thursdays at 8 and Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, Sundays, and Election Day at 2. Reserved seats only.)

Grand Illusion (1938)—A German military prison during the First World War. With Erich von Stroheim and Jean Gabin. Directed by Jean Renoir. In French. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Nov. 4-5.)

Hamlet (1948)—Laurence Olivier is the melancholy Dane. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Nov. 2.)

The Loneliness of the Long Distance Runner (1962)—An English tragicomedy of working-class manners, directed by Tony Richardson. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting Nov. 7.)

The Love Game (1960)—A pretty girl with her mind fixed on motherhood has a hard time persuading her lighthearted lover to fix his mind on fatherhood. In French, as you might have expected. Directed by Philippe de Broca. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; through Nov. 3.)

To Die in Madrid (1965)—A documentary about the Spanish Civil War, compiled by Frédéric Rossif. With an English narration. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through Nov. 7.)

Touch of Evil (1958)—An Orson Welles film, with Charlton Heston and Janet Leigh. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting Nov. 7.)

THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				2	3	4
5	6	7	8			

FILMS OF INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

THE BROADWAY AREA

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
"Hour of the Gun," James Garner, Jason Robards.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
FAR FROM THE MADDING CROWD.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
THOROUGHLY MODERN MILLIE.

DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
"The Comedians," Elizabeth Taylor, Richard Burton.

Forum, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
REFLECTIONS IN A GOLDEN EYE.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
WAIT UNTIL DARK.

New Embassy, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
"The Penthouse," Suzy Kendall, Terence Morgan.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
GONE WITH THE WIND, revival.

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
"Cool Hand Luke," Paul Newman.

Trans-Lux West, B'way at 49th. (CO 5-1355)
"Waterhole #3," James Coburn.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
Through Nov. 4: **THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.**
From Nov. 5, at 8: "The Incident," Jan Sterling, Thelma Ritter. (Opening night will be a benefit performance.)

Warner, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
CAMELOT.

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through Nov. 7: **ULYSSES.**
From Nov. 8: "How I Won the War," Michael Crawford, John Lennon.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (WA 4-3363)
Nov. 2: "Napoleon in Moscow" (in Russian; formerly called "1812"), revival.
Nov. 3-4: **DON QUIXOTE** (in Russian), revival.
Nov. 5: "The Girl and the Bugler" (in Russian).
Nov. 6-7: "Shadows of Forgotten Ancestors" (in Ukrainian); and "Plisetskaya Dances," revival, a Russian documentary film, with an English narration.
From Nov. 8: **BALLAD OF A SOLDIER** and "The Lady with the Dog" (both in Russian and both revivals).

Charles, Ave. B at 12th. (GR 5-4210)
Through Nov. 7: **FAHRENHEIT 451**, revival; and "Kwaidan" (in Japanese), revival.
From Nov. 8: **DUTCHMAN**, revival; and **8½** (in Italian), revival.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Nov. 6: **ACCIDENT**; and "The Naked Runner," Frank Sinatra.
From Nov. 7: "In the Heat of the Night," Sidney Poitier, Rod Steiger.

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
"Festival," a documentary about the 1963-66 Newport Folk Festivals.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
BONNIE AND CLYDE.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (MU 3-0255)
THE DAISIES, a Czechoslovakian film.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
Through Nov. 4: "Games," Simone Signoret.
From Nov. 5: "Chappaqua," Jean-Louis Barrault, Conrad Rooks.

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
Through Nov. 5: "Waterhole #3," James Coburn.
From Nov. 6: **THE AFRICAN QUEEN**, revival.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
A MAN FOR ALL SEASONS.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
Through Nov. 5: "The Day the Fish Came Out," Tom Courtenay, Sam Wanamaker.
From Nov. 6: "The Incident," Jan Sterling, Thelma Ritter.

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
"Our Mother's House," Dirk Bogarde.

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
"The Comedians," Elizabeth Taylor, Richard Burton.

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"Cool Hand Luke," Paul Newman.

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
ELVIRA MADIGAN (in Swedish).

York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th. (TR 9-2717)
Through Nov. 7: **ULYSSES.**
From Nov. 8: "How I Won the War," Michael Crawford, John Lennon.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
THE BATTLE OF ALGIERS (in French and Arabic).

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"The Flim-Flam Man," George C. Scott.

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
REFLECTIONS IN A GOLDEN EYE.

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Nov. 6: "Carmen, Baby," Uta Levka.
From Nov. 7: To be announced.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"Hour of the Gun," James Garner, Jason Robards.

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through Nov. 7: **BONNIE AND CLYDE.**
From Nov. 8: "Rough Night in Jericho," Dean Martin, George Peppard.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
"More Than a Miracle," Sophia Loren, Omar Sharif.

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AG 9-1144)
"In the Heat of the Night," Sidney Poitier, Rod Steiger.

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at LaGuardia Pl. (OR 4-3210)
Nov. 2: "Little Caesar," revival, Edward G. Robinson, Humphrey Bogart; and "Public Enemy," revival, James Cagney, Jean Harlow.
Nov. 3-6: "The Lovers of Teruel" (in French), revival, Ludmila Tcherina; and "Black Orpheus" (in Portuguese), revival, Marpessa Dawn.
From Nov. 7: **LA DOLCE VITA** (in Italian), revival.

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through Nov. 6: **PRIVILEGE**; and **THE JOKERS.**
From Nov. 7: "In the Heat of the Night," Sidney Poitier, Rod Steiger.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Nov. 7: **THE EXTERMINATING ANGEL** (in Spanish); and **TO DIE IN MADRID**, revival.
From Nov. 8: **BECKET**, revival.

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
To be announced.

Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
"More Than a Miracle," Sophia Loren, Omar Sharif.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
A MAN AND A WOMAN (in French).

R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (AL 5-7050)
Through Nov. 7: **BONNIE AND CLYDE.**
From Nov. 8: "Rough Night in Jericho," Dean Martin, George Peppard.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
DOCTOR ZHIVAGO, revival.

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (LT 1-2323)
CLOSELY WATCHED TRAINS, a Czechoslovakian film.

Cinema Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
THE TIGER MAKES OUT.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-5123)
"Festival," a documentary about the 1963-66 Newport Folk Festivals.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
Through Nov. 5: "Titicut Follies," a documentary film made at a state prison for the criminally insane.
From Nov. 6: "The Witnesses," a documentary on the Warsaw Ghetto.

Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
A MAN AND A WOMAN (in French).

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-2013)
Through Nov. 6: "The Sucker" (in French), Bourvil, Louis de Funes.
From Nov. 7: "This Special Friendship" (in French).

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through Nov. 3: **CARTOUCHE** and **THE LOVE GAME** (both in French and both revivals).
Nov. 4-5: **GRAND ILLUSION** (in French), revival; and **THE BLUE ANGEL** (in German), revival.
Nov. 6: "Strawberry Blonde," revival, Olivia de Havilland, James Cagney; and "The Trouble with Harry," revival, Edmund Gwenn, John Forsythe.
Nov. 7-8: "The Young Lions," revival, Marlon Brando, Montgomery Clift.

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Nov. 6: "La Bohème" (in Italian), revival, performed by La Scala Opera Company; and "Mediterranean Holiday," revival, a documentary film about a Scandinavian training ship.
From Nov. 7: **HOW TO SUCCEED IN BUSINESS WITHOUT REALLY TRYING**; and "In the Heat of the Night," Sidney Poitier, Rod Steiger.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Nov. 2: **HAMLET**, revival; and "The Ballet of Othello," revival, a Russian film.
Nov. 3-6: **DINNER AT EIGHT**, revival; and "Grand Hotel," revival, Greta Garbo, John Barrymore.
From Nov. 7: **THE LONELINESS OF THE LONG DISTANCE RUNNER**, revival; and **TOUCH OF EVIL**, revival.

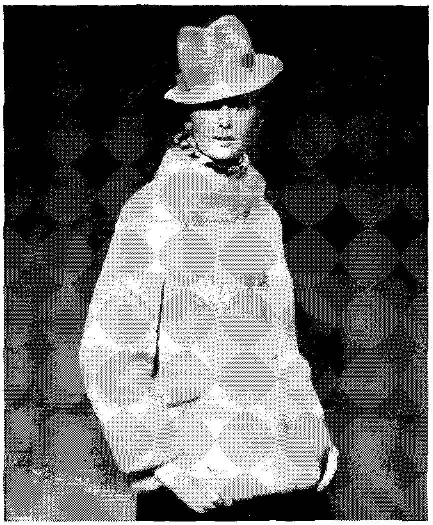
Midtown, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
ULYSSES.

Albert Hubbell

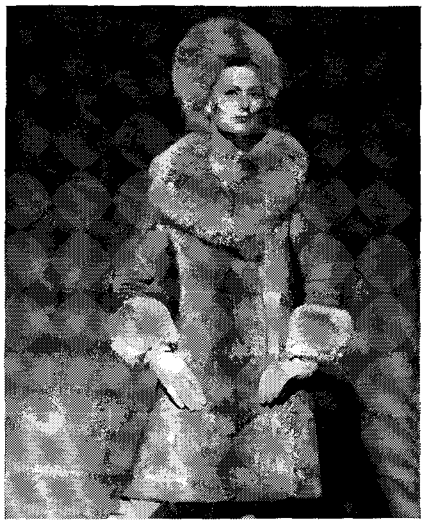
Wrap her in a Merry Christmas fur—

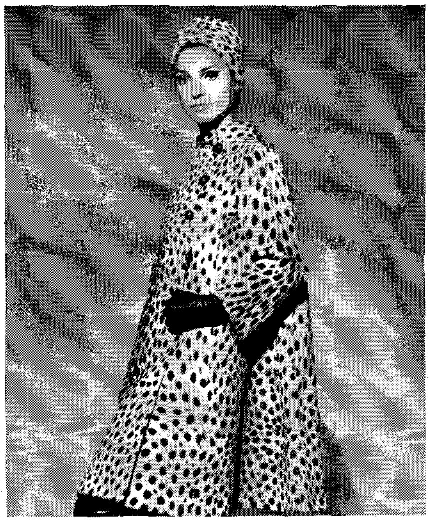
its label as cherished as the fur itself.

Neiman-Marcus
Dallas • Houston • Fort Worth

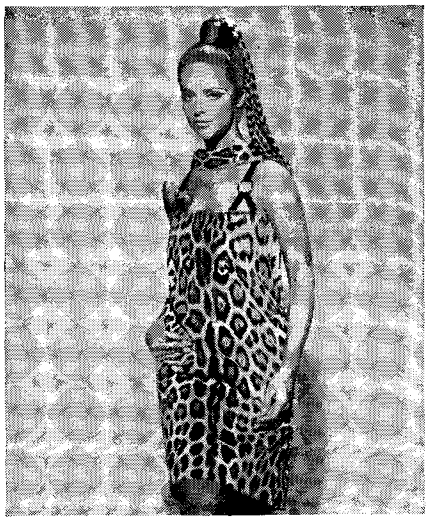

Beige-dyed Irish otter jacket belted in back, closed in hardware toggles.

Saga mink jacket—natural pastel, natural ranch or natural pearl mink.


Natural Mexican mountain lion coat bordered in natural Russian lynx.


Natural Somalia Cheetah overcoat fits in front then flares in back.

Natural Russian sable diagonally worked in a luxurious evening wrap.


Natural Brazilian jaguar—sleek little dress for after dark prowling.

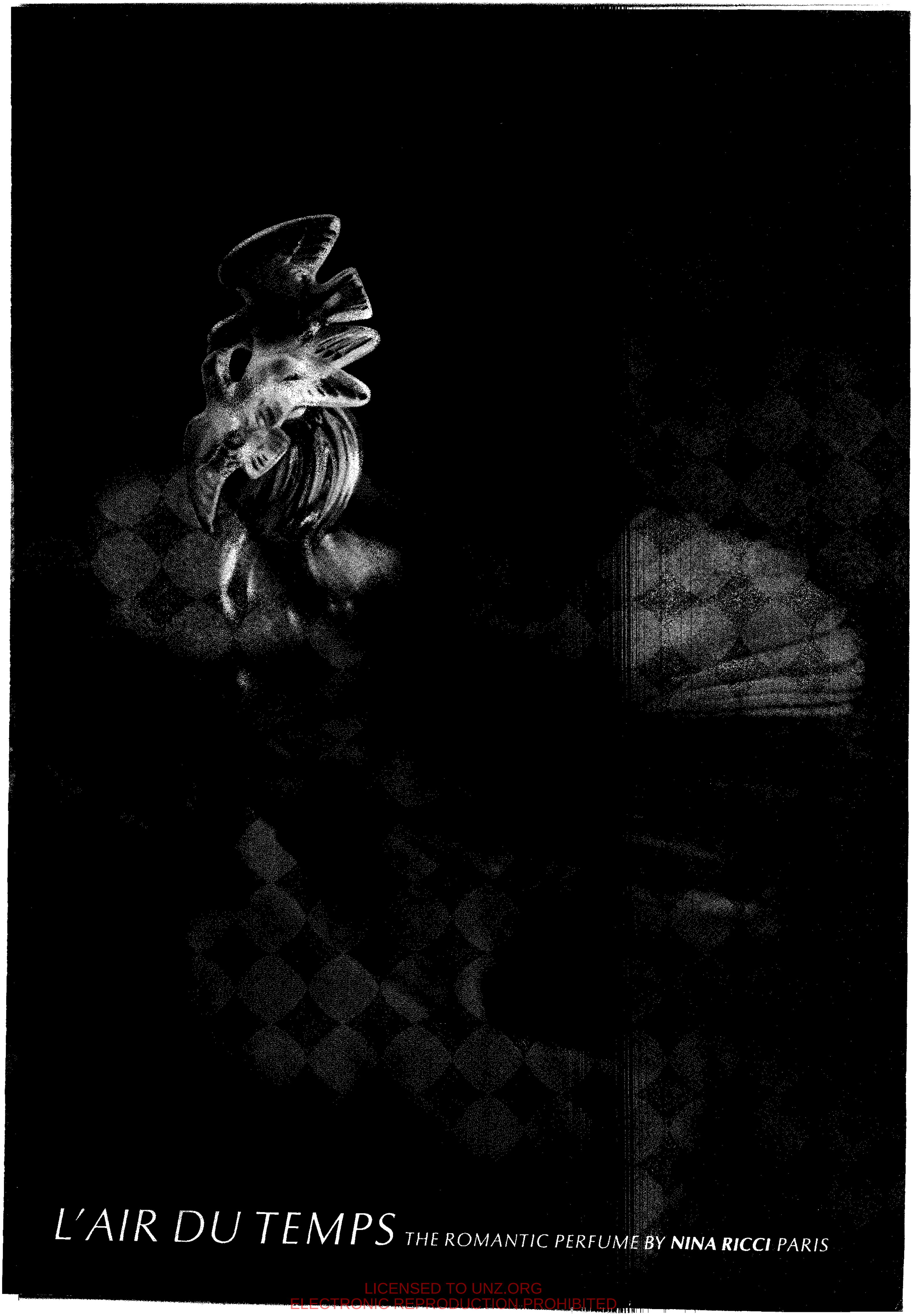
Natural grey and white spotted jumpsuit in Swakara® Karakul lamb.

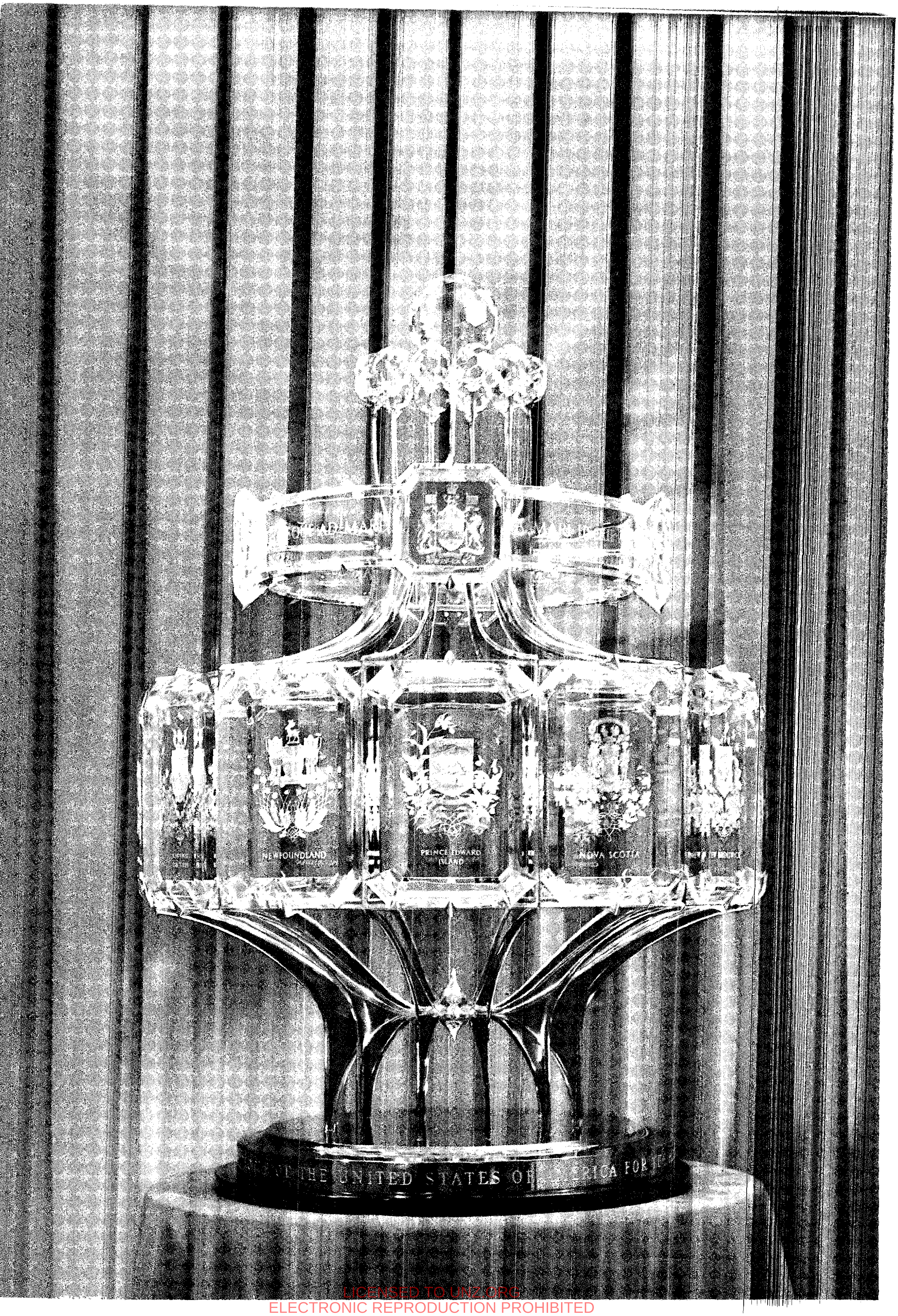
Natural Norwegian blue-black hair seal sleekly tailored chesterfield.

Empress Chinchilla wrap (Brightener added). Precious fur for a precious few.

Adolfo hats

All furs labeled to show country of origin of imported furs


L'AIR DU TEMPS THE ROMANTIC PERFUME BY NINA RICCI PARIS


NEWFOUNDLAND
PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND
NOVA SCOTIA
THE UNITED STATES OF

FOR THE PEOPLE OF CANADA
ON THE CENTENARY OF CANADA'S NATIONHOOD
FROM THE PEOPLE OF
THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

"THE GREAT RING OF CANADA," a gift from the people of the United States to the people of Canada, was unveiled at Montreal on May 25, 1967, by the President of the United States.

It symbolizes Canada: ten Provinces, two Territories together forming one great Nation.

Designed by Donald Pollard in collaboration with Alexander Seidel, the piece stands 40 inches high—28 inches in diameter.

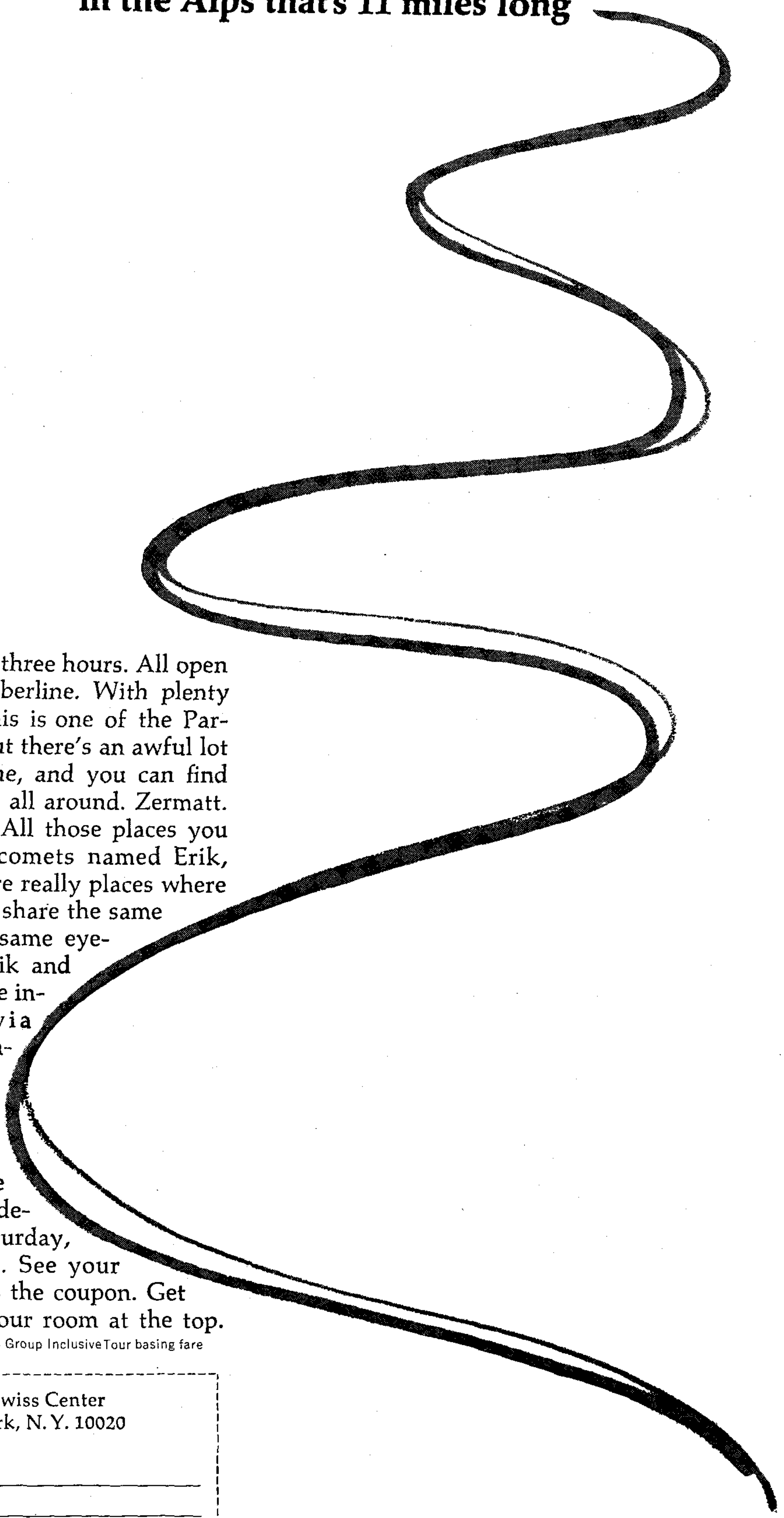
The great ring is formed of twelve emerald-cut crystal plaques. They are engraved with the coats of arms and official flowers of the ten Provinces and two Territories of Canada.

The smaller ring of clear, cut crystal holds four plaques engraved with the Arms of Canada and the formal Maple Leaf of the Canadian flag. Around the smaller ring itself is Canada's motto: "A MARI USQUE AD MARE"—*from sea to sea*, taken from Psalm 72:8.

The rhodium-plated steel base is inscribed with the dedication: "for the people of Canada on the centenary of Canada's nationhood from the people of the United States of America."

Designed and made by Steuben Glass.

STEUBEN GLASS



There's an intermediate slope in the Alps that's 11 miles long

You can get down in three hours. All open country above the timberline. With plenty of traversing room. This is one of the Parsenn Runs in Davos. But there's an awful lot of Alp above timberline, and you can find great intermediate runs all around. Zermatt. Innsbruck. Chamonix. All those places you thought belonged to comets named Erik, Hans and André. But are really places where somebody like you can share the same mountain and dig the same eye-cracking scenery as Erik and the boys. The $338 price includes round trip via Swissair, train or rent-a-car up to the mountains, 14 nights' accommodations, and 14 breakfasts. There are dozens of ski areas to choose from and weekly group departures on Friday & Saturday, all through ski season. See your travel agent, or send us the coupon. Get the whole story about our room at the top.

Price based on 14/21 day economy class Group Inclusive Tour basing fare from New York, minimum 15 passengers.

SWISSAIR, Dept. C, The Swiss Center
608 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10020
I ski. Send brochures.
Name ____________________
Street ____________________
City ____________________
State ____________ Zip ________ NY-114

SWISSAIR
The world's greatest ski lift.

$338 gets you there and keeps you there for two weeks.

hart
hart javelin

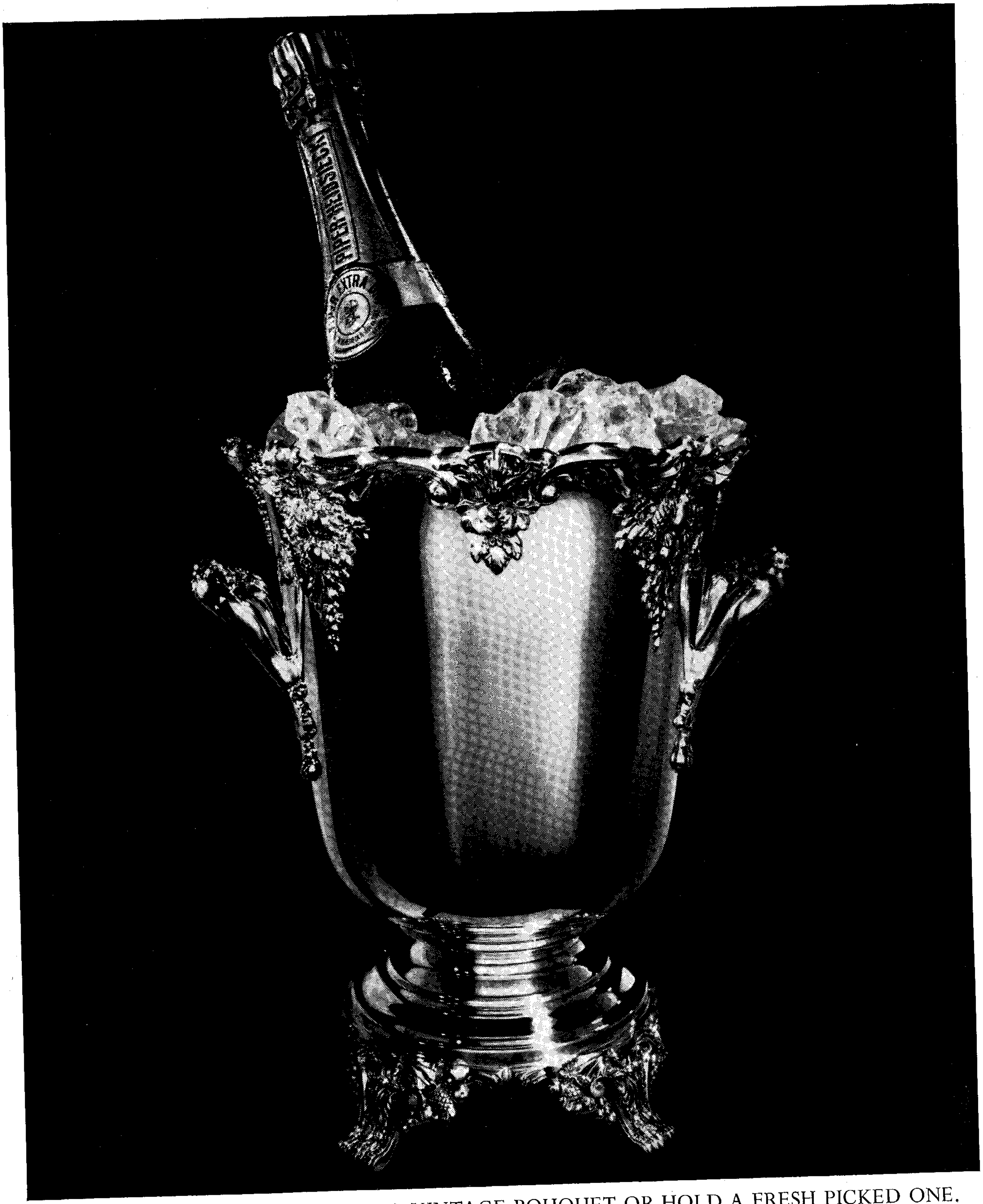
Hart Standards still set the standard

In the beginning every skier needs a standard. An easy-turning, light-and-lively standard. An understanding standard. That responds to the beginning skier's tentative tries. That can be easily coaxed by occasional skiers, older skiers and mamma skiers with little ones in tow.

Such a standard is the Hart Standard. It achieves its built-in turnability through superbly engineered layers of aluminum and steel, dampened to a whisper with interlayers of fiberglas. Its tip-to-tail one-piece edges are actually part of the ski, safer than others, impossible to rip loose.

Best of all, the edges and laminations of your Standards are Guaranteed for Life. In addition your Standards carry a Two-year replacement Guarantee against breakage. Ski it easy. Ski Hart Standards $104.50.

hart standard GUARANTEED FOR LIFE



THE WINE COOLER: TO CHILL A VINTAGE BOUQUET OR HOLD A FRESH PICKED ONE.
From King Francis collection in silverplate, complete with removable liner,
11½ inches high, $120. At finer silverware stores.

REED & BARTON

SILVERMASTERS SINCE 1824 · TAUNTON, MASSACHUSETTS

He says you can "test reality"

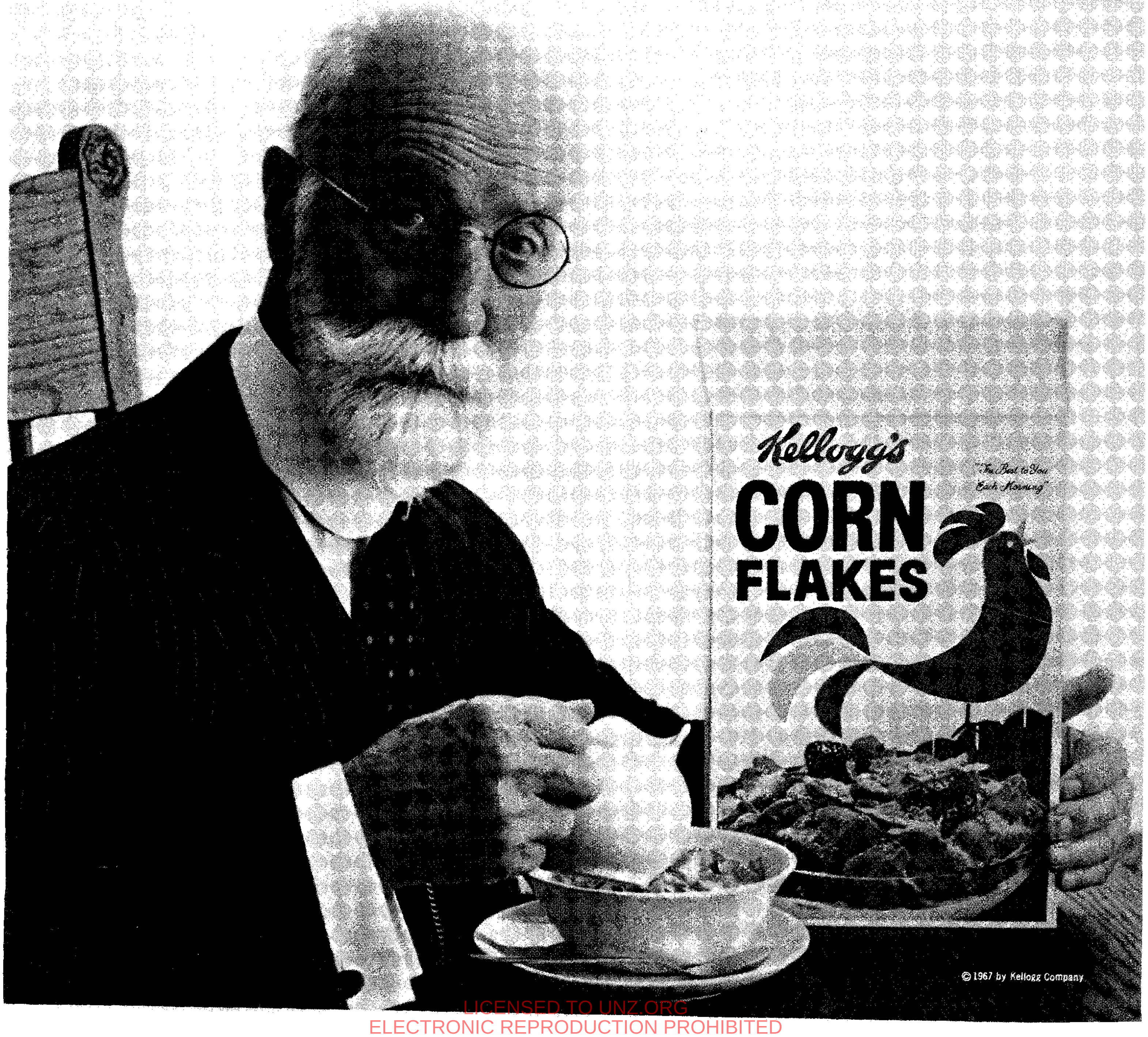
The psychologist says you can "test reality" anytime, but especially first thing in the morning.

You can come down to breakfast and yell loudly at Junior. If he yells back, he's real.

But a pleasanter test all around is to bite down vigorously on our Corn Flakes. They scrunch back just enough to give you a pretty fair clue that the world around you has substance. That flavor is real, and the nutrition you're getting is real, too—about as much as you'd want to take on at this hour of the morning.

Kellogg's® Corn Flakes offer you "Conquerable Resistance," explains the psychologist. Meaning they not only assure you of reality—but that you can cope with it happily, victoriously—probably all the rest of the day.

Could be he's got something there.


Kellogg's
CORN FLAKES
"The Best to You Each Morning"

© 1967 by Kellogg Company

'68 Buick. Now we're talking your language.

The new 230-hp., V-8 engine runs on regular gas. It's standard on all Skylark Custom models.

On the Skylark two-door models, we shortened the wheelbase from 115 to 112 inches. Widened the front track to 59 inches. The result: quicker handling, flatter cornering, better front-end stability. And above all, easier parking.

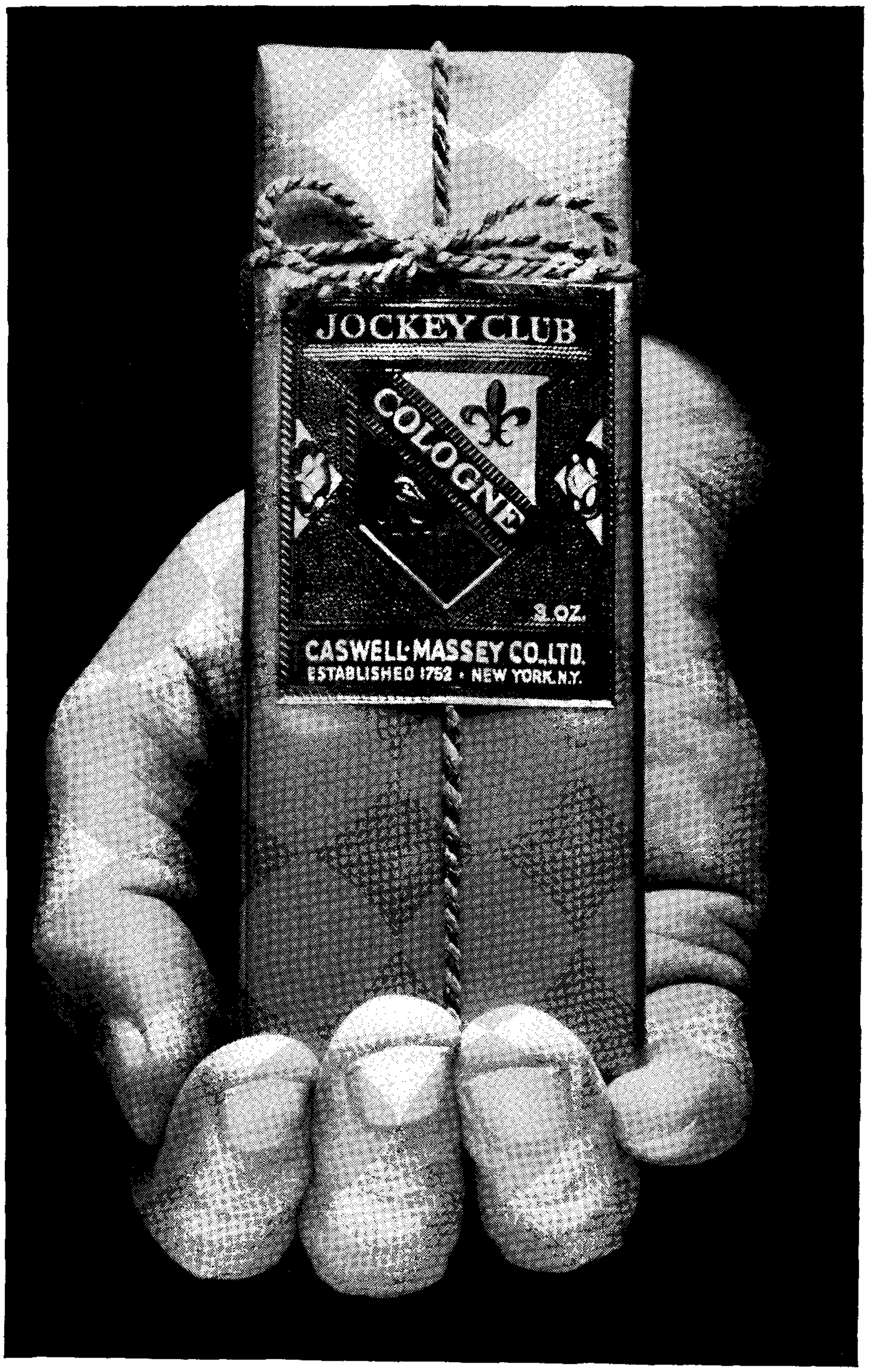
Wouldn't you really rather have a Buick?

Every Buick comes with a full line of GM safety equipment, including energy absorbing steering column and seat belts with pushbutton buckles for all passenger positions.

GM

BUICK MOTOR DIVISION MARK OF EXCELLENCE

America's First Hand-Made Colognes


JOCKEY CLUB
COLOGNE
8 OZ.
CASWELL-MASSEY CO. LTD.
ESTABLISHED 1752 • NEW YORK, N.Y.

For the man who resents computers, resists zip codes and recoils at digit dialing.

Hand blended just 200 bottles at a time as they have been for 215 years. Hand burnished by rolling in demijohns. Hand filtered into 18th century-type tincture bottles. The boxes even tied by hand. No wonder machine-made fragrances can't rival the incomparable richness of the nine classic male Colognes, Toilet Waters and After Shave Lotions created by Caswell-Massey Co. Ltd.

For the next two issues of our fascinating Gift Catalogue, send $1 to Caswell-Massey, Dept. TN-1, 114 E. 25th St., N.Y. 10010

Caswell-Massey
Co. Ltd.

America's Oldest Chemists & Perfumers Est. 1752

See stoneface smile.

Think now, when is the last time you and your husband had a good laugh together? And how come he's always looking at T.V. instead of you?

Your husband must be suffering from the T.V. jee-bees, which is a general vegetablization of mind and body.

But chin up ladies.

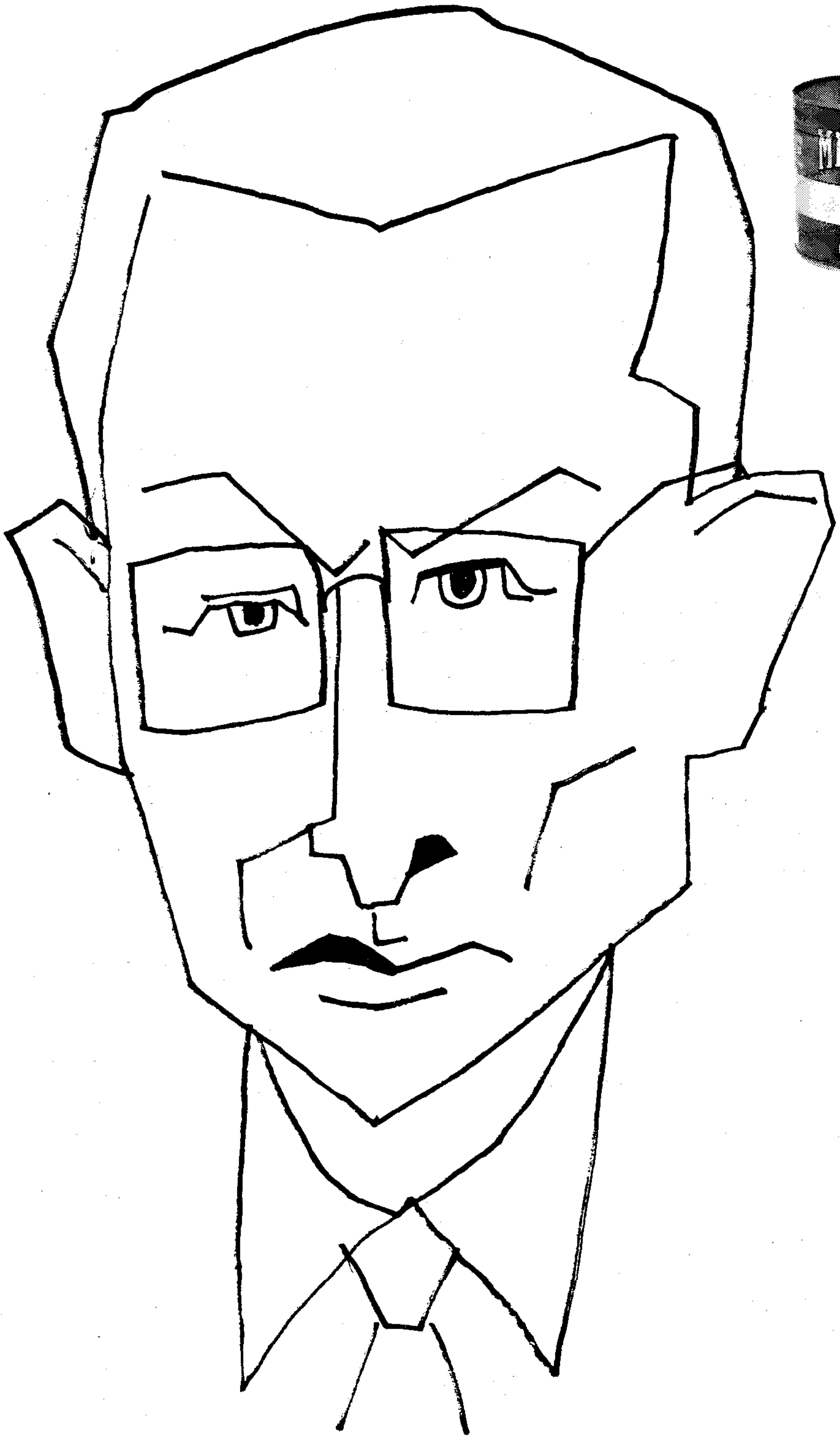
In Europe, Medaglia d'Oro Espresso is famous for turning quiet little get-togethers into wild parties.

So it would be nothing for Medaglia d'Oro to crack a smile on the old grump's face.

Our deep, delicious continental coffee has the strange, mysterious power to loosen a man's collar, let down his hair, and sort of break the ice.

To your amazement you'll discover that your husband hasn't forgotten how to talk.

In fact, maybe stoneface will prove he still has his same old silver tongue.



MEDAGLIA D'ORO
GOLD MEDAL
CAFFE'
MEDAGLIA D'ORO
Espresso
COFFEE

Medaglia d'Oro.
The Icebreaker.

S. A. Schonbrunn & Co., Inc., Palisades Park, New Jersey. Est. 1899.

happy ending *Real* coffee is hot, black, and served with exactly the right measure of sterling silver. With coffee spoons that don't dwindle down to diminuendo and slip through strong men's fingers. Little spoons that come on strong and solid. The way Lunt has always made them. Perfect in detail down to the last marvelous fillip of miniature-carving. In the same patterns as your Lunt sterling teaspoons and tablespoons, but with tiny, finicking differences in proportion only a superior silversmith could figure out. They make coffee taste better. (And you can prove it. Just pour the world's best *espresso* into a paper cup and approach it with a plastic spoon. See?) Lunt makes spoons for coffee lovers. And silver lovers. And silver lovers who are coffee lovers.

COLONIAL THEME
MODERN VICTORIAN
EARLY AMERICAN
BELLE MEADE
FLORAL LACE
ALEXANDRA
MADRIGAL
DELACOURT

LUNT STERLING

The sparkle of Nassau. The glitter of Freeport.

Enjoy both on the fun ship

Homeric

7-day winter cruises to the Bahamas

Nassau. Long the sun-seeker's favorite with its miles of pink-sanded beaches, historic sights, exotic "Over the Hill" nightlife, duty-free bargain shopping. And now there's an exciting companion island in the Bahamas, spectacular newly-developed Freeport... irresistible with *its new hotels, action-packed casinos, fabulous* International Bazaar, big-time golf and water sports. Enjoy a day and night in each port any week this winter on the fun ship HOMERIC, where Home Lines' know-how, a uniquely congenial cruise atmosphere and a pampering all-Italian crew transform your dream vacation into reality for 7 wonderful days. Stop-overs permitted at no extra cost.

Dec. 23 ... 7-Day Christmas Cruise to Nassau from $185, 2 days, 1 night in port

Dec. 30 to Apr. 6, (every Saturday) ... 7-day Cruises to Nassau and Freeport from $185, (in January from $170)

Apr. 13 ... 6-Day Easter Nassau Cruise from $165

Thereafter, for the balance of 1968 beginning Apr. 20... the great OCEANIC resumes her weekly cruises to Nassau

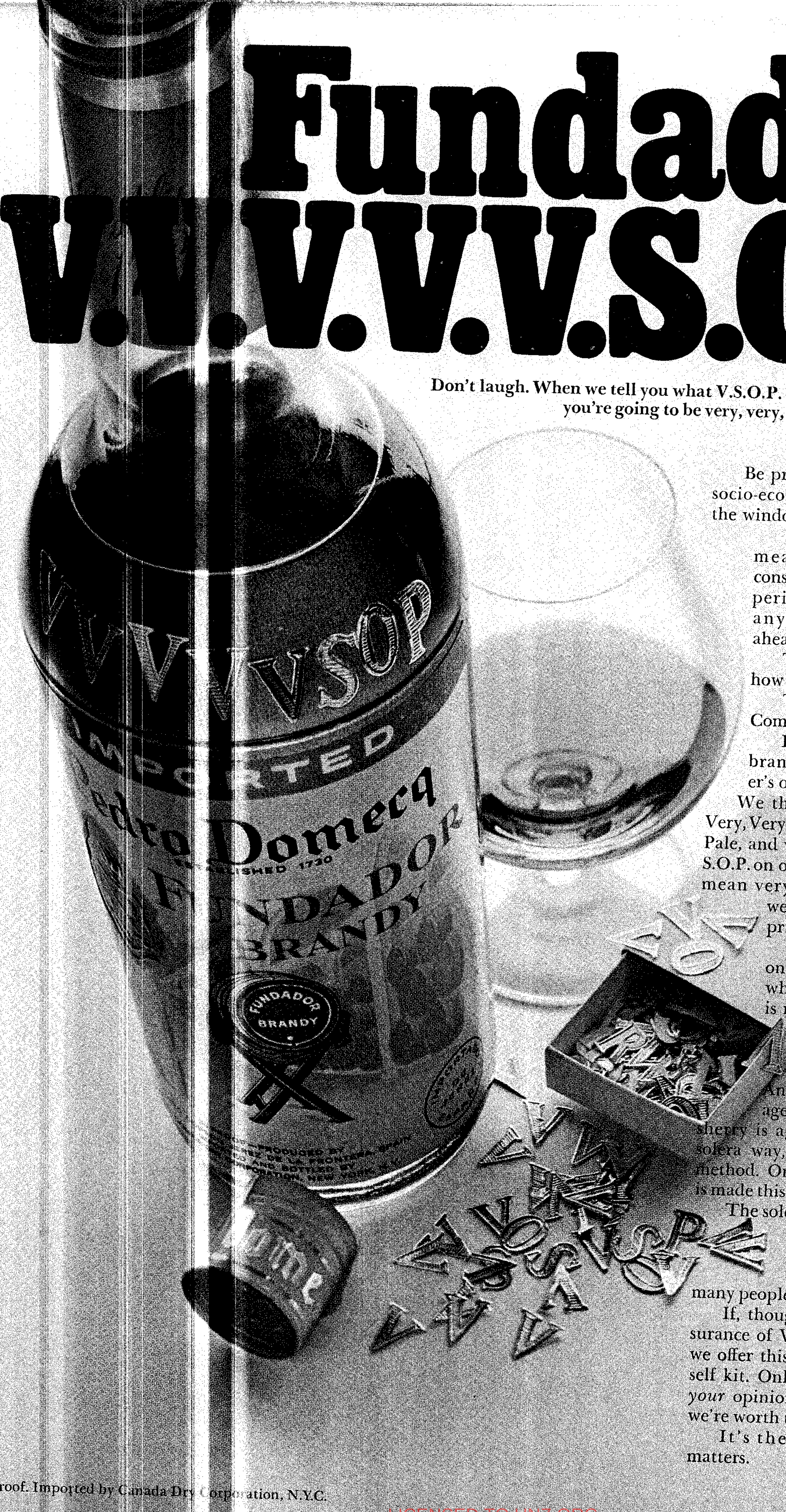
MINIMUM RATES SUBJECT TO AVAILABILITY
BOOK THROUGH YOUR TRAVEL AGENT

HOME LINES
CRUISES FROM NEW YORK TO BAHAMAS ALL YEAR ROUND
42 B'way, N.Y. 10004
Tel. 425-1515

SAFETY INFORMATION: the s.s. Homeric, registered in Panama, meets International Safety Standards for new ships developed in 1948

Fundador V.V.V.V.V.S.O.P.

Don't laugh. When we tell you what V.S.O.P. on a brandy *really* means, you're going to be very, very, very, very, very surprised.



Be prepared to throw years of socio-economic brainwashing out the window.

The V.S. in V.S.O.P. means the brandy maker considers his product Very Superior. Good thinking for anyone who wants to get ahead in the brandy business.

The O means it's old. But how old? You're rarely told.

The P means it's pale. Compared to what?

In truth, V.S.O.P. on a brandy represents the maker's opinion of his product.

We think Fundador is Very, Very, Very, Very, Very Superior Old Pale, and we could put V.V.V.V.V. S.O.P. on our label. But it wouldn't mean very much, except maybe we'd be able to raise the price a bit.

So there is no V.S.O.P. on Fundador. Just the place where Fundador Brandy is made—Jerez, a small region of Spain.

Jerez is where sherry comes from. And Fundador Brandy is aged and blended the way sherry is aged and blended—the solera way, a subtle centuries-old method. Only brandy from Spain is made this way.

The solera system gives Fundador the warm taste of good brandy, without the dryness that keeps many people away from brandy.

If, though, you need the reassurance of V.S.O.P. on the bottle, we offer this Fundador do-it-yourself kit. Only ten cents. Then it's *your* opinion of how many Verys we're worth that's on the bottle.

It's the only opinion that matters.

80 Proof. Imported by Canada Dry Corporation, N.Y.C.

A package tour of the world's great shaving colognes. $15.

Take the cap off a bottle of Nine Flags Shaving Cologne, splash some on—and away you go.

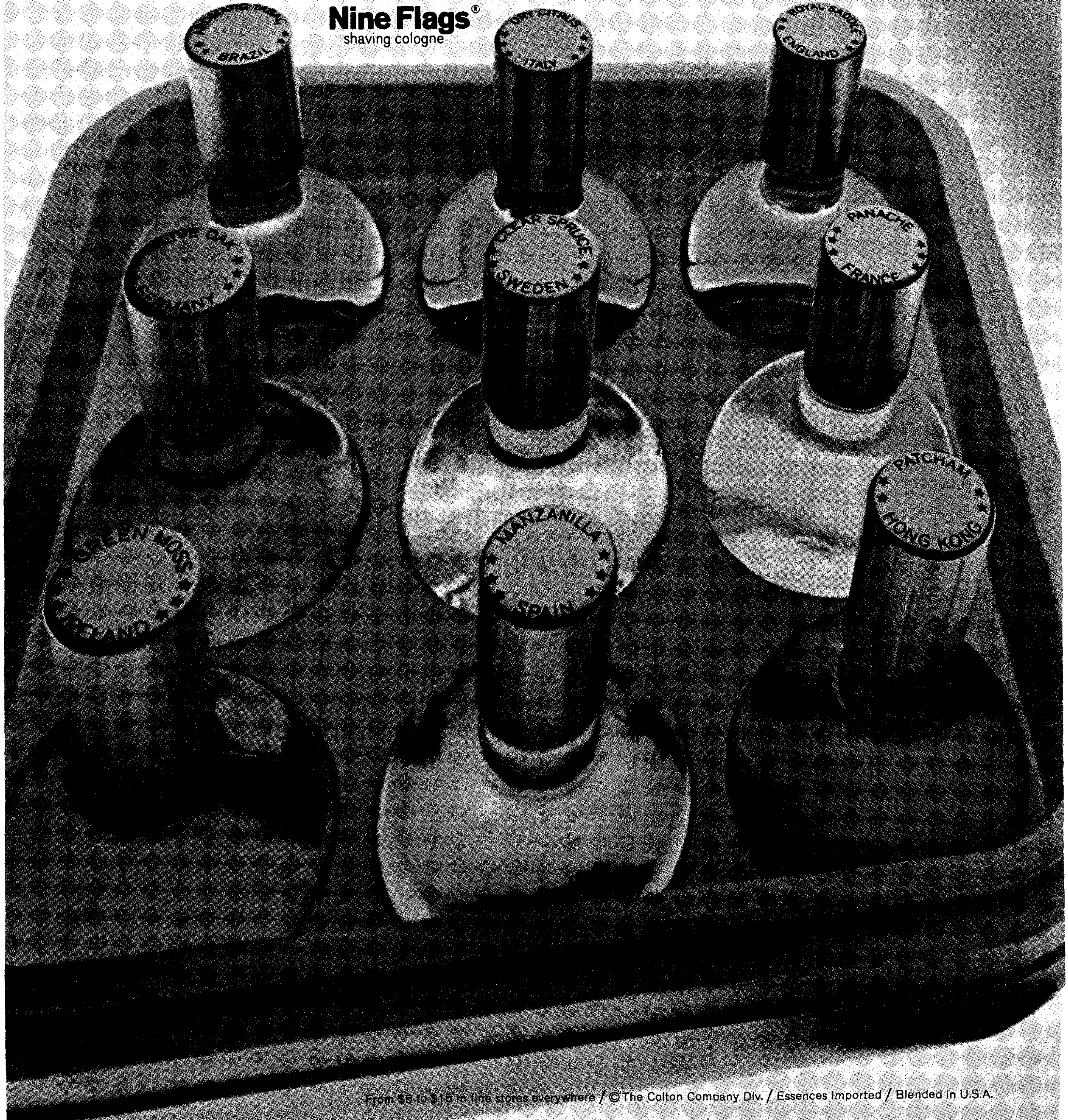
Say you try Germany the first day. The next morning you can skip over to Sweden, then to Hong Kong and so on. (Maybe saving France for Saturday nights.)

All told, you get nine completely different men's colognes. Each one made from essences imported from a different country.

Of course, you don't have to buy all nine countries.

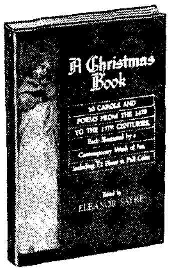
You can get Nine Flags in assortments of six countries, or four, or three, or only two. And we even have a package with just one. (No man should be without a country.)

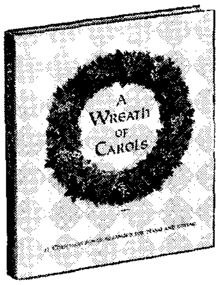
Nine Flags®
shaving cologne


BRAZIL
DRY CITRUS
ITALY
ROYAL SADDLE
ENGLAND
LIVE OAK
GERMANY
CLEAR SPRUCE
SWEDEN
PANACHE
FRANCE
GREEN MOSS
IRELAND
MANZANILLA
SPAIN
PATCHAM
HONG KONG

From $5 to $15 in fine stores everywhere / ©The Colton Company Div. / Essences Imported / Blended in U.S.A.

page after page after page

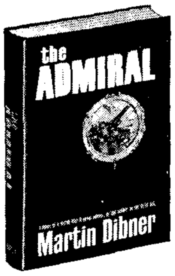

A Christmas Book
Edited by ELEANOR SAYRE

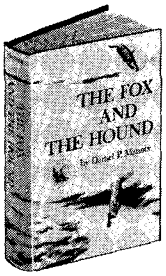

A Wreath of Carols

1A. A CHRISTMAS BOOK. *Ed.: Eleanor Sayre.* 50 carols and poems from the 14th to the 17th centuries, each illus. by a contemporary work of art from Rembrandt to Dürer and Della Robbia. 12 full-color plates. C. N. Potter. $5.95

1B. A WREATH OF CAROLS. *Selected by Betty M. Owen and Mary E. MacEwen. Illus.: Trina Hyman.* A joyful, song-filled book of 47 Christmas songs to sing, strum on the guitar, and play on the piano. 8 x 9¼. Four Winds Press. $3.95

2A. THE ADMIRAL. *Martin Dibner.* The author of *The Deep Six* has written an exciting novel of the bloody action of World War II—and the ruthless kind of officer the Navy apologizes for in peacetime and promotes in wartime. Doubleday. $5.95

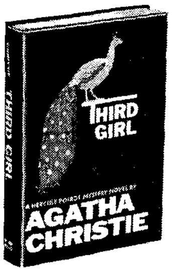

the ADMIRAL
Martin Dibner


THE FOX AND THE HOUND

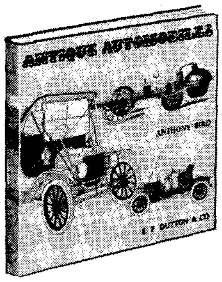
2B. THE FOX AND THE HOUND. *Daniel P. Mannix.* This remarkable animal story, 1967 winner of the Dutton Animal Book Award, relates the magnificent encounters of two skilled antagonists—a fox and a hound. Illus. by *John Schoenherr.* 256 pp. Dutton. $4.95

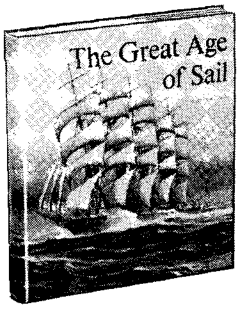
3A. THIRD GIRL. *Agatha Christie.* Mystery fans will relish this one! Hercule Poirot must find the murderer as well as the murderer in this intriguing puzzle set in today's swinging "mod" London. Dodd, Mead. $4.50

3B. SF: THE BEST OF THE BEST. *Ed.: Judith Merril.* The cream of the first five annual *SF* vols., 1955-1960. By such renowned science fiction authors as Asimov, Ballard, McKenna, Emshwiller, Knight, Budrys. 480 pp. Delacorte. $6.50


THIRD GIRL
AGATHA CHRISTIE

SF
THE BEST OF THE BEST
Judith Merril

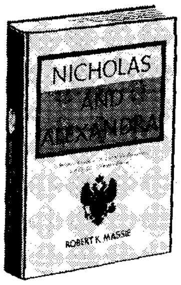

ANTIQUE AUTOMOBILES

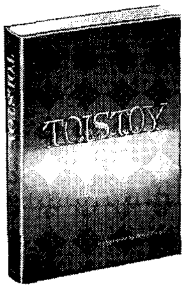

The Great Age of Sail

5A. ANTIQUE AUTOMOBILES. *Anthony Bird.* A colorful, accurate history of the auto, from the invention of the first model steam carriage in the late 17th century until the beginning of WW I. 28 full-color pp., 150 line illus. Dutton. $6.95

5B. THE GREAT AGE OF SAIL. *Ed.: Joseph Jobé.* The great and glorious sailing ships of the world—their construction, crews, cargoes and battles—from the earliest discoverers to the great clipper ships. 240 illus., 40 in color. 11½ x 12. N.Y. Graphic. $30

6A. NICHOLAS AND ALEXANDRA: An Intimate Account of the Last of the Romanovs and the Fall of Imperial Russia. *Robert K. Massie.* Not only an exciting recreation of the end of an era, but a vivid story filled with the tenderness of a family. Illus. Atheneum. $10

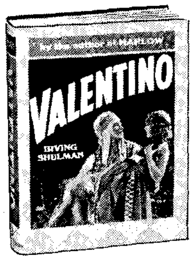

NICHOLAS AND ALEXANDRA
ROBERT K. MASSIE

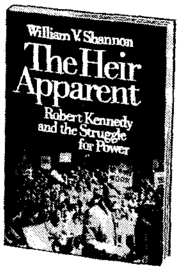


6B. TOLSTOY. *Henri Troyat. Translated by Nancy Amphoux.* A towering biography of the author of *War and Peace*, by a contemporary master. André Maurois says the book "is exactly what I would have liked to write." 16 pages of illustrations. Doubleday. $7.95

7A. VALENTINO. *Irving Shulman.* The author of *Harlow* writes the fascinating story of the greatest of movie idols—his extravagant life on and off-screen, his legend and still-persisting cult—and a memorable study of his era. Trident. $6.95

7B. THE HEIR APPARENT: Robert Kennedy and The Struggle for Power. *William V. Shannon.* In this powerful, in-depth study, William V. Shannon of the Editorial Board of *The N. Y. Times*, underscores the political and personal story of the heir of the Kennedy dynasty. Macmillan. $5.95


VALENTINO
IRVING SHULMAN


William V. Shannon
The Heir Apparent
Robert Kennedy and the Struggle for Power

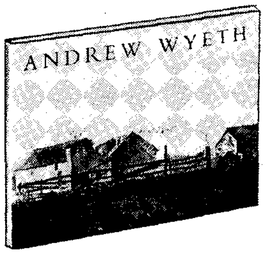
TREASURES OF PREHISTORIC ART

20,000 YEARS OF WORLD PAINTING

8A. TREASURES OF PREHISTORIC ART. *André Leroi-Gourhan.* 739 splendid photos, incl. 121 in full color, 187 drawings and diagrams, 56 maps and charts and text. Updates previous concepts in the chronology of cave art. 500 pp. 9½ x 12⅛. Abrams. $40

8B. 20,000 YEARS OF WORLD PAINTING. *Ed.: Hans L. C. Jaffé.* This magnificent anthology has over 1,000 plates in full color with many full- and double-page plates of actual-size details of works of import. 452 pp. 9⅝ x 13¼. Abrams. $25

9A. ANDREW WYETH: Dry Brush and Pencil Drawings. *Ed.: Agnes Mongan.* The only hard-cover Wyeth collection available, with drawings for many of his most famous works. 41 gravure illus. 11 x 8½. N.Y. Graphic. $5.95

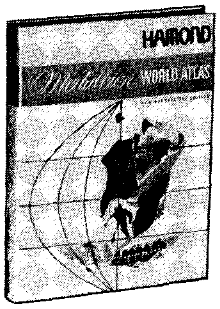

ANDREW WYETH

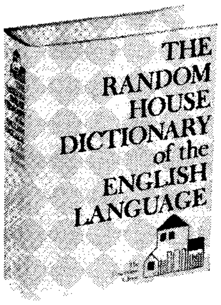
LEONARDO DA VINCI

9B. LEONARDO DA VINCI. Most complete work ever produced on the great master. All his major paintings and drawings in a sumptuous volume of 1,609 gravure illus.; 12 in full color. 11 x 15. Reynal/Morrow. After 2/1/68, $35. Now, only $22.95

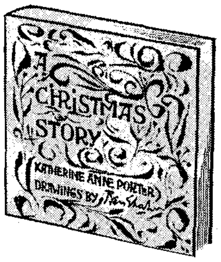
37A. MEDALLION WORLD ATLAS. "The best we have ever seen." —*Wall Street Journal.* Material for each continent, country, state and province on pages adjoining maps. A-Z cross index with 105,000 entries; special section on space. Full color. 11¾ x 15¼. 464 pp. Hammond. $19.95.

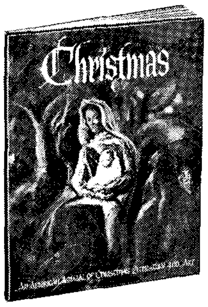
36A. RANDOM HOUSE DICTIONARY OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE. Give the dictionary that caught up with the English language. Incl. 260,000 updated entries, 2,000 illus., plus 400 pp. of supplementary material. Large type, long-lasting binding. 9¼ x 12¼ x 3¾. Thumb indexed. Random. $25.

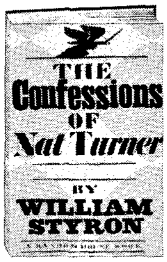

HAMMOND
Medallion WORLD ATLAS


THE RANDOM HOUSE DICTIONARY of the ENGLISH LANGUAGE

after page after page after


A CHRISTMAS STORY
KATHERINE ANNE PORTER
DRAWINGS BY BEN SHAHN




THE Confessions OF Nat Turner
BY WILLIAM STYRON

1C. A CHRISTMAS STORY. *Katherine Anne Porter. Illus.: Ben Shahn.* In response to her five-year-old niece, the author of *Ship of Fools* tells the story of the birth of the Christ child—with charm and warming humor. Seymour Lawrence/Delacorte. $2.95

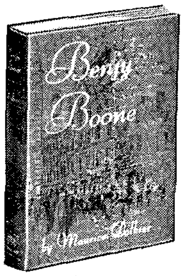
1D. CHRISTMAS: An American Annual of Christmas Literature and Art. Vol. 37. *Ed.: R. E. Haugan.* The always-popular Yule anthology offers a fresh expression of the Christmas message. 10⅜ x 13¾. Augsburg. Gift Ed. in envelope, $1.50. **1E.** Cloth Ed., $3.50

2C. THE CONFESSIONS OF NAT TURNER. *William Styron.* The blazing new novel about the remarkable Negro preacher whose towering rage at his white oppressors drove him to lead the most savage and successful slave revolt in American history. Random. $6.95

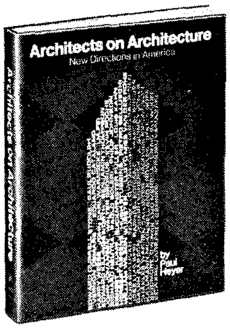
2D. BENJY BOONE. *Maurice Dolbier.* A charming novel of a boy's search for his father as the youngster tours with a theatrical troupe in America in 1839. Readers will be reminded of *Jaimie McPheeters*, and will enjoy the Dickensian aura of Mr. Dolbier's writing. Illus. Dial. $4.95

10A. THE WORLD FROM ABOVE. *Text: Oto Bihalji-Merin, et al.* Most beautiful and unusual of the *Terra Magica* photo series. Rare photos of the earth—and 2 of the moon—as seen from mountains, airplanes, spacecraft. 104 photos, 4 in color. 8½ x 11. Hill & Wang. $7.50

10B. ARCHITECTS ON ARCHITECTURE: New Directions in America. *Paul Heyer.* 40 of America's leading architects discuss their philosophies. R. Buckminster Fuller calls this book "beautiful" and "magnificently done." 650 photos. 416 pp. 8½ x 11. Walker. $17.50


Benjy Boone

The World from Above


Architects on Architecture
New Directions in America

11A. THE MORGAN HORSE IN PICTURES. *Margaret Cabell Self.* With obvious affection, the author, who has spent 40 years teaching horsemanship, presents the versatile Morgan Horse in a beautiful blend of text and photos. Macrae Smith. $4.95

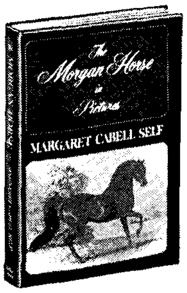
11B. AIRCRAFT OF THE WORLD. *Angus MacKenzie.* A beautifully illustrated documentary of the airplane, from man's earliest attempts to fly to the newest jet planes not yet in use. Four-color illus. 9½ x 11¾. All ages. Follett. $4.95

12B. ANIMAL GARDENS. *Emily Hahn.* Witty, urbane tour through the world's great zoos, where the animals upstage such notables as Louis XVI and Queen Victoria. Most of the material in this book appeared originally in *The New Yorker.* 28 pages of illustrations. Doubleday. $6.95

12C. GREAT NATIONAL PARKS OF THE WORLD. *Richard Carrington.* This lavishly illustrated book takes you touring in the world's major national parks, sanctuaries, and reserves. 206 illus., 48 in color. Random. After Christmas, $20. Now, only $16.95

13A. THE BIG BANDS. *George T. Simon. Intro.: Frank Sinatra.* For the millions of big band fans, it's all here—the scene, the sounds, the musicians. Over 200 photographs, 70 long profiles of great personalities. Macmillan. $9.95

13B. A TREASURY OF THE WORLD'S FINEST FOLK SONG. *Coll. and arr.: Leonhard Deutsch. Intro.: Claude Simpson.* **Rev. Ed.** Words and music, plus piano and guitar accompaniments of 171 folk songs from dozens of countries. Illus. 9 x 12. Crown. $12.50

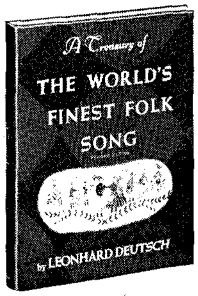

The Morgan Horse in Pictures
MARGARET CABELL SELF

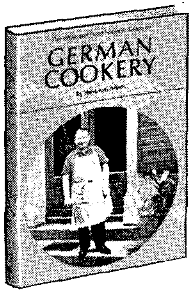
AIRCRAFT of the WORLD

ANIMAL GARDENS

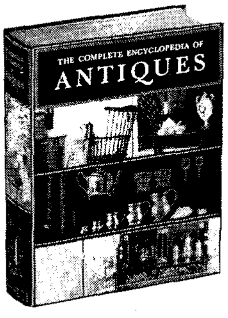
GREAT NATIONAL PARKS of the World

GEORGE T. SIMON
THE BIG BANDS
FRANK SINATRA


A Treasury of THE WORLD'S FINEST FOLK SONG
by LEONHARD DEUTSCH


GERMAN COOKERY

MICHAEL FIELD'S CULINARY CLASSICS IMPROVISATIONS


THE COMPLETE ENCYCLOPEDIA OF ANTIQUES

15E. GERMAN COOKERY. *Hans Karl Adam.* Filled with authentic German recipes and essays on the German way of eating and drinking, *German Cookery* is also a survey of regional cookery. World. $7.95

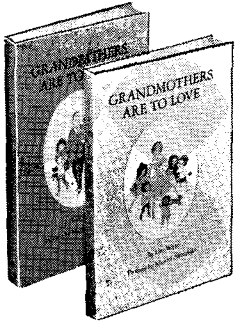
15F. MICHAEL FIELD'S CULINARY CLASSICS AND IMPROVISATIONS. A splendid cookbook, in which main-course master recipes are conceived so that they lead to "improvisations" in which your leftovers are transformed into delicious new creations. Illus. Knopf. $6.95

16B. THE COMPLETE ENCYCLOPEDIA OF ANTIQUES. *Ed.: L. G. G. Ramsey.* Comprehensive one-vol. guide. Over 500 monochrome plates of furniture, glass, pottery, armor, clocks, more. Magnificent. 1,472 pp. Hawthorn. After Christmas, $17.50. Now, only $14.95

30A. GRANDFATHERS ARE TO LOVE. 30B. GRANDMOTHERS ARE TO LOVE. *Lois Wyse. Illus.: Martha Alexander.* The love grandparents and grandchildren share. Full color. 4 1/16 x 6½. Ages 3-6. Parents' Mag. Press. After 1/1/68, Ea. $2.50. Now, Ea. $2.25. **30C.** Slipcased set. After 1/1/68, $5; now, only $4.50

23B. HOW TO BE AFFLUENT. *George Mikes.* Laugh every step of the way as you learn the best ways to cope with affluence, present or proposed. Delightfully illus. with *Papas'* witty, pointed drawings. Heineman. $4.95

31A. THE HAPPY LION'S VACATION. *Louise Fatio. Illus.: Roger Duvoisin.* When François, the zoo keeper's son, and his friend, the Happy Lion, start for the seashore—trouble, surprise and delight fill their adventures. Ages 4-8. 8 x 10. McGraw. $2.95


GRANDFATHERS ARE TO LOVE
GRANDMOTHERS ARE TO LOVE

HOW TO BE AFFLUENT
GEORGE MIKES

THE HAPPY LION'S VACATION

page after page after page

14A. NOBODY EVER TELLS YOU THESE THINGS . . . About Food and Drink. *Helen McCully.* A delight for brides and expert cooks. Nearly 1,200 kitchen tips that cookbooks never tell you. In fact, every question any kitchen will ever present. Holt. $6.95

14B. NIGHT BEFORE COOKBOOK. *Paul and Leslie Rubinstein.* For the gourmet-on-the-go; international recipes and suggested menu combinations, with appropriate wines, for night-before preparation, night-of-the-feast relaxation. Macmillan. $5.95

16C. INVESTING IN CLOCKS AND WATCHES. *P. W. Camhaill.* A guide for the investor-collector. 200 photos, 16 in full-color. **16D. INVESTING IN SILVER.** *E. Delieb.* Acquiring small quality pieces. 300 illus., 16 in full color. Clarkson N. Potter. Ea. $7.95

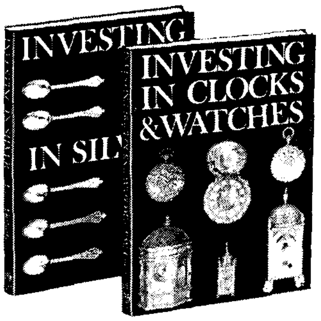
19A. INTERNATIONAL ENCYCLOPEDIA OF COOKING. *Myra Waldo.* Over 4,000 recipes, from the familiar to the exotic, with over 20,000 international and technical food, wine and liquor terms. Two vols. in handy slipcase. Macmillan. After Christmas, $25. Now, only $19.50

19B. THE PILLSBURY FAMILY COOK BOOK. Complete basic guide for all the cooks in the family. "Show and tell" diagrams for gourmet recipes; exciting uses for time-saving convenience foods. Over 240 color illus., charts. 576 pp. Pillsbury. $5.95

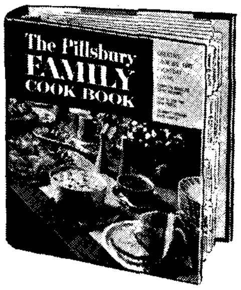
21A. RUGS AND CARPETS OF THE ORIENT. *Knut Larson.* How to identify, buy and care for Oriental rugs. Over 100 types are described in detail; all are photographed, 24 in full, rich color. 220 pp. 8¼ x 10. Frederick Warne. $25

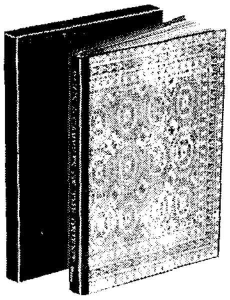
Nobody Ever Tells You These Things
by Helen McCully

The Night Before Cookbook


INVESTING IN SIL
INVESTING IN CLOCKS &WATCHES

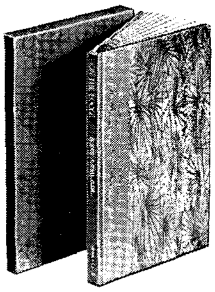
The International Encyclopedia of Cooking


The Pillsbury FAMILY COOK BOOK



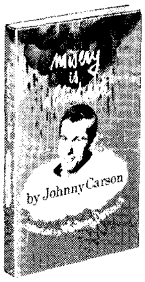
RUGS AND CARPETS OF THE ORIENT

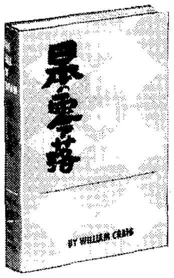
THE GOLDEN AGE OF TOYS



ON THE LOOSE

The GOLDEN TREASURY of EARLY AMERICAN HOUSES
By RICHARD PRATT


Misery is a Blind Date
by Johnny Carson


BY WILLIAM CRAIG

The Hat Book

21B. THE GOLDEN AGE OF TOYS. *Jac Remise and Jean Fondin.* An illustrated history of the art of the toymaker, which reached its height of creativity in the late 19th, early 20th centuries. 600 illus.; 80 in full color. 11¾ x 13. N.Y. Graphic. $27.50

22C. ON THE LOOSE. *Terry and Renny Russell.* This diary of two brothers reveals their unspoiled perceptions as they travel across the land. 63 photos, 57 in color, text in calligraphy by Terry. Magnificent in spirit and beauty. Slipcased. Sierra. $6.95

22D. THE GOLDEN TREASURY OF EARLY AMERICAN HOUSES. *Richard Pratt.* From Old Maine houses to Louisiana plantations—a look at the past. Hundreds of magnificent photos—all full color. 11 x 14. Hawthorn. After Christmas, $25. Now, only $19.95

23A. MISERY IS A BLIND DATE. *Johnny Carson. Illustrated by Whitney Darrow, Jr.* The MC of the famous *Tonight Show* now brings you his newest collection of funnies—even more enjoyable than *Happiness is a Dry Martini.* Doubleday. $1.95

24B. THE FALL OF JAPAN. *William Craig.* An engrossing human history based on interviews with key figures, unpublished diaries, private memoirs. Reconstructs the drama of the Japanese High Command after the bombing of Hiroshima and Nagasaki. Illus. Dial. $6.50

30D. 10 SHAPE BOOKS IN GIFT BOX. 10 of Golden's most popular Shape books, glowingly packaged in a bountiful holiday gift box to bring gleeful delight to ages 3 to 6. Full color throughout. Golden. Complete, $2.95

24C. BLOODY WINTER. *Capt. John M. Waters, Jr., U.S. Coast Guard.* Critical months in the Battle of the Atlantic seen from the conning tower and the bridge, with foreword by the World War II German U-boat Ace, *Otto Kretschmer.* Van Nostrand. $6.95

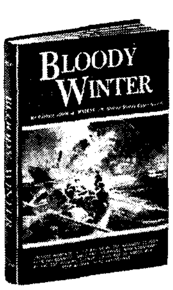
32B. A BOOK OF STARS FOR YOU. *Franklyn M. Branley.* A lively, easy-to-understand discussion of stars, their origins, sizes, composition, and motion. Delightfully illustrated in color by Leonard Kessler. Ages 6-10. Crowell. $3.95

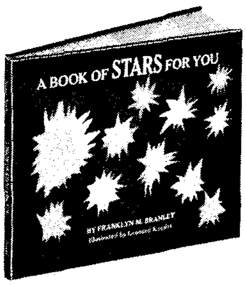
32A. THE CHRISTOPHER ROBIN BOOK OF VERSE. *A. A. Milne.* Selected from *When We Were Very Young* and *Now We Are Six*, these 24 classic poems form a beautiful introductory picture-book for ages 4 up. New full-color illus. by *E. H. Shepard.* 7¾ x 10. Dutton. $3.95

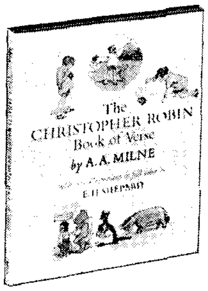
31B. THE LOST PRINCE. *Frances Hodgson Burnett. Illus.: Leonard Weisgard, Caldecott Medal Winner.* New edition of a classic adventure story, long out of print, by author of *The Secret Garden.* 31 exquisite 2-color illus. Lippincott. $5.95

20A. BIBLE FOR YOUNG CHRISTIANS: The New Testament. *A. M. Cocagnac, Rosemary Haughton.* Explanatory paragraphs preceding each chapter explain the words of Jesus and show how the Gospel relates to the present-day Church. 8½ x 10⅝. Ages 8-12. Macmillan. $4.95. **20B. The Old Testament.** $4.95

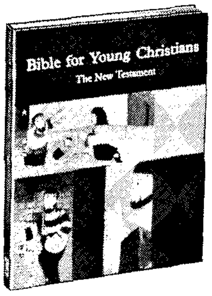
20C. COME DANCE WITH ME: A Book and a Record. *Text and illus.: Anne Landry.* A beautiful story book *plus* a 10" record of music that makes movement graceful and fun. 10 x 11. Ages 4-7. Heineman. $5.95

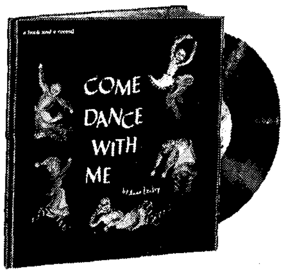

BLOODY WINTER


A BOOK OF STARS FOR YOU
BY FRANKLYN M. BRANLEY


The CHRISTOPHER ROBIN Book of Verse
by A. A. MILNE
E. H. SHEPARD

The LOST PRINCE


Bible for Young Christians
The New Testament


COME DANCE WITH ME

after page of wonderful books

18C. THE SEVENTEEN BOOK OF FASHION AND BEAUTY. *Eds. of Seventeen Magazine.* Hundreds of ways to develop a girl's natural charm and poise: hair styling, diet, exercise, makeup, clothes, color, accessories. Illus. with sketches, photos. 7½ x 10. Macmillan. $7.95

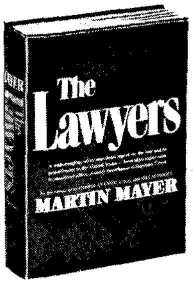
25A. THE LAWYERS. *Martin Mayer.* From the author of *Madison Avenue, USA*—a full-scale presentation of the legal profession—its economics; its practitioners; the law they practice. Filled with anecdotes and case histories. Harper. $8.95

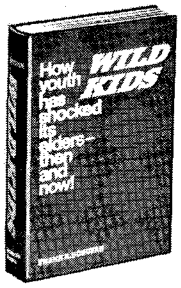
25B. WILD KIDS: How Youth Has Shocked Its Elders—Then and Now. *Frank R. Donovan.* From the days of man's first recorded history to now—an original, fascinating account of teen-age rioters, beggars, thieves, vandals and vagrants. Stackpole. $6.50

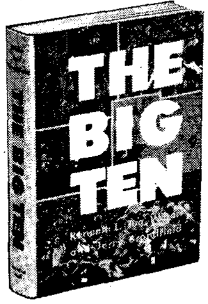
26A. THE BIG TEN. *Kenneth L. (Tug) Wilson, Jerry Brondfield.* Every phase of sport in the Big Ten is covered in this lavish volume, from track to tennis, fencing to football, Red Grange to Jesse Owens to Jerry Lucas. Over 1,000 photos. 8½ x 11. Prentice-Hall. $14.95

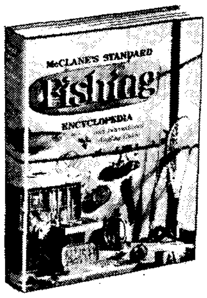
26B. McClane's STANDARD FISHING ENCYCLOPEDIA And International Angling Guide. A big one-volume "fishing reference library," with over 900 illus., many full color—and bursting with everything the angler wants to know. 1,057 pp. Holt. $23.95

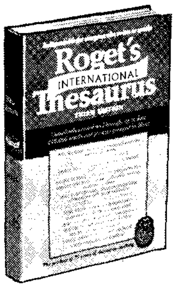
27A. ROGET'S INTERNATIONAL THESAURUS: Third Ed. The world's best book of synonyms and antonyms; the most complete, the easiest-to-use. Fully Americanized. Crowell. Reg. Ed., $5.95. **27B.** Thumb-indexed, $6.95

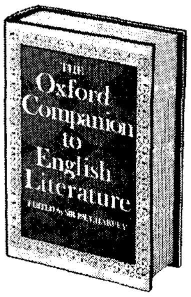

The Lawyers
MARTIN MAYER


How youth has shocked its elders—then and now!
WILD KIDS




McCLANE'S STANDARD
Fishing
ENCYCLOPEDIA


Roget's
INTERNATIONAL
Thesaurus


THE
Oxford
Companion
to
English
Literature

The
Compleat
Child

MUSEUM MASTERPIECES CALENDAR

27C. THE OXFORD COMPANION TO ENGLISH LITERATURE. 4th Ed. *Compiled, ed.: Sir Paul Harvey. Revised: Dorothy Eagle.* Completely revised and reset. New articles, expanded entries; up-to-date bibliographical notes. 1,000 pp. Oxford Univ. Press. $12.50

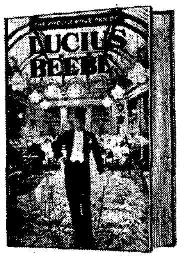
28A. THE COMPLEAT CHILD. *Lois Wyse and Joan Javits.* A tongue-in-chic guidebook to perfect manners for remarkable children. Delightful book of all the do's and don'ts boys and girls are supposed to know. World. $4.95

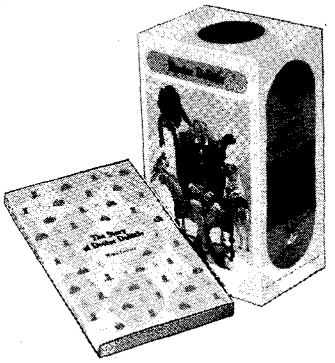
28B. MUSEUM MASTERPIECES 1968 ENGAGEMENT CALENDAR. In full color—24 of the world's most famous art masterpieces come to life in this popular annual, with space for memos. Packaged in distinctive envelope ready for mailing. Crown. Only $1

29A. A SHOAL OF STARS. *Hugh Downs.* The star of the *Today* show and *Concentration* tells of skippering a sailing ship with friends from the U.S. to the South Pacific, in a warm, rewarding book. 30 photographs. Doubleday. $5.95

29B. THE PROVOCATIVE PEN OF LUCIUS BEEBE, ESQ. Brimstone-filled essays from *San Francisco Chronicle* columns by one of the most fascinating writers of the 20th century, who regretted not living in the flamboyant 19th. Howell-North. $5.95

33A. THE WORLD OF DOCTOR DOLITTLE. *Hugh Lofting.* 5 classic Dolittle books in the complete, original text, now in paperback gift set. Incl. *The Voyages of Doctor Dolittle,* winner of the Newberry Medal. All ages. Dell. Boxed set, complete, $3.95


LUCIUS BEEBE



33B. MARGUERITE HENRY'S ALL ABOUT HORSES. This handsomely illustrated treasury is the deluxe edition of a favorite book by a favorite author of horse stories. *Photos: Walter Osborne.* Three sections of 30 four-color illus. Ages 10-14. 8 x 11. Random. $3.95

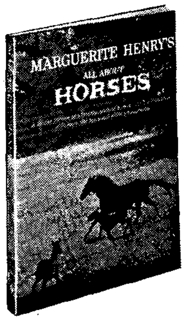
34A. MARC CHAGALL. *Howard Greenfeld.* An inspiring, absorbing story of courage and vision that traces Chagall's life from childhood struggles to his present pinnacle of fame. Illus. by Chagall in color and black and white. *All ages.* Follett. $4.95

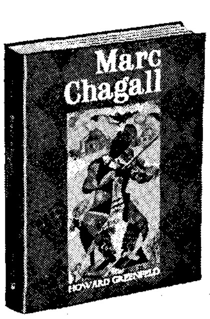
34B. THE STORIES OF THE GREEKS. *Rex Warner.* Superb one-volume ed. of Rex Warner's three successful books on the gods, heroes, and wars of ancient Greece. With fascinating new intro., photos. Farrar. After 12/31/67, $10. Now, $8.50

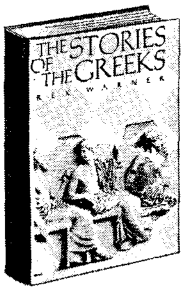
35A. A PLACE AND A TIME. *Barbara Schoen.* The perceptive story of tomboy Josie Frost who approaches maturity with misgiving. Sensitively told, this novel provides deep insight into the world of the adolescent girl. Ages 12 and up. Crowell. $4.50

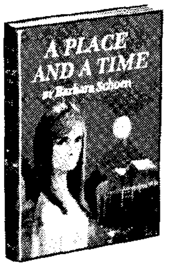
1F. THE PROPHET. *Kahlil Gibran.* New standard ed. of the classic. $3.95. **1G.** Deluxe illus. ed. $7.50. **1H.** Pocket ed. $3.95. **1J. MARKINGS.** *Dag Hammarskjold. Foreword: W. H. Auden.* Inspiring! Random. $4.95

1K. OUR OWN CHRISTMAS. *Ed.: Jean McKee Thompson.* Dick Gregory, Betty Smith, T. S. Eliot, O. Henry, and others write about Christmas—in prose and poetry—from Biblical to modern times. Beautifully illus.; over 20 full-page photos. Beacon. $5.95


MARGUERITE HENRY'S
ALL ABOUT
HORSES


Marc Chagall
HOWARD GREENFELD

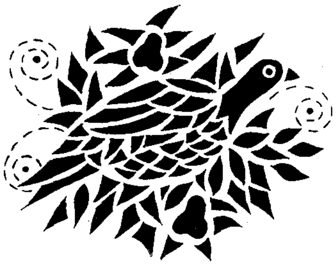

THE STORIES OF THE GREEKS
REX WARNER

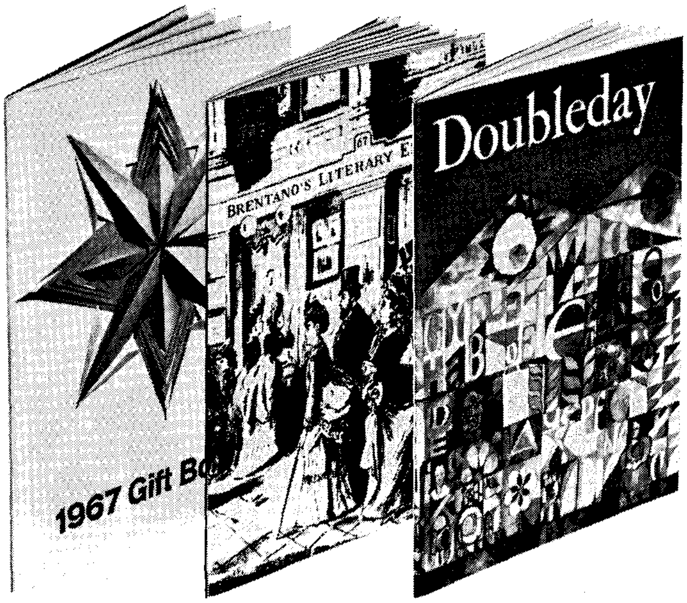

A PLACE AND A TIME
by Barbara Schoen

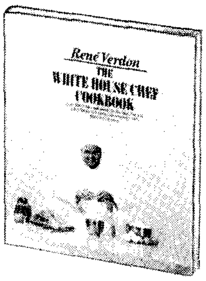
Dag Hammarskjöld
Markings
THE PROPHET

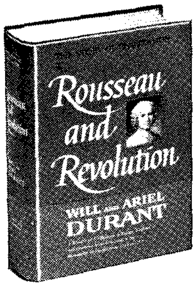
Our
Own
Christmas

in these beautiful free Christmas gift catalogs from your favorite booksellers









14M. THE WHITE HOUSE CHEF COOKBOOK. *René Verdon.* Great world leaders have enjoyed all of the recipes in this book, certain to become one of the most famous and distinguished cookbooks in the world. By the Kennedy's White House chef. 8 color photographs. Doubleday. $7.95

24A. ROUSSEAU AND REVOLUTION. The 10th and final volume of *Will and Ariel Durant's* "magnificent and monumental" *Story of Civilization.* The rebel-philosopher and exponent of the natural Rights of Man is the central figure in this crowning volume encompassing a Europe in ferment—from Catherine's Russia to the dawn of Industrial Revolution in England and, in France, the storming of the Bastille, as an old civilization dies in the birth pangs of the new. 1,120 pp., 98 illus. 6½ x 9½. Simon and Schuster. $15

Doubleday, Customer Service
436 Fifth Avenue at 39th Street
New York, New York 10018

OR

Brentano's, Customer Service
586 Fifth Avenue
New York, New York 10036

Please send me the following: LG18-3

Item No.	Merchandise	Price	Item No.	Merchandise	Price

Name ______________________

Address ______________________

City ______________ **State** ______________ **Zip** ______________

Please send the following, direct as gifts from me: LG18-3

Item No.	Merchandise	Price	Item No.	Merchandise	Price

Send to: ______________________

Address ______________________

City ______________ **State** ______________ **Zip** ______________

Enclosed card signed: ______________________

Prices subject to change without notice. On purchases under $4.95 add 25¢ mailing charge. Allow 40¢ per package for overseas shipment.
Add 5% sales tax for N.Y.C. delivery, or tax prevailing in your area ☐ charge my account ☐ gift-wrap FREE
☐ check enclosed ☐ Diners' Club #____ ☐ send catalog FREE

***OR:** use coupon to order any of these books—and the free catalog—from any of these fine stores:*

Anderson's Book Store
96 & 98 Chatsworth Avenue
Larchmont, New York 10538

The Intimate Bookshop
119 East Franklin Street
Chapel Hill, North Carolina 27514

Dartmouth Bookstore, Inc.
33 Main Street
Hanover, New Hampshire 03755

Campbell's Book Store
10918 Le Conte Avenue
Westwood Village, Calif. 90024

Phillips Book Store
7 Holyoke Street, Harvard Square
Cambridge, Mass. 02138

G. B. Herrick & Co.
618 Westbury Square
Houston, Texas 77035

Mediterranean stereo console in pecan.

Magnavox Astro-Sonic—the finest in Stereo—flawlessly re-creates the full beauty of music.

Listen to it. Look at it. Price it. You'll agree it's the finest...yet Magnavox Astro-Sonic Stereo costs no more.

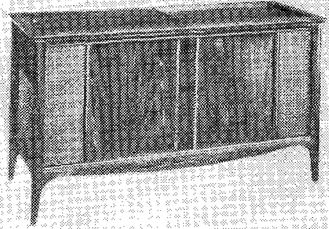
Enjoy beautiful music with unequaled tonal dimension and fidelity from your records, stereo FM/AM radio or tape recorder...superb performance with lasting reliability, because solid-state circuitry replaces tubes, prevents component-damaging heat.

The Micromatic record player, unsurpassed in accuracy, eliminates pitch distortion. Featherlight tracking lets records last a lifetime.

And every elegant style is superbly crafted for timeless beauty.

Magnavox is sold directly through franchised dealers (see Yellow Pages), saving you middleman costs.

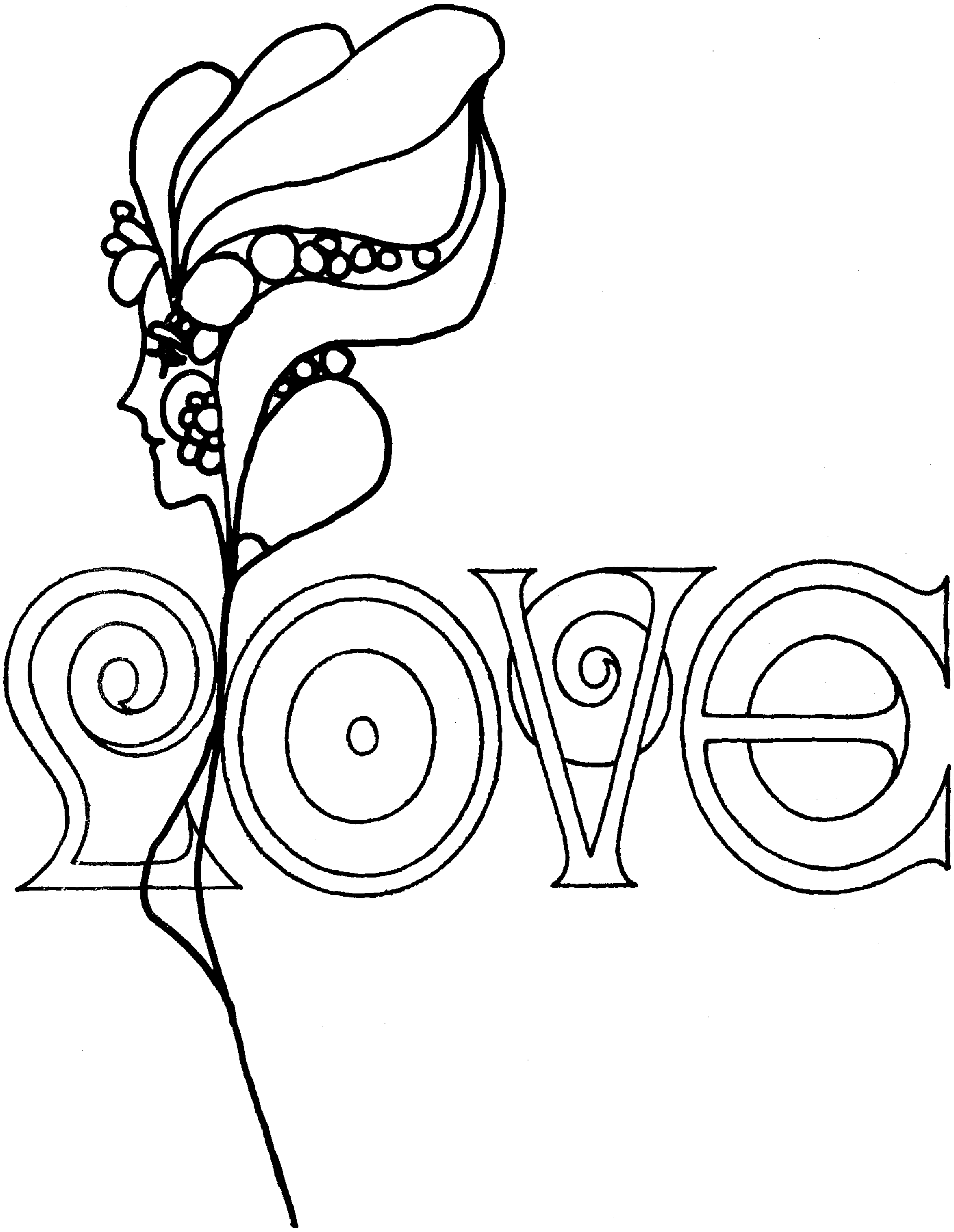
Stereo consoles from only **$159.50.**



Contemporary in natural walnut.

The magnificent
Magnavox
270 Park Ave., New York 17, N.Y.

Early American in Salem maple.


peter max
love

Parfums Marcel Rochas, Paris/New York

an hour at norsk is a day in oslo

1. From the Jewelry Shop, tulip drop earrings (screw or pierced) in white, blue, aqua, red, green, olive and yellow enamel on gold-finished sterling, $8.00.
2. From the Silver Shop, a "Vidar" silver-plated cream ladle from the large collection of "Vidar" place and serving pieces, 6″ long, $5.00.
3. From the Crystal Shop, a large sculptured bowl (6½″ wide, 3¾″ high) for creams, dips, dressings and jams, $8.50. Small, medium and larger bowls are available, too.
4. From the Porcelain Shop, the traditional "Farmer's Rose" 5-piece dinner place setting, $18.25. Coffee sets in plain (as shown) and faceted styles available.
5. From the Pewter Shop, the world renowned cast pewter "Virgin" pitcher (1 qt.), cups (2¼ oz.) and tray (14″ diam.) in a matte finish. $103.00 for the set, or sold separately.
6. From the Curiosity Shop*, hand-carved, hand-painted "Ola" troll, dapper bachelor of the troll family, 7″ tall, $17.50.

*A collection of stainless, teak, colored aluminum ware, hand-carved animals, ceramics, seal and walrus "people-watchers," polar bear rugs, grocery and spice cabinets (Modern Pantry).

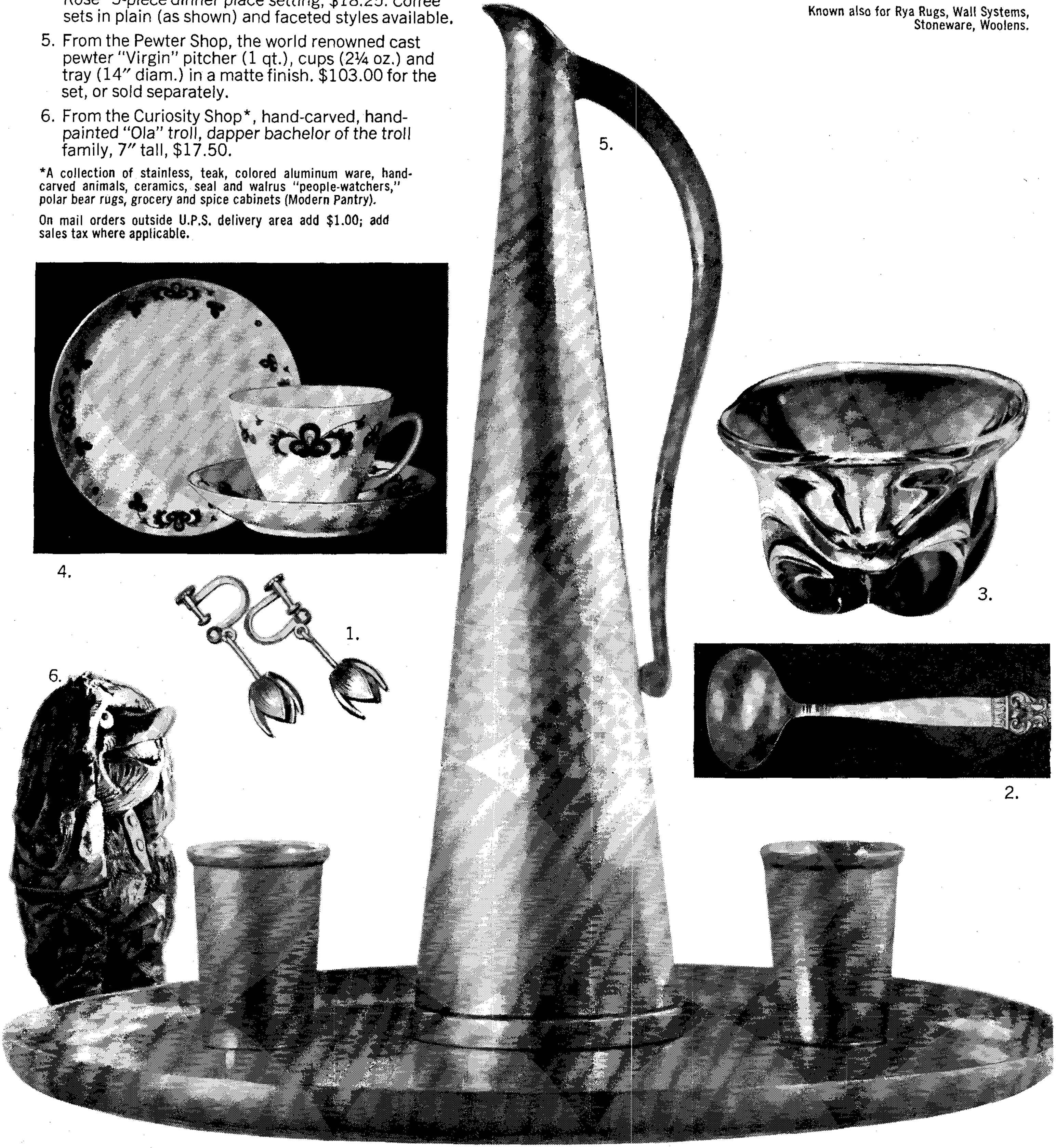
On mail orders outside U.P.S. delivery area add $1.00; add sales tax where applicable.

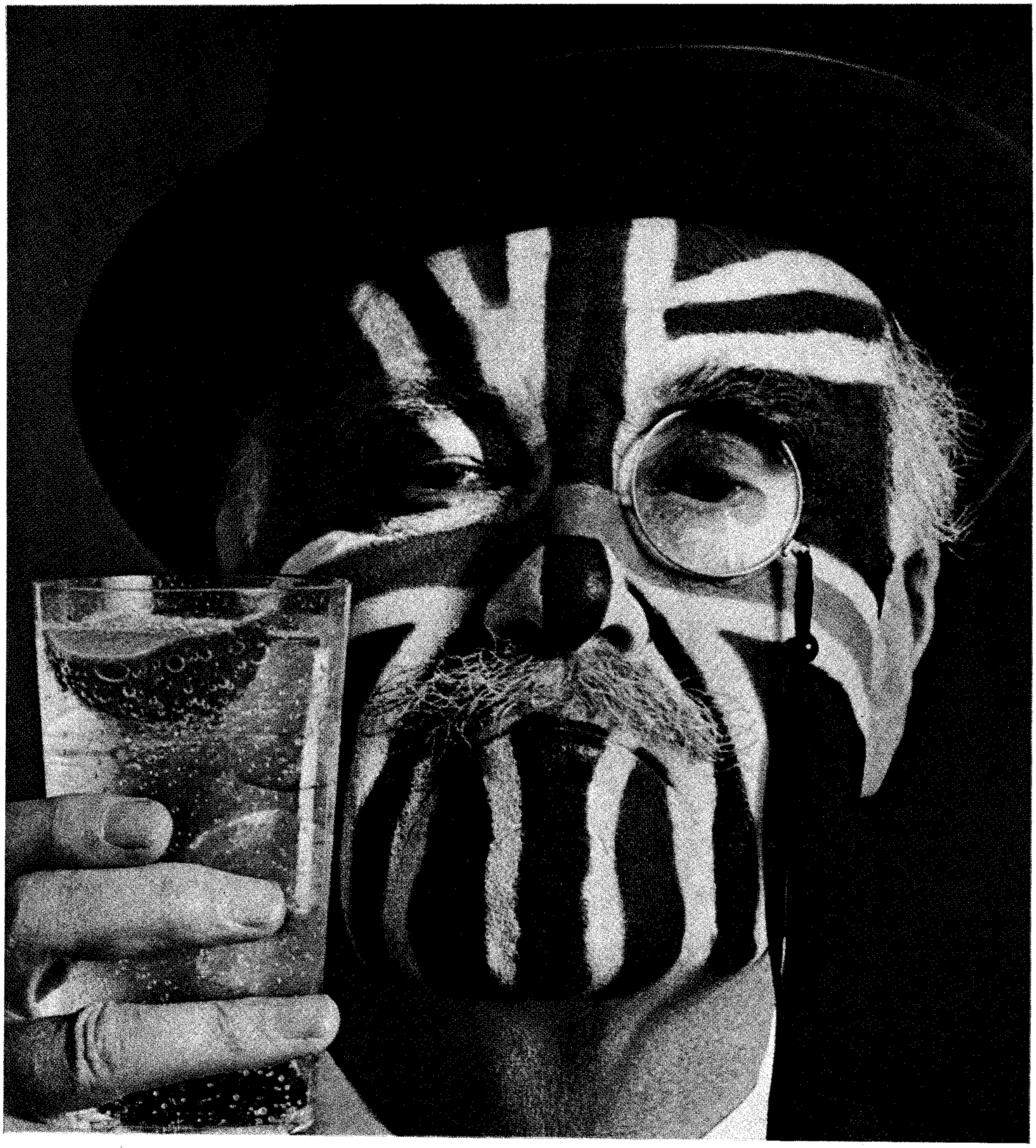
Shop Norsk at home:
Write for our elegant, color-filled, 8½″ x 11″, 100-page Norsk "Guide to Norwegian Gifts" which illustrates over 1,100 articles from our six integrated shops in one store.
$1.00 for the Grand Tour of six shops or 25¢ for each shop (Jewelry 50¢).
It's less than the fare to the airport.

NORSK

NORSK (Dept. 411) 114 East 57th Street (off Park Ave.),
New York, N.Y. 10022 PLaza 2-3111

Known also for Rya Rugs, Wall Systems, Stoneware, Woolens.





© 1967 KEEFERS BEVERAGES LTD. N.Y., N.Y.

Keefers. Jolly good mixers.

KEEFERS
KEEFERS

Bitter Ginger. Bubbly Water.
Quinine Water. Bitter Lemon.

No deposit. No return.

A scotch for the jet age. A whisky for the jet set. That's Sandeman. An eight-year-old scotch so light, it's smooth-as-flight. A scotch enjoyed in every get-away corner of the earth. A scotch named Sandeman.

SANDEMAN
SCOTCH
SANDEMAN
SCOTCH
Blended
Scotch
Whisky
100% SCOTCH WHISKIES
THIS WHISKY IS 8 EIGHT YEARS OLD
GEO. G. SANDEMAN SONS & CO. LTD
SCOTLAND
PRODUCT OF SCOTLAND
SANDEMAN

BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY. 86 PROOF. IMPORTED BY W. A. TAYLOR & CO., N.Y.

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

JET IRISH

Get Lost?

Away from pressure. Out of the crowd. Lost in the enchantment that is Ireland. Beginning in October... when the Irish sun still shines with a summer glow...Irish-Aer Lingus will deliver two full weeks for only $322. Round-trip economy jet fare included. Any or all of 9 Irish cities. Quality hotels (double occupancy) with private bath. A hearty Irish breakfast each morning. Even a medieval banquet in Shannon castle country; an evening of theatre and sightseeing in Dublin. Unlimited rail transportation. Call your Travel Agent, or Irish International. Or, mail coupon for details.

Two weeks in Ireland—round-trip economy Jet fare included $322

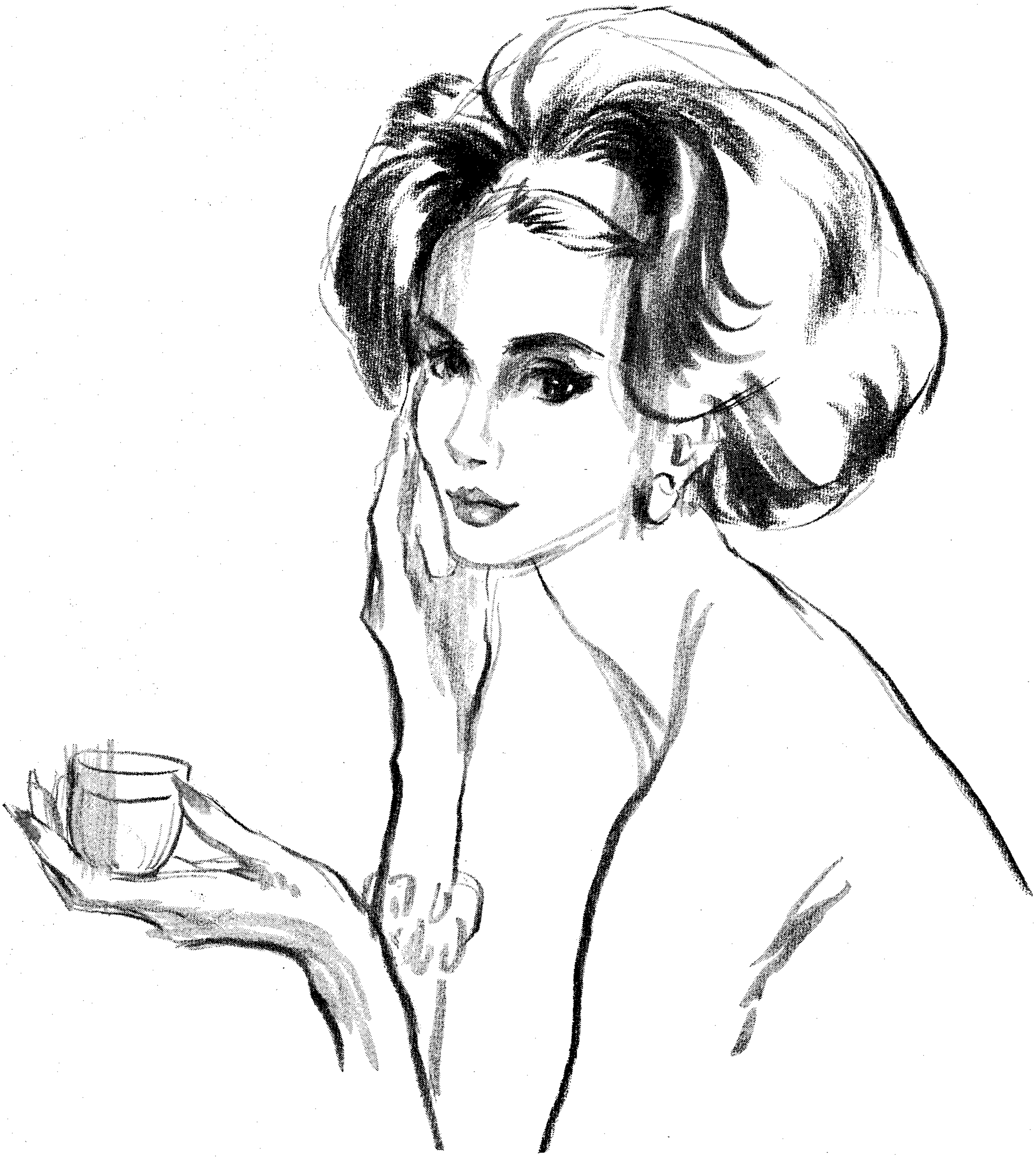
(New York to Shannon; comparable savings from other cities.)

Offices: New York, Boston, Chicago, Cleveland, Dallas, Detroit, Los Angeles, Montreal, Philadelphia, San Francisco, Toronto, Vancouver, Washington, D.C.

IRISH AER LINGUS
IRISH INTERNATIONAL AIRLINES

Tour Manager, Dept. M62
572 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y. 10036
Please send brochure on your 2-week, non-group $322 vacation in Ireland. ☐ I am interested in group savings...please send information on your 2-week $275 group vacation. I understand I do not have to form the group.

NAME____________________
ADDRESS____________________
CITY________ STATE______ ZIP_____
MY TRAVEL AGENT________________


Super-Royal
cream
Nature's most mysterious gift to Beauty.
Germaine Monteil

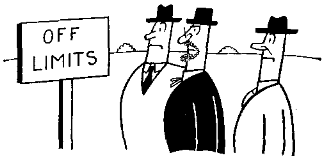
THE NEW YORKER

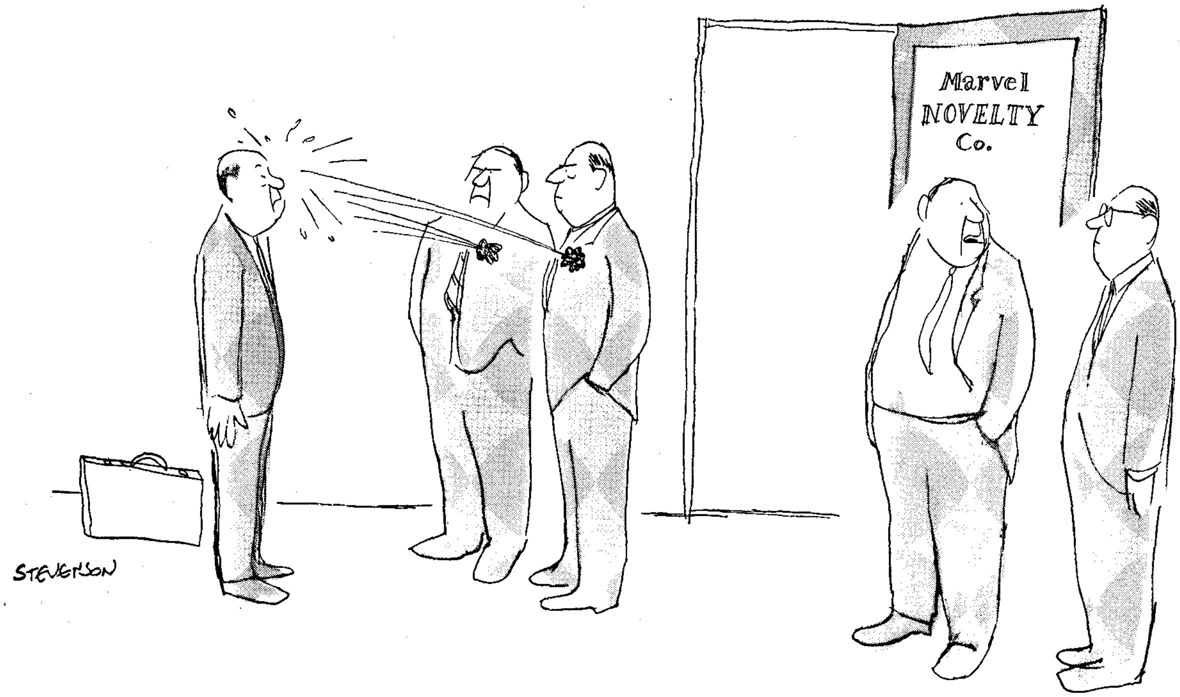
THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

TRYING to cash a check in New York City carries with it the same feeling of intrigue we remember from trying to buy firecrackers. A Western friend who moved here a few years back has told us of his early days in the big city, and of finding himself a penniless and suspicious character after three o'clock on his first Friday. When he produced his bright new checkbook, the corner druggist gave him the sort of glance one would give a shoplifter, and the liquor-store owner, trying to jam shut a cash-choked register drawer, explained that he didn't have anything to spare, with all the change he would be having to make. The Westerner told us that what amazed him most was the attitude of the banks. The preceding Monday, he had deposited a good round sum in a bank, and on Tuesday, when he went to claim some of his own money, there had been a discreet telephone call, which appalled him. "I thought Yankee banking was a man-to-man affair," he said. "I thought some fellow in a black suit, with gold spectacles and a kindly, grizzled look, shook hands with you after sizing you up, and that was your banker. Hell, that's what all the ads and TV commercials suggest. But every time I went to the bank I took my money to in the first place, there was that damned telephone call to see if I'm some sort of sharpie. Well, I did run into the kind of banker I was looking for, and he'll be my banker forever. Only he's not a Yankee. He's a Chinese laundryman, named Charlie Yee. That man is a banker. First off, to go back to that Friday when I was getting eyed by the merchants, I was not only out of cash but out of laundry. I figured that if I was going to eat I needed a clean shirt in order to call on somebody who was better connected in this town than I was, so I stopped in at Yee's laundry to see if he'd lend me one of several shirts I'd left there. Charlie's English isn't very good, but he is one of the rare human beings in this town who admit the possibility of honesty in someone else. He cashed a check that day, and cashed a lot more checks later. He didn't even want my driver's license, blood type, or wristwatch, the way the bank did. My fortunes waned a little that first winter, and he then performed a feat of banking that ranks him in my mind with the Morgans. Not only did he lend me dough with no more security than my unwashed clothes; he decided one day I needed some free working capital. So he pulled out the *Morning Telegraph*, pointed at the names of four horses scheduled to run at Aqueduct, lent me twenty dollars, and told me how to get to the track. I came back with nearly two hundred bucks, and shared a bottle of champagne with him in his laundry. Now, he can't even pronounce my name, and I doubt whether he knows where I live, but he was willing to be my all-around financial agent for my entire time in New York. Eventually, I started giving him my paycheck with my laundry bag, and he'd give me an allowance. When you need a bank in New York City, go to Charlie Yee. You have a friend at Charlie Yee's laundry."

ANOTHER Western friend of ours, this one a resident of Kansas City, has been troubled by the thought of Russians in the far reaches of Kansas. Not long ago, he sent us a clipping from the Kansas City *Star* that consisted of two maps—one of Missouri and one of Kansas—under the headline "PLACES SOVIET VISITORS CAN'T GO." "Barred to visitors from the Soviet Union are the shaded areas of Missouri and Kansas," the caption under the maps said (using syntax that might have been designed for easy translation into Russian). "There are twenty-two counties in Missouri and thirty-two in Kansas, plus the cities and towns in them, that have been declared off limits to Russian citizens traveling in the United States." The *Star* had nothing more to say on the subject, but our friend's accompanying letter was the distress signal of a concerned citizen. "I can see why they banned Russians from Cass County, Missouri," he wrote. "That's where Carry Nation lived, on and off, and I suppose foreigners could misunderstand what she had in mind. I personally like to wander around Belton, in Cass, where she is buried ('She hath done what she could,' the gravestone says), but that is a matter of my own preference and properly should have no effect on American foreign policy. I also approve of the decision to keep visitors out of Leavenworth County, Kansas, where they might find out that at the Command & General Staff School the United States Army is training officers for both sides of several wars. It's where the Russians *are* allowed to go that bothers me. There are forty-six counties in western Kansas that are absolutely wide open. Could it be that there is nothing of value to the Russians in the whole of a territory that size? I would feel a lot better about things if I had some reason to believe that any of those State Department peo-





"It always distresses me to see a salesman get fired."

• •

ple had ever *been* to western Kansas."

We made some inquiries on our friend's behalf, and learned that because certain areas of the Soviet Union are off limits to American tourists the State Department has declared an equivalent number of square miles off limits to Russians—even though this has required drawing upon thirty-two counties in Kansas. The entire exercise is, of course, a diplomatic ploy based on a principle familiar to all students of foreign policy: "If you won't let me use your roller skates, you can't use my tennis racket, even if I'm not using it." Some of the contingency-planners around the State Department probably realize that if the Russians ever want to escalate the off-limits conflict, the United States cannot hope to win, since Russia has more square miles available to ban people from. Right now, though, the opposing sides seem to be at one of those standoffs that the State Department always finds so encouraging.

When we passed this information on to our friend in Kansas City, he was greatly relieved. "I feel a lot better now, thinking about the thirty-two Kansas counties that are banned, instead of about all those counties the State Department has thrown open to the Russians," he wrote in his last letter. "And I don't think any Russian tourist who tries to sneak around in off-limits territory could escape detection very long in a place like Sumner County or Kingman County. Also, the nearest body of water large enough to hold one of those 'lurking Russian trawlers' I'm always reading about is Lake Michigan."

Labs

IS mankind going to be indebted to the barnacle one of these days? This question occurred to us when, having journeyed to Coney Island for the dedication of the Osborn Laboratories of Marine Sciences, adjacent to the Aquarium, we found ourself in an upstairs room of the Laboratories where Dr. Vincent Liguori, a staff microbiologist, was conducting experiments on that tenacious crustacean. "We're interested in the chemical nature of its adhesive," he said. "We want to find out whether this particular compound supports bacterial growth or is antibiotic."

"Any practical application?" we asked.

"Dentists are very much interested," Dr. Liguori said. "The barnacle produces a natural cement that would retain fillings in cavities, but, of course, if it's bacterial you shouldn't put it in your mouth. We work with the larval stages—a very tedious process, involving innumerable slides. I have an idea what the outcome will be."

"What?" we asked.

"I won't tell," Dr. L. said, and we went downstairs to the cetacean-brain laboratory, in the basement of the Aquarium, where Dr. Myron Jacobs, a cetacean neuroanatomist, showed us a giant microtome, a fearsome-looking instrument, boasting a twenty-six-inch razor blade, that cuts whales' brains into slices thirty-five microns, or thirty-five one-thousandths of a millimetre, thick.

"There are fewer than a hundred of these microtomes in existence," Dr. J. said. "You end up with anywhere from two thousand to five thousand slices of one brain. We file the sections, sequentially, in a hundred tubes—the first section in the first tube, the second section in the second tube, and so on, and then back to the first—so that each section in a given tube is separated from the next by ninety-nine slices. This gives us enough variation to form conclusions. We're looking into the basis of the function of intelligence in the living whale. Dolphins, porpoises, and whales are highly intelligent, you know, and we want to compare their brains with those of other vertebrates, including man."

Dr. J. showed us the unsliced brain of a humpback whale and said it had been treated for a year with an infiltration of collodion, which makes the tissue hard enough to slice. "It takes nine months for it to penetrate," he said. "Here's the brain of a forty-nine-foot female sperm whale. We got it from a whaling company in Norway. It weighs twenty pounds. We've taken some samples of it. Since the whale is the most highly evolved of water mammals, its brain has something to tell us."

We peered at this piece of source material, which occupied most of a large jar, and, elsewhere in the Laboratories, examined crabs, clams, sponges, sea urchins, sea cucumbers, and many sorts of fish. The place looked like an immense marine pet shop, until one realized that most of the pets were being infected with viruses and the like, to determine their responses. "These fish are the laboratory mice of the aquarium world," Dr. Klaus Kallman told us in the fish-genetics laboratory, where seven hundred small tanks were filled with ten thousand small fish. "Some of these stocks have belonged to the Aquarium since 1934 and represent twenty-two generations of inbreeding. They were moved in

1941 from a rather primitive laboratory in the old Aquarium, in Battery Park, to the Museum of Natural History for safekeeping, and then came here. We go in for brother-and-sister matings. We're studying the genetic aspects of cancer. This is the only such laboratory in America. There's one in Nagoya, though, and one in Hamburg."

Dedication festivities beckoned us to a commodious luncheon tent on the Aquarium grounds. There, at the head table, Mr. Fairfield Osborn, president of the New York Zoological Society, which operates the Aquarium and its laboratories, greeted us with "Hello! Hello! Hello!" and introduced a school of distinguished guests, among them two Commissioners of City Planning—Mrs. Randolph Guggenheimer, and Mr. Harmon H. Goldstone, whose architectural firm, Goldstone & Dearborn, designed the Laboratories. "I didn't plan very well today," Mrs. Guggenheimer said to Mr. Osborn. "I went downstairs to where I'd parked my car, to drive here, and it had been towed away. I had to take a taxi, at enormous expense."

"I'll give you a lift back," said Mr. August Heckscher, the Commissioner of Parks, and we plunged into our Day-Dean's seafood cocktail.

•

OVERHEARD on a sidewalk near New York University's downtown Loeb Student Center, long-haired blonde in miniskirt to long-haired bearded friend in jeans: "For me, there's no meaning in semantics."

New President

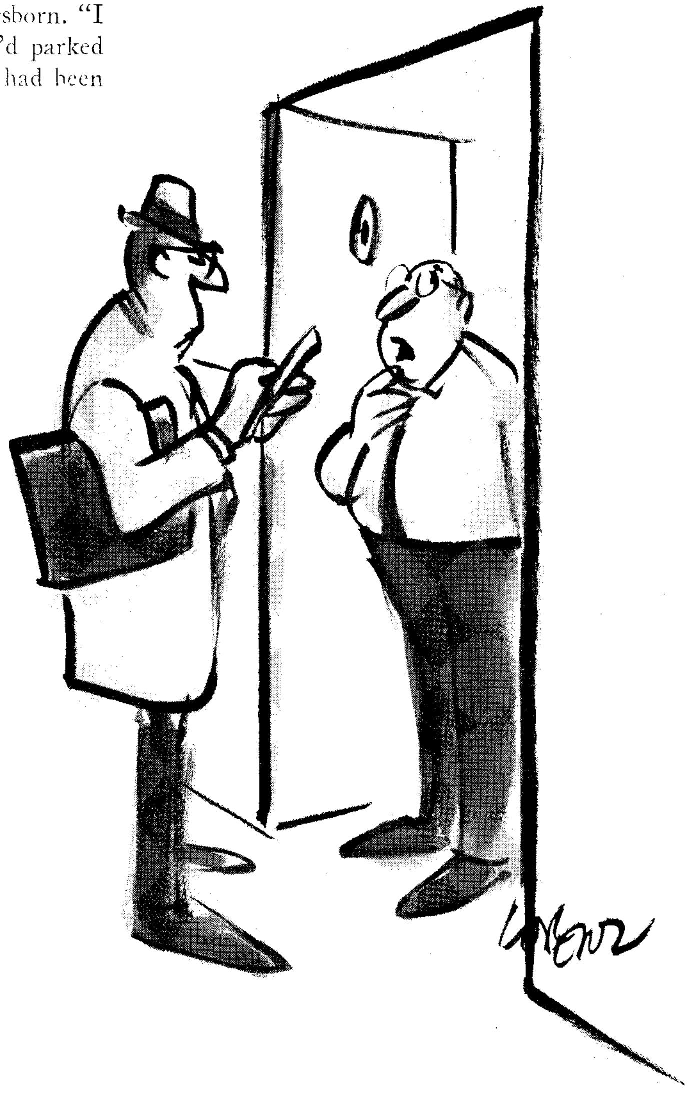
WE rarely know very far ahead what we're going to be doing at a given time, but when we approached Mr. Robert W. Haack, the new president of the New York Stock Exchange, for an appointment, his secretary suggested a meeting at 10:15 A.M. forty days later. We arrived at 10:05 A.M., prepared for a ten-minute wait, but Mr. Haack, a slender, clean-shaven man with a youthful air, materialized at once, ushered us into a large room with a wall-to-wall green carpet, and sat down, behind a desk and in front of a grandfather's clock, in a light-brown leather-upholstered swivel chair. "I suggested ten-fifteen because I was scheduled to have my picture taken on the floor at ten, to celebrate the listing of a new issue, but they haven't called me yet, so perhaps we can start now and save time," he said. "I took over here on September 10th, and I'm still catching my breath. There are demands all day long and all evening long. I'm a bachelor at the Carlyle during the week. Weekends, I join my wife and our two younger daughters at our place in Maryland. I came to this job after being president of the National Association of Securities Dealers, in Washington, you know. Our oldest daughter is at Denison University, in Granville, Ohio, and our son, Thomas, who is twenty-two, is in the Navy. I have a wonderful house near the Potomac, but I suppose we'll move to Connecticut."

We asked Mr. Haack what the new issue to be listed was, and he said, "Corinthian Broadcasting, a Jock Whitney company."

One of three telephones in the room rang, and after answering it Mr. Haack excused himself, saying he'd be right back. We roamed around the room, which contained engravings of Lafayette, Franklin, Hamilton, and John Marshall, and early views of New York from Governors Island; a photograph of Lyndon B. Johnson inscribed "To Gustave Levy with every good wish;" a framed letter to Gustave L. Levy from Walter N. Frank, then the chairman of the Board of Governors of the Stock Exchange; and a dark-green bronze statuette of a bull, bearing a plaque that read, "Presented by Mr. L. Richard Bamberger on behalf of his late father Mr. William Bamberger, who was a member of the Exchange from 1903 to 1928."

Mr. Haack returned in nine minutes, and we asked him whether Mr. Levy and Mr. Bamberger were friends of his.

"This is Mr. Levy's office," he said. "He's chairman of the Board of Governors now. He has kindly allowed me to use this room while the office of my predecessor, Keith Funston, is being renovated. I'd like to tell you something about myself that has never been printed. I'm probably the only president of a stock exchange who was once a member of the United Automobile Workers. I joined it in the summer of 1937, when I was between my junior and senior years at Hope College, a liberal-arts school in Holland, Michigan. I had to make some money, so I went to the Allis-Chalmers Manufacturing Company, in Milwaukee—I was born in Wauwatosa, a small town near there, in 1917—for a job. I said I could read blueprints, which was a slight exaggeration. I was hired as a turret-lathe operator and joined the union. I'd never been in a factory in my life. You had to take rough castings and machine



"Well, I guess I favor Nixon-Romney over Romney-Reagan or Rockefeller-Reagan, although I think Rockefeller-Nixon would run well, provided, of course, that it's Johnson-Humphrey, and that Wallace and Dr. Spock stay out of it."

them down to something usable. I did that for three and a half months, with indifferent results. I got greasy, dirty, bloody, and scarred."

After finishing up at college, Mr. Haack took a Master's degree at Harvard Business School and, in 1940, became a security analyst for the Milwaukee brokerage firm that later became Robert W. Baird & Co., which he described to us as a small version of Merrill Lynch, Pierce, Fenner & Smith. "Seventeen partners, of whom I was eventually one. Nine branch offices. Fifty-five salesmen," he said. "I left during the war, for four years with the Navy (I picked up every bug in the southwest Pacific), then returned to Baird, and in 1964 went to Washington for the N.A.S.D. job. It's a great help to me in my present post to have had all those years' experience in the securities business, which is a technical and complicated one. The whole commission-rate structure is a problem. Should there be a volume discount—a reduced rate to large buyers, that is? If you take the cost off the big end, can you add it onto the small end? The big-ticket item is growing. Everybody wants to invest in mutual funds and pension funds. As profit-sharing and pension funds increase, institutional investors become more important. They now account for around a third of all our transactions, and sooner or later they will be responsible for half. Our specialists must now handle forty-thousand-share bids and offers. Who's going to take care of John Q. Public?"

We shook our head, and he continued, "It's in the best interests of this business to serve the public interest. There are twenty-two million direct stockholders in this country and a hundred million *indirect* stockholders. We're also concerned with automation—a central accounting system, and computers to work out a market-data-dissemination program. We're working on a central certificate service—the deposit of stock certificates in a central depository—that will eliminate most of the physical transfer of certificates in transactions between brokers. This would cut down on pieces of paper and save a lot of time. The present system is archaic. We're having a continuing dialogue with the S.E.C. And there's our building problem—we used to have million-share or two-million-share days, and now our days run to eleven or twelve million shares, so we're short of office space. And there's my personal problem—the *pace* of this job. I keep a rough log of things. Since April 25th, when my selection as president was announced, I have received, by actual count, two hundred and seventy-three invitations to make speeches, get honorary degrees, and appear on this or that dais. I duck most of them. Someone told me that I've got the third-worst job in the country, right after Mayor Lindsay, who is right after President Johnson. During the last three months, when I've been in New York—I came here in August, to get started—I have had only three evenings to myself. Last night was one of them. I stayed in my room at the hotel and had a can of chili and some soda crackers. One of the best meals I've had in many a moon."

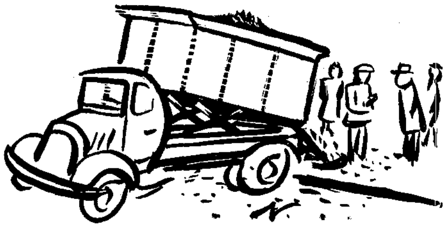
The grandfather's clock now stood at eleven. A deputation of three was waiting to discuss automation with Mr. Haack, and we took our leave.

•

SIGN observed in a gallery on West Fifty-seventh Street: "Please remove shoes while walking on sculpture."

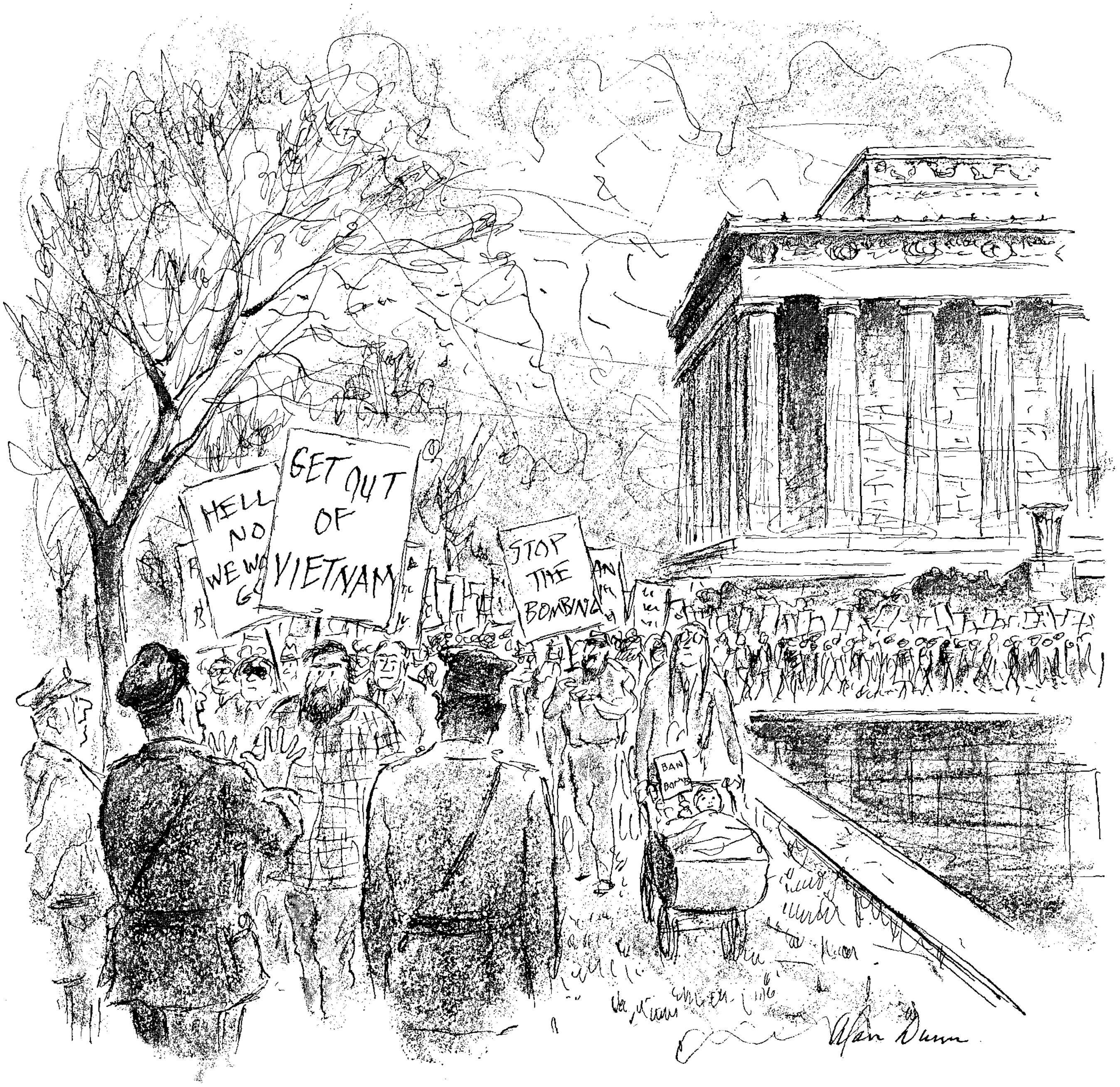
Faster, Faster

WITH the astonishing, persistent proliferation of high-rise buildings hereabouts, we consider it worthwhile to take a look at the current state of the invention without which such buildings obviously wouldn't exist—to wit, the elevator, the world's first practical specimen of which was installed in the five-story housewares store of E. V. Haughwout & Co., at the corner of Broadway and Broome Street, in 1857. (Three years later, Abraham Lincoln, campaigning for the Presidency, enjoyed his first elevator ride, at Cooper Union.) At last count, there were said to be nine hundred thousand elevators—passenger and freight—in operation throughout the world, of which around two hundred and eighty-eight thousand are in this country; forty-nine thousand elevators are to be found in the Greater New York area, thirty thousand of them right here in Manhattan. Rockefeller Center has three hundred and thirty-eight elevators, but the Empire State Building has the distinction of providing more elevators than any other single building (seventy-three) as well as of providing the world's longest elevator ride (eighty stories).



The faster an elevator is capable of going, the more expensive it is to manufacture, but since New Yorkers are known to feel especially irritated by elevators that dawdle, or seem to dawdle (the elevators in our building sometimes give the impression that they are drifting slowly sidewise, lost in thought), the elevators in the new skyscrapers are being designed to go faster and faster. In the average six-story apartment house, passenger elevators travel at about a hundred feet per minute; in the average sixteen-story apartment house, at about two hundred and fifty feet per minute; and in some of our latest apartment houses, which are anywhere from twenty-five to forty stories high, at from three hundred and fifty to five hundred feet per minute. A thousand feet per minute is the average speed of an express elevator in a forty-story office building. The express elevators to the upper floors of the R.C.A. Building zing along at fourteen hundred feet per minute, and the equivalent elevators in the Chase Manhattan Building make sixteen hundred feet per minute, but the very fastest elevators on earth are those that serve the top floors of the Pan Am Building; they go seventeen hundred feet per minute, which works out to between nineteen and twenty miles an hour, and is sixteen hundred and sixty feet per minute faster than the Haughwout prototype went. The Pan Am elevators require seventy feet, which is seven floors, to reach their top speed, and the same distance to slow down. There is never more than a negligible variation in the speed of an elevator, whether it is going up or down, and whether it is empty or full.

In Manhattan, eighty-six per cent of the elevators are for passengers, the rest for freight. Freight elevators tend to be larger, plainer, and slower than passenger elevators; some of them travel at a mere twenty-five feet per minute. Many freight elevators are hydraulics, which are cheaper to install and maintain than electric elevators. The capacity of a passenger elevator varies from about fifteen hundred to about seven thousand pounds. In our experience, the number of passengers legally permitted to ride in an elevator is always much greater than the number it can actually hold; maybe the Buildings Department thinks people are denser than they are. Most passenger elevators are wider than they are deep; hospital elevators reverse these propor-



"Try to cool it a bit, fellows. You don't want to give the impression this country is divided, do you?"

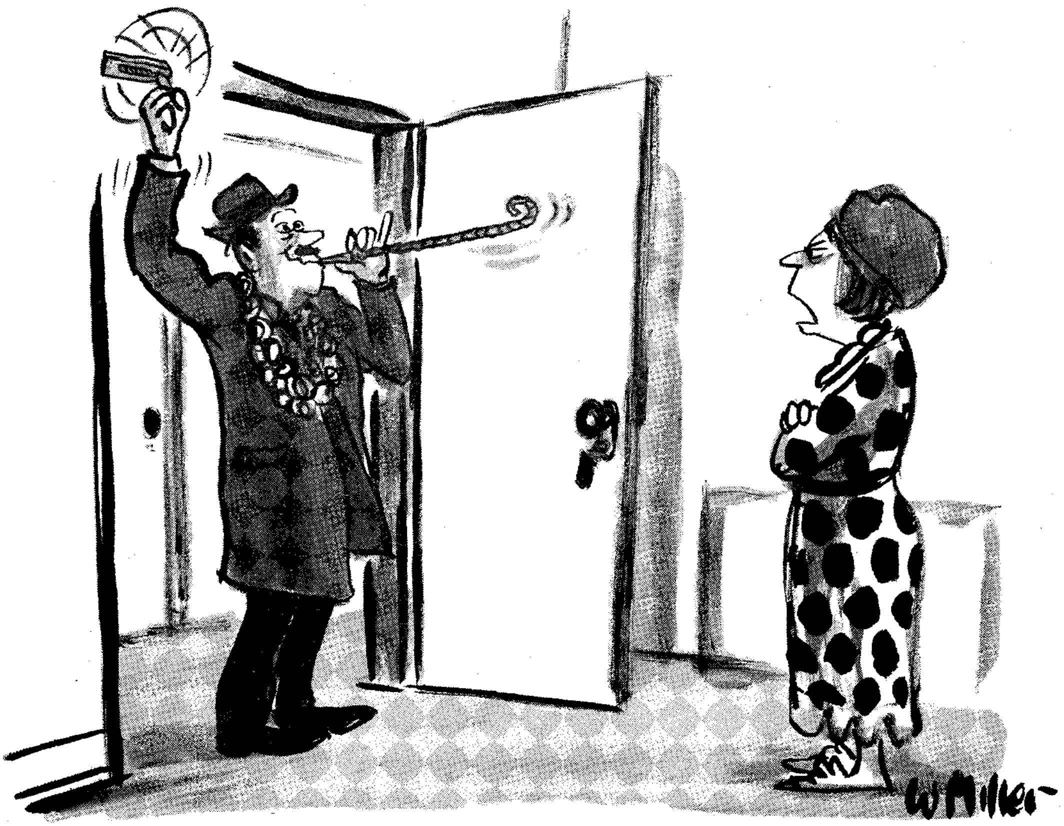
* * *

tions, in order to accommodate stretcher-beds. An elevator doesn't *have* to be rectangular—Frank Lloyd Wright put round ones in his Johnson Wax Building, in Racine; hexagonal ones in the Price Tower, in Bartlesville; and a semicircular one in the Guggenheim Museum. Nor do elevators have to be in the interiors of buildings. An outside elevator scales the Hotel El Cortez in San Diego, and an outside elevator in, or on, the Hotel Fairmont in San Francisco is a well-known—and very scary—tourist attraction.

The average cost of an elevator in a six-story apartment house is sixteen thousand dollars, in a twelve-story house it's twenty-five thousand dollars, and the cost of an express elevator in a high-rise building may reach a hundred and fifty thousand dollars. (The Haughwout elevator cost three hundred dollars.) There is a small market for elevators in town houses, at prices ranging from three thousand dollars to eight thousand. The United Nations Plaza's duplex apartments have tiny individual elevators—*très chic*. Many older office buildings are what elevator-company executives call "under-elevatored," but more use is constantly being got out of elevators with the help of increasingly sophisticated electronic equipment. The average automatic elevator is estimated to save nine thousand dollars a year, which is roughly the cost to a building owner, in wages, uniforms, and fringe benefits, of an elevator attendant. A private club in New York, famous for the eminence and great age of its members, installed an automatic elevator as an economy, but the operation of the handful of buttons—five in all—proved too complicated for the membership to master, so an attendant is always on duty in the cab. During our famous blackout of 1965, many hundreds of New Yorkers were trapped in elevators; not a single injury was reported.

Greetings

A MOTORIST of our acquaintance reports that he pulled up behind an ancient Pontiac at a midtown traffic light recently and noticed



"The United States retained the America's Cup seven weeks ago."

a hand-lettered cardboard sign in the car's rear window reading, "BLOW HORN TWICE TO WISH DRIVER A HAPPY BIRTHDAY!" Our friend dutifully honked twice, and received for his trouble a perfunctory wave of the celebrator's hand before the Pontiac roared off to new congratulations.

R. and G., G. and R.

THAT stagestruck matron we visit on occasion down in Greenwich Village invited us, the other afternoon, to have tea with Brian Murray and John Wood, the young actors—Mr. Murray is in his late twenties and Mr. Wood in his middle thirties—who are the leading performers in "Rosencrantz and Guildenstern Are Dead," the play by Tom Stoppard that is going great guns at the Alvin. We arrived ahead of the mummers but had barely had a sip of our tea before, a buzzer having sounded, our stagestruck matron threw open the door of her apartment and intoned, "Welcome, dear Rosencrantz and Guildenstern! Moreover, that we much did long to see you, the need we have to use you did provoke our hasty sending." Mr. Murray and Mr. Wood, both fairly tall and most amicable, came upon the scene, slightly startled by their greeting but very soon full of admiration for the matron's artifacts, which include a tiny grand piano—once put out by Wurlitzer—called the Butterfly Grand, and some prints by John Marin. When the gentlemen had settled down—Mr. Wood was so taken with the miniature Wurlitzer that he ran through a couple of velocity exercises on it before he turned his attention to us—we learned that it is their joint conviction that "Rosencrantz and Guildenstern Are Dead" is a drama that actors should pay for the privilege of participating in, and that every day they penetrate more of the subtleties of Mr. Stoppard's work.

"You know," said Mr. Murray, or Rosencrantz, who carries an air of utter innocence about with him, "I have been an actor most of my life, and I've played all kinds of parts with the Royal Shakespeare Company, but I never realized how remarkable Shakespeare is until I saw what Tom Stoppard could do with a couple of minor characters from 'Hamlet.' "

This hymn to Mr. Stoppard was echoed by Mr. Wood, a lean, ebullient man, who then told us that he comes from a long line of Derbyshire yeomen. "The last time I said that," he added, "was at an English club, and somebody said, 'Ah, yes. Did well at Tobruk, I'm told.' "

As for Mr. Murray, he was born in South Africa and has been connected with the theatre, through his mother, practically ever since. "My mother was a dancer, an announcer, and a radio commentator in South Africa when I was born, and my father was a golf professional of some consequence called Alf Bell," Mr. Murray said. "I use my mother's name because there is a rule in England—and possibly here—that if one actor has a name that is known, no one else may assume it."

"When I came on the scene from Oxford, I was earnestly thinking I was headed for the Foreign Office," Mr. Wood interrupted. "But nothing came of that. And since my bent was dramatic and there was an actor with my name, I, too, took my mother's name, Lamin, which I used until the other John Wood retired. It might interest you to know that despite the fact that Brian here has been with the Royal Shakespeare Company and I've been with the Old Vic, we never met until the first reading of 'Rosencrantz and Guildenstern Are Dead.' Furthermore, although we have both played Guildenstern in 'Hamlet,' neither of us has attempted Rosencrantz."

"Rosencrantz is an interesting fellow," said Mr. Murray. "He may not know what's going on, but he suspects something."

"As for Guildenstern, he is the other side of the coin represented by Rosencrantz," Mr. Wood said. "I once proposed to Mr. Stoppard that Rosencrantz and Guildenstern be listed in a bracket on the program, so that nobody would know which of us was Rosencrantz and which was Guildenstern. The confusion, you know, is in Shakespeare. But Stoppard ended that notion by saying, 'Shakespeare knew.' "

Progress

AN acquaintance of ours who had a book published two or three months ago recently ran into his publisher in a midtown club. "How's it doing?" he asked. "Steady sale," said the publisher. "Six thousand copies." A week later, our friend reëncountered the publisher. "Sold any more?" he asked. "Steady sale," said the publisher. "A little over five thousand copies."

BRUSH TWICE DAILY AND GO EASY ON THE BONBONS

I WAS at my dentist's. I should have been relaxed, because it was only a cleaning and checkup, but I was suffering from a small, undeserved hangover, and the injustice of this made me edgy. I squirmed in the chair, trying to get comfortable, and closed my eyes against the bright nine-o'clock sun. My head pounded dully, and each scrape of the doctor's metal pick on my lower right molars reverberated unpleasantly in some deep interior echo chamber. My head was a cave, full of noisy spelunkers. I stirred, and the doctor's instrument pricked my gum.

"Hey!" I said. "Watch it."

"Oh-oh," said my dentist. " 'Fraid I made a booboo."

He squirted the gum, and I rinsed and spat. "God," I muttered under my breath. " 'Booboo.' 'Oh-oh.' "

The dentist glanced at me sharply through his rimless half-glasses and then turned and selected another pick. "Sorry," he said, scraping again, "but it's hard not to make a booboo when I'm getting off tartar."

For some reason, I was suddenly on guard. I tried to gauge the man, but the sun, bouncing off his spectacles, hid his eyes in an impenetrable dazzle. I decided to test him.

"How are my gums?" I said when he next straightened up. "Any signs of beriberi?"

"Just so-so," he replied, turning his back. "They'd be better if you'd massage them. I recommend two toothbrushes."

"Two toothbrushes!" I cried. "Here, here, you've gone too far."

"Sorry," he said, pushing me gently back in the chair. "That was a bit rococo, I admit. A barbarity."

"Oh, I wouldn't say *that*," I said magnanimously.

"Yes, you would," he said, scraping on my uppers now, "if you thought about it."

I thought about it, and ground my half-cleaned teeth. Then I made myself lie back. I cogitated furiously, planning my attack. My headache was gone, and my mind raced ahead like some gigantic, avenging hound. The dentist was polishing now, but his concentration seemed uncertain, and I thought his hand trembled for a moment. It came to me that he was holding my jaw open in sheer self-defense.

Suddenly he turned off the humming brush. "Did you murmur?" he asked in a kindly voice.

"No!" I shouted. "I mean, uh, yes. I was only going to say that beriberi is less common among the Mau Maus than sleeping sickness, which is caused, of course, by tsetse flies."

"No doubt. Whereas Berbers sustain healthy gums on a day-to-day diet of pawpaws and couscous. Among the Shoshones—"

"Nothing else?" I said hastily. "No condiments? Not even chowchow?"

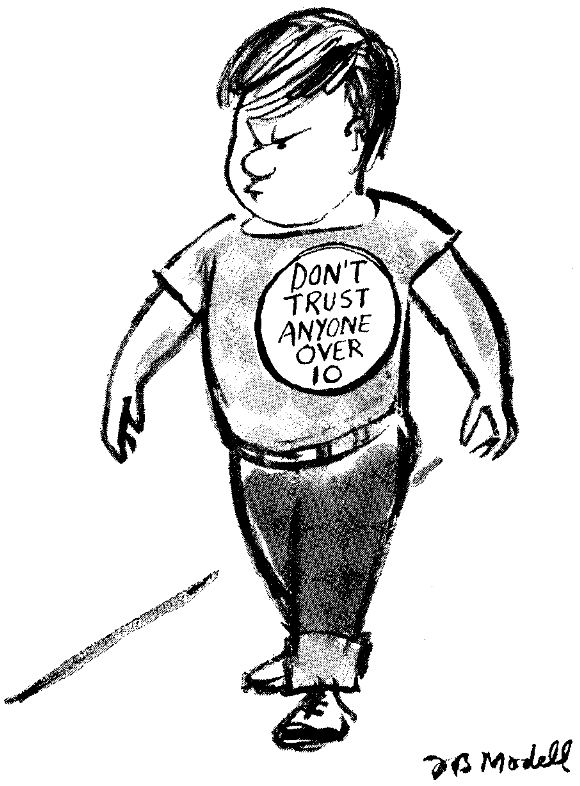
"Not even jujubes," he said. "Though they sometimes hunt the Persian songbird, or bulbul, which they bring down with dumdums and then bake into a savory pie, as delicious to them as is a baba au rhum to Coco Chanel."

"Yum-yum," I muttered faintly.

"Once, from a small put-put on Lake Titicaca—"

"Can't we leave these damn foreign countries you know so much about?" I snapped. "All those copies of *National Geographic* you get for your waiting room . . . It isn't *fair!*"

"Aye, aye, sir!" he replied at once, swinging the X-ray machine over my head. "Done and done! Let our causerie range, taking in the world *in toto*. What'll it be—show biz? Sports? Art, with its Neo-Dada trend? Or the more chichi world of the yé-yé set? We aren't old dodoes yet, are we?"



"Baseball!" I cried. "That pitcher, Bobo Newsom—"

"Was a lulu," he said heartily, inserting the X-ray film clamp between my teeth. "As were Jo-Jo Moore and Choochoo Coleman. And let us not overlook Kiki Cuyler. As Papa Hemingway once observed, Kiki was the Gogol of the—"

"Enough baseball!"

"Tut-tut, don't upset yourself. On to Broadway, then—the thespians. Why, only last week I saw Zizi Jeanmaire, Mimi Hines, and Bibi Osterwald dining together at Zum Zum. Zizi sans tutu, natch. Lovely ladies! Admirable masticators!"

The X-ray clicked for the last time, and the dentist removed the plate and whisked the cloth from my neck. Only then did he notice my tears, my heaving shoulders.

"Come, come!" he said, patting my arm in a friendly way. "Cheer up. No cavities! There is nothing to fear."

My sobs grew louder. "Gub-Gub!" I wailed. "Gub-Gub. Dab-Dab."

"Pull yourself together, man," he said, peering anxiously at me. "I fear our little chin-chin has deranged you."

"No," I whispered, snuffling. "I just remembered about Gub-Gub and Dab-Dab. Those animals in 'Doctor Do-hoo-hoo . . .' In 'Doctor Dolittle.' Gub-Gub the pig and Dab-Dab the duck. I used to love them so when I was a little bu-huh-huh . . . when I was a little boy. And now they've gone and put them into a great big m-movie with Rex H-Harrison. Oh, I wish they'd left my little animals alone!"

"To which I cry a hearty hear-hear!" said the doctor. He dried my face with the cloth, straightened my tie, and then put his arm around my shoulders and helped me to my feet. While I attempted to collect myself, he rummaged in a box of lollipops and small toys he keeps for his younger patients and then pressed something into my hand. "Here," he said softly, "this is for you."

It was a Yo-Yo.

"Gee, thank you, Doctor," I said, delighted with my prize. "And I'll see you in six months."

He took me to the door and waved cheerily as I started down the hall. "Bye-bye," he said.

—ROGER ANGELL

ANDREW HIS SON

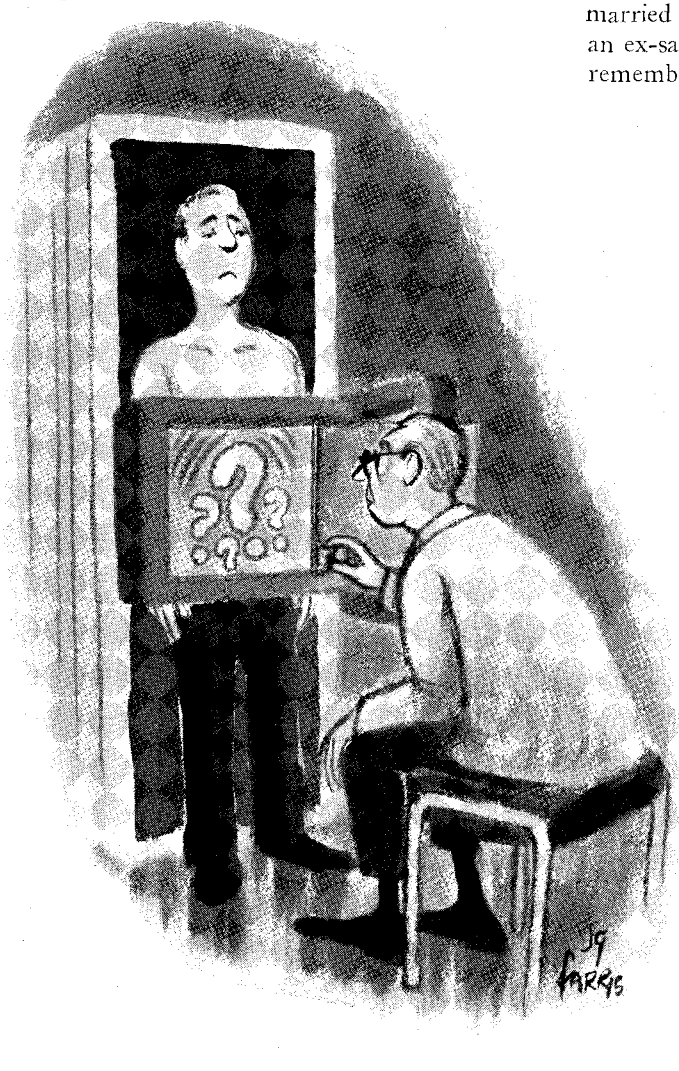
THIS was summertime, a Saturday morning in early June and just after five o'clock. Andrew Thomas woke to find not only that the first heat of the season had slipped in and taken over the Michigan town but that it had happened on a morning for which he had been nursing along special plans. His father had promised to drive him to his mother's place at the lake this morning, to let him stay the weekend with his brother. The trip was Andrew's idea. He had talked his father into promising a week before, when his father was drinking, and had reminded him several times since. His father was usually good for his word, but Andrew, dressing to carry his morning paper route, had the thought that his father would surely find some way to mess it up. Still, just before he left, at five-thirty, his father came weaving with sleep from his bedroom, saying, "Going to be hot, Christamighty," and they went together through their second-floor apartment opening the windows, propping most of them on rolled magazines or coat hangers, using a shoe of his father's in the bathroom, and Andrew thought, He seems fine today, he seems in good shape.

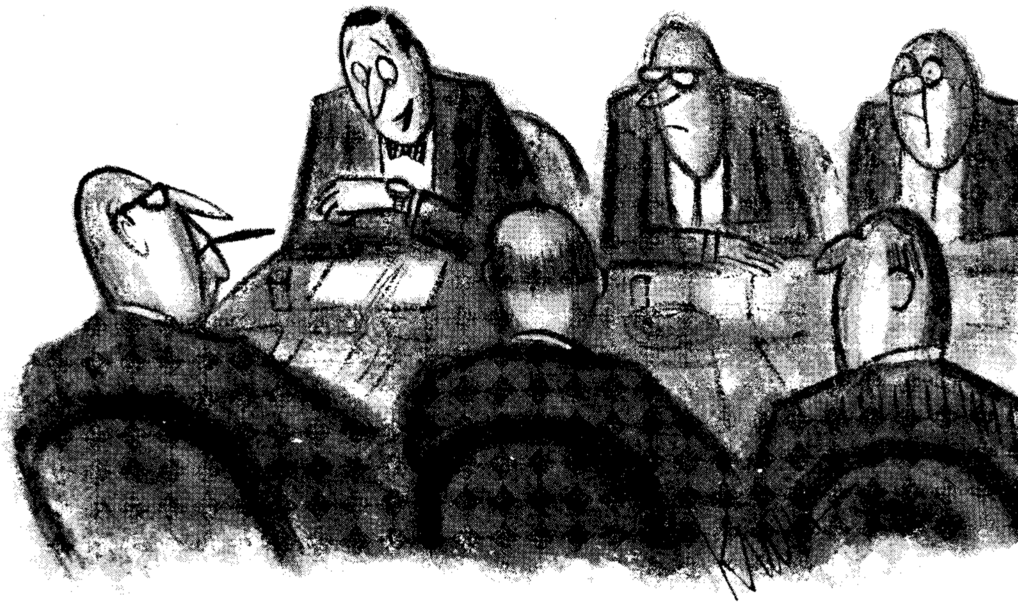
Their mutual opening of the windows, especially that moment in the bathroom when Andrew held up his father's shoe while his father held the window and they exchanged a glance of good humor, gave the day a fresh beginning. Andrew felt high and safe as he walked along folding and tightening and sidearming his newspapers. The feeling was an old companion for him. He knew it was associated with his being out and alone on the city streets when every friend and enemy and love he had in the world were still asleep, when the sun was still the color of a dusty and heavily ripened tomato. He walked and folded with a good fast rhythm, and turned down Garland Street, his last street, firing his newspapers like a shortstop, beating every runner by an imaginary, suspended-in-the-air final step.

He was finished this morning by seven and went on to the circulation office across town, where he paid up and left at once to return home. The fresh little airiness of dawn had burned away by then under the swelling of the sun, and the old men who seemed to materialize at a certain temperature and degree of sunlight had already begun gathering along the sidewalk near the Coney Island Grill. Andrew always stopped at the Coney Island for breakfast, school days or not, but today he headed for home. He moved now like a man in a walking race, as if to pause would allow something disastrous to shape itself; more certainly he moved fast because this morning, alone among a year's or several years' mornings, he had something to do, he had somewhere to go, and he had to get home either to catch his father before he went off and left him or, if his father was asleep again, to get him out of bed and moving.

Walking, he thought of his brother Howard and of his mother. He had never questioned his father about the queer arrangement of their family. Nor had his father ever offered any explanation beyond a simple comment. But Andrew was fourteen now—he would be fifteen this summer—and although he had barely thought of the arrangement these past three years since Howard, who was twelve, went to live with his mother and her second husband, he had not forgotten. He did not remember his mother, but he did know from the remarks his father had made over the years that she had deserted (his father said "walked out on") the three of them some ten months after Howard's birth. Instead of remembering a mother, Andrew remembered Mrs. Komarek, and all the mornings she came into their apartment and into their bedroom to call them, and all the mornings she fixed oatmeal for their breakfast or eggs fried too hard, and lunches in paper sacks without surprises, and all the afternoons after school when they returned to Mrs. Komarek's apartment downstairs, rather than their own, and waited for their father to come home from work and take them upstairs and fix their supper, which was always, Andrew remembered, something fried—either steak or chops or hamburger—and potatoes, and usually a can of peas. But it was not a bad life, he thought, walking along.

Until his mother came back. She had married a man named Ward Connell, an ex-sailor, whose name Andrew had remembered from somewhere, and she came to take Howard. Andrew had not thought much about Howard's leaving until lately. Nor did he understand even now as he walked. It just happened that one evening in the summer when he was eleven and Howard was eight, his father told them Howard was going to live with his mother at the lake, where she and her husband operated a tavern, and the next afternoon his father came home from work early, and his mother drove up after a while in her car. But when she had been in the apartment a few minutes, having a drink first with his father, and they started packing Howard's things into cardboard boxes, Andrew slipped outside and down the exposed rear stairway and ran to the other side of a neighbor's garage, where he was out of sight and hearing. He sat down there, finally, in the small line of ditch un-





"Well, I'll be darned! Ten more minutes and we'll have held round-the-clock contract negotiations."

• •

der the eave, on the washed pebbles, because he had started to whimper and could not stop himself, although it helped to lean forward with his chest on his knees, to squeeze his stomach. Every time he thought it was over, and had wiped his eyes with his front shirttail and thought he was ready and presentable enough to go back, another swelling would come pushing into his throat, as if rising on the thought itself. He would strain to hold his lips together, to turn back the pressure, and would fail. His lips would be forced apart, and the sound, because he was trying to keep it low, would come out *Eeeeee-ah-Eeeeee-ah-Eeeeee* . . . with tears coming fresh from his eyes, with his heart trembling. He did not try to understand. He did not think. And it was not until he decided not to go back to the apartment that he brought himself under control. He went out along the neighbor's driveway and onto the sidewalk, and walked to his school playground, where he joined a hardball game of flies-away, which he played strangely and until dark. When he went home, Howard was gone; his sports gear and jackets were gone from their hooks on the landing, and his clothes were gone from their mutual bedroom closet and from their mutual chest of drawers. And his father, drinking, asked him a simple question and made a simple comment he would not forget. "Did you play?" his father asked.

Andrew told him yes.

"Howard was not ours," his father said.

But Andrew did not understand what his father was telling him, and he learned to forget, or not to remember. After a few days, the holes in his life that appeared throughout that first night and throughout the days that followed Howard's leaving—in the bedroom, where they had argued over a flashlight; in the bathroom, where they had argued over a certain shirt or toothpaste or over nothing; in the kitchen, where they had argued over a special pointed spoon; and in those places and at those times when they had not argued: the choosing of sides, the loaning of a glove, a school-yard fight—after a few days these holes began to heal. Andrew did not understand, and did not try to understand, even if understanding often approached his mind or tagged after him like the ghost of Howard himself. In the three years that passed there were no visits, though the lake was only an hour's drive from town, and only in the last week was there an exchange of letters, with Howard writing first. All Andrew knew of Howard in the three years was that his name had been changed to Connell. He was now Howard Connell. He had written the name on the envelope of his letter. The letter itself was a surprise, for Andrew and his father had reached a point where they almost never talked of Howard, and over the years Andrew had never thought to ask his father why he had said, "Howard was not ours." Nor did Andrew, walking along, think now about asking him, no matter how clearly the ghost had returned to his side.

He hurried. He stopped along Garland Street to leave his empty canvas bag and route book within the screen door of Mick Conrad, the boy who was going to sub for him on Sunday, and back in the apartment he stood at the foot of his father's bed and squeezed one of his father's big toes, the way he always woke him. "Hey, it's really hot out," Andrew said. "Let's go." It was seven-thirty by the clock on the dresser in the half-darkened bedroom.

"O.K.," his father said. "O.K.—go eat yourself some breakfast."

But at eight-thirty, when Andrew had eaten a partial breakfast and had emptied the odorous gym clothes from his blue gym bag and repacked the bag for the trip, he was still waiting, sitting at the kitchen table. He had gone to the bathroom once to offer to fix his father some eggs, but his father had told him to slow down—they had plenty of time, he said. Andrew had stood there a moment and said, "Are you going to take a bath? What are you taking a bath for?" And when his father came to the kitchen for the first time, barefooted and wearing clean underwear, he had nothing but a half cup of coffee, which he drank standing up. Immediately after this, he put some ice cubes in a glass and fixed himself a drink and, before leaving the kitchen, said to Andrew, "Stop fidgeting." Andrew sat waiting.

When his father came to the kitchen again, he was wearing the pants to his new powder-gray sharkskin suit and his new brown-and-white wing-tip shoes. He was still in his ribbed and sleeveless undershirt, the dark curled hair on his chest and heavy shoulders visible, and, fixing himself another drink, he looked over at Andrew and said, "You going out there looking like that?"

Andrew said, "Why not?" and, as his father was leaving with his drink, added, "How about hurrying up?," but he was already glancing down the front of himself and thinking, Looking like what? And in spite of looking at his dungarees and his black tennis shoes, he momentarily saw nothing, and felt the same sense of possible disaster he had felt on his way home. The early morning, it seemed now, had been part of another day.

Coming to the kitchen again, his father was still without his shirt. He fixed himself another drink. He had a bath towel tucked in around his waist to protect his pants, and he had the odor about him of having shaved. Andrew sat watching him. He realized for the first time that his father was really stalling, he was acting different. Andrew seldom raised the nerve to speak to his father strongly, but now it was important. "Oh, Pop," he said. "Don't worry about those people—let's get going."

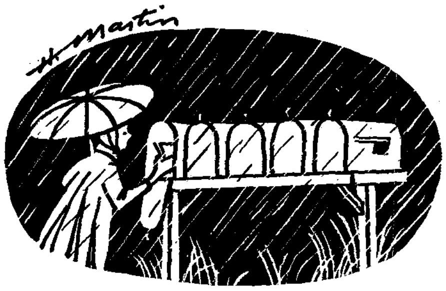
His father turned. He paused, smiling. "Let's roll!" he said. "Let's roll! What're you sitting there for?" He tipped his drink to Andrew. "Get your things together," he said. He finished his drink in one draught, placed the glass on the table, and left the room. Andrew looked down between his feet. Realizing his father was already showing his drinks, he thought, Oh my.

But not more than five minutes passed before his father came back. He was dressed now in a fresh white shirt and a maroon silk tie, and his new suit coat. His father was a dresser. From a distance he looked like a diplomat or a banker, even though up close, as he was now, the texture of his skin and the colorations of his teeth and the watery film that covered his eyes gave him away. His father was a factory worker, a tool-and-die maker for the Chevrolet Motor Company. He sipped directly from the bottle now before he put it into a paper bag. "O.K., partner, let's travel," he said, and Andrew followed him out into the heat and down the back steps to the driveway.

This was his father's Saturday dressing-to-go-out-and-drink routine. It was telescoped into the morning hours now, but it usually took place in the late afternoon, when, with his more gradual drinking, he generally told Andrew stories about himself, or joked with him, calling him a "tattered newsboy," or taught him how to hit someone bigger than himself, or had Andrew punch him in his tightened stomach or on his doubled-up brick-sized arm muscle. It was a good time however you looked at it, and Andrew had his first sense now of missing it. He had never seen his father drink this much this early, even on those few occasions before when something associated with his mother was in the air.

On the driveway, waiting for his father to back the car out of the garage, Andrew had the thought that maybe his father was right, maybe it was a mistake to "pursue," as his father had said, "any dealings with those people." The tennis shoes Andrew was wearing had been in his locker at school all year, and he went up on them now to the balls of his feet, and felt light-footed and very fast, felt the need to run—but with no place to run to—as the car came backing out of the garage.

HIS father continued to drink all the way to the lake. They said little to each other. His father fell into a mood that was not like his usual drinking moods. Andrew sat quietly and took the pint from the glove box each time it was asked for, unscrewed the cap, and held the bottle out while his father secured the wheel in one hand and reached without looking to take it. His father would swig and wheeze and pucker his lips, and hold the bottle in the crotch of his legs, and swig and wheeze again before he handed the bottle back. His lips took on a damp, wormy color, and his face and neck were growing raw-plum-colored, as they usually did on weekends. Andrew sat quietly, smelling the new waves of warm-sweet alcohol, and only occasionally glanced at his father. Oddly enough for this moment, Andrew realized why his father always bought pint bottles rather than fifths. They were easier to hide; they fitted into the glove box, or into his lunch bucket. Andrew looked over at his father's profile then. He felt disgust; he looked back down the highway.



When they came to the tavern his mother and her second husband operated, his father pulled into the gravel parking lot and stopped, and sat a full minute before he turned off the ignition. The tavern, which was built of pink stucco, stood at the head of a dirt road that led down to the lakeside houses and cottages. A channel ran from behind the tavern to the lake. Opening the door, finally, his father said, "Wait here. I'll see where the hell they all are." He got out of the car, but before leaving he looked in and added, "This is dumb, Son. This is really dumb."

Andrew watched him walk over and move between two cars that stood opposite the door of the tavern, passing into and out of the midmorning glare from their hoods. The glare knifed into Andrew's eyes. When he refocussed them, his father was at the doorway, rocking forward from his toes so slightly as he cupped his hands to light a cigarette that you had to

---

READING THE BROTHERS GRIMM TO JENNY

Jenny, your mind commands
kingdoms of black and white:
you shoulder the crow on your left,
the snowbird on your right;
for you the cinders part
and let the lentils through,
and noise falls into place
as screech or sweet roo-coo,
while in my own, real, world
gray foxes and gray wolves
bargain eye to eye,
and the amazing dove
takes shelter under the wing
of the raven to keep dry.

Knowing that you must climb,
one day, the ancient tower
where disenchantment binds
the curls of innocence,
that you must live with power
and honor circumstance,
that choice is what comes true—
oh, Jenny, pure in heart,
why do I lie to you?

Why do I read you tales
in which birds speak the truth
and pity cures the blind,
and beauty reaches deep
to prove a royal mind?
Death is a small mistake
there, where the kiss revives;
Jenny, we make just dreams
out of our unjust lives.

Still, when your truthful eyes,
your keen, attentive stare,
endow the vacuous slut
with royalty, when you match
her soul to her shimmering hair,
what can she do but rise
to your imagined throne?
And what can I, but see
beyond the world that is,
when, faithful, you insist
I have the golden key—
and learn from you once more
the terror and the bliss,
the world as it might be?

—LISEL MUELLER

● ●

• •

know him to see that his balance had swayed from control.

Andrew sat and looked down the channel behind the tavern. Several boats were tied to a dock there, beside a red gas pump. The dream he had carried with him all week of visiting Howard, of fishing, came to mind, but left again, like the glare of sunlight. Still, there was an odor of lake water in the air; there was hope.

After a moment, he left the car and walked down to the dock. White foam was washing back and forth in the weeds at the edge of the channel, and an unidentifiable fish lay on its side in the wash, gray and fully bloated. Crouching down at the end of the dock, he looked into the water, into his reflection—looked at his own face for just a second—and then looked beyond at the sandy-weedy bottom, where black moss was wavering like hair on the stones and dock piles. The dream of the lake flashed through him again; his sneakers caught with a little friction on the dock slats and his fast, light-footed feeling came back. He had only to get rid of his father. Passing in front of the tavern again, he looked through the screen door and smelled the damp cigarette coolness that came from within, but he saw nothing beyond the sunlighted gray fabric of the screen, and doubt returned.

He was waiting in the car when his father came from the door a few minutes later, and with detachment he watched him waver slightly into the side of one of the cars, clearly losing his balance this time, but continuing, obviously trying to appear in control of himself, trying to carry himself—a man in a handsome summer suit, walking over gravel and raising gravel powder around his brown-and-white shoes. Andrew had to look away.

In the car, his father sat still again. A couple of ringlets of wavy hair had fallen down over one side of his forehead; he was deep red-colored now and perspiring, and his shirt collar looked fluorescent white around his neck. Finally, he turned to speak, but said only, "Your mother and Howard are down to the house. You go ahead on down. I'm going back."

Andrew realized at once that something had happened in the tavern. He had expected something to happen, he thought; he had been expecting it all morning. An image of Ward, who had always been referred to as an ex-sailor, came to mind, although he had yet to set eyes on the man.

"Go on now," his father said. "They're down to the house."

Andrew knew he should not ask questions, but the words came out. "What about you? Aren't you going to see Howard?"

Quickly, but without anger, his father said, "Son, the man told me not to go down there."

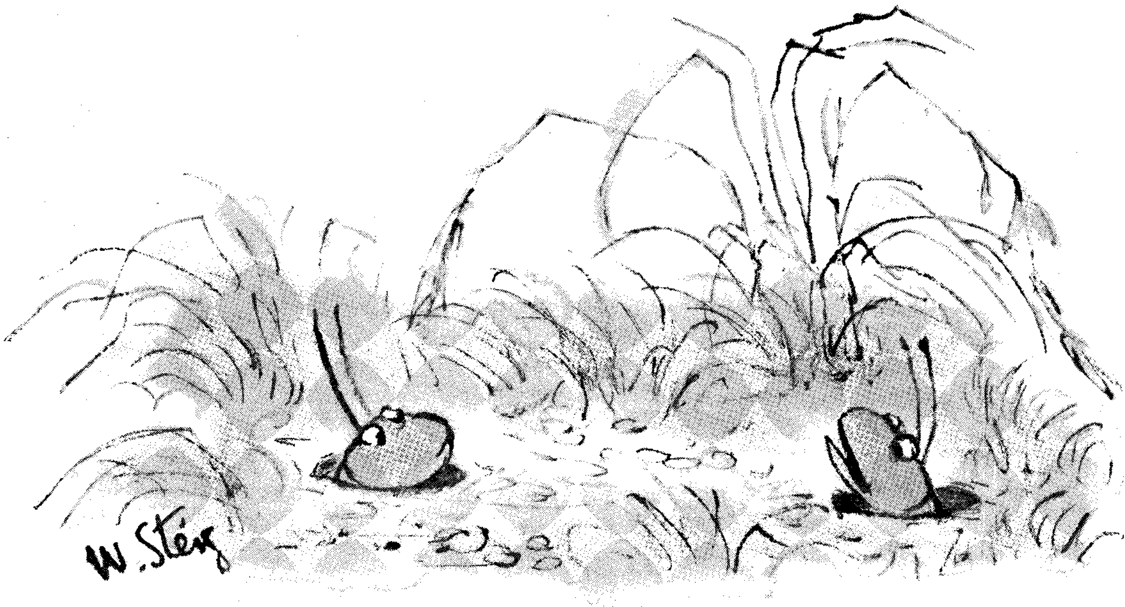
Andrew said nothing to this. He sat looking ahead. He remembered the morning his father came home with his left eye so swollen that nothing but his eyebrow, like a pencil line, was visible; the black-purple had spread down his cheek and lasted for weeks. He remembered the absolute fear he had felt that day.

His father continued to speak softly. "You going to stay or not?" he said.

"We're here, aren't we?" Andrew said. But he felt immediately as if he were trading this weekend, this little possible enjoyment, for something intangible and way out of proportion.

"That's right," his father said. "You go on now and have yourself a good time."

Andrew paused, then took his bag in hand and opened the car door. He got out and eased it shut again, to avoid the tone of finality, and, bending over, he looked in through the window and stared at his father, and their eyes met as they had that morning over the shoe in the bathroom. His father was neither smiling nor not smiling. His eyes looked as baggy and as watery as Andrew had ever seen them. Soft-



"Goodbye, dear one. I'll see you next summer."

• •

ly, his father said, "Slam it, Son."

Andrew reopened the door—the lock hadn't caught—and slammed it, and looked through the window again. "You coming after me tomorrow?" he said.

"Course I'm coming after you. Go on now and enjoy yourself for a change. Do some fishing."

Andrew still paused. "Are you . . . O.K.?" he said.

"O.K. for what?" his father said.

"I don't know," Andrew said.

"Why'd you say that, then?"

"I don't know."

"What do you know for sure?"

"Oh, quite a bit," Andrew said.

His father leaned over to the window then. "Listen, Son," he said. "One of these days we'll have us a couple drinks together and have us a talk. O.K.?"

"O.K.," Andrew said.

After a moment his father said, "Well, they're down to the house. You better go on now. It's a one-story house, white—about half a mile down."

Andrew nodded, and his father leaned back. Andrew straightened up and turned, and as he began walking away he listened for the car to start behind him. When he had gone several steps and the car still did not start, he wanted to look back but knew his father would be watching him now, gauging him in that intoxicated and sentimental way of his. *Go home*, Andrew thought. He continued walking, but his legs seemed now to cover no space. He never did hear the car start, although he listened until he was out of sight along the dirt road and out of hearing, and he listened even then. *Go on*, he thought.

AFTER he had gone down the dirt road a half mile or so and finally approached the single-story white house, Andrew nearly turned back. He saw someone in front of the house, on the grass that ran down to the water. He *knew* it was Howard, but he began trembling over meeting him, and went on to the roadside door at the back of the house, beside the garage, out of Howard's view, where he knocked, and even though he waited several minutes, no one answered his knock. When he worked up his nerve at last and walked around to the front yard, he felt like a strange boy on the block entering the yard of a boy who had always lived there.

"Hey—hullo," he said, from thirty or forty feet.

Howard was doing something over a wooden box, and when he rose to look he did not speak but began smiling broadly.

"What're you doing there?" Andrew said.

Howard said, "By God, it *is* you!"

Andrew was fairly jarred by Howard's appearance—the change and growth that had taken place. Still, his face and voice were recognizable, as though his features had remained almost constant while his face grew longer and thinner. "It's me," Andrew said, and for a moment they stood staring at each other.

"I wasn't sure at first," Howard said. "You sure have changed a lot."

"You, too," Andrew said.

"Boy, does your voice sound different," Howard said.

"Does it?"

"Wow," Howard said, and added awkwardly, "I didn't think anyone could get any uglier, but you sure managed all right for yourself." He finished his line weakly, laughing uncertainly, as if he had been practicing its delivery all week. When he saw Andrew begin smiling, he laughed so hard all at once that tears ran from his eyes.

"You little bastard," Andrew said, as if to show he had grown old enough to swear, to reveal his advanced life in the city.

"You goddam bastard yourself," Howard said, as if to present his case for the country.

"Well, what're you doing, what have you got there?" Andrew said, indicating the wooden box and a handful of dirt Howard held in his hand.

Howard, dropping some dirt along with several worms into the box, almost whispered then. "Listen," he said. "We have to get away from here in a hurry or I'll have to clean the garage." He began moving toward a small dock and a boat tied there, and Andrew put his bag down on the grass to follow. "You staying all night?" Howard asked him, still whispering.

"I planned to," Andrew said.

"Where's Pop? In the house?"

"He already went back," Andrew said, nodding over his shoulder and feeling a little shiver.

They were on the dock now, and Howard was lifting a rope over a post. He nodded for Andrew to climb in, and Andrew stepped into the boat and remained standing. "Where's Mother?" Andrew said.

Crouched on the dock, Howard was pushing the bow of the boat away with his hands. As he pulled himself onto the bow, he said, "Probably still asleep." He quickly made his way around Andrew to the motor. Andrew had the feeling that something important had been left unsettled, but he sat down on the center seat and said nothing. Within a moment, Howard had the motor running and they were moving toward the open water.

Howard kept his eyes just over Andrew's shoulder then, watching the water ahead, and Andrew looked at him, gauging him in that way of his father's. Howard seemed no larger than the motor he now controlled. After a moment Howard turned his eyes to Andrew and smiled, as if proud of himself, of his lake, and of his running the boat. Before Andrew shifted around to face ahead, he smiled back. It was the kind of smile a parent gives for a child's performance—a detached smile, called from a wandering mind and touched with a little love. With the hot sun coating their backs, they moved along into the afternoon.

Sometime later and without warning, Howard turned the handle to full power and the motor roared with the noise of an airplane engine. Andrew had to grab the sides with both hands. The boat slapped the water once, like an opened hand, as it accelerated over the surface. Andrew turned to see a wind-whipped smile on Howard's face. They left a deep churning V behind them now, and the water sprayed up from both sides. Something of the promise of the early morning came back to Andrew.

It wasn't long before they had to go back down the channel to the tavern for gas. The boat cut along forcefully through the water and left the boats tied along the banks bobbing. Andrew still held the sides of the boat. Down the channel, he saw the back side of the tavern coming into view. The words "LAKEVIEW INN" were painted in black on the pink stucco. He knew it was possible his father could be there, waiting around. His father did those things—came around the high school and the ball fields when he was supposed to be at work. Once when Andrew was playing baseball, he had noticed from his shortstop position that his father was over on the street, sitting in the car, but when Andrew slipped over between innings to see him, his father told him it was nothing, told him to go back to his ball game, and drove off a minute later.

Andrew glanced around at the bank as Howard slowed the motor and approached the dock, but saw no one. They stopped beside the red gas pump and tied alongside. Howard told him they had to get the key first, and started up the bank toward the rear of the tavern. Andrew lagged back until Howard turned and said, "Come on."

Howard waited, holding open the back door. They passed through a small dark room filled with beer cases and, opening another door, came into the cool tavern behind one end of the bar. Ward was down the bar, standing opposite a small gathering of men. Andrew had always imagined him to be small, or wiry, or homely—a stubby sailor—but he was tall, taller than his father, and younger-looking. He wore a short-sleeved sports shirt and looked very sober. He said, "Hello there, big shot," to Howard, and looked past Howard to Andrew. Andrew stayed back in the doorway and waited as Howard went up to Ward and talked to him. He was strangely bothered by Ward's youth and height. He imagined his father standing there across the bar and wondered how they had talked to each other. Had they talked right there with the other men watching? What tones of voice had they used? The images that came to mind were not pleasant, as if that hard stomach of his father's and his bricklike arms were strong only for him, as if here in this dark building, where it counted, they had gone soft.

He noticed that Howard and Ward were both looking at him as Howard was talking, and he noticed also that some of the men along the bar were looking his way. He thought they must know he was the son of the man Ward had talked to. ("Ward, listen, I got my boy out here in the car. . . .") He thought they looked too long at him not to know something.

Howard made no introductions. He left Ward then and came back to Andrew with a ring of keys. As he passed Andrew, going first through the doorway, Ward called out, "You guys want some pop, help yourself."

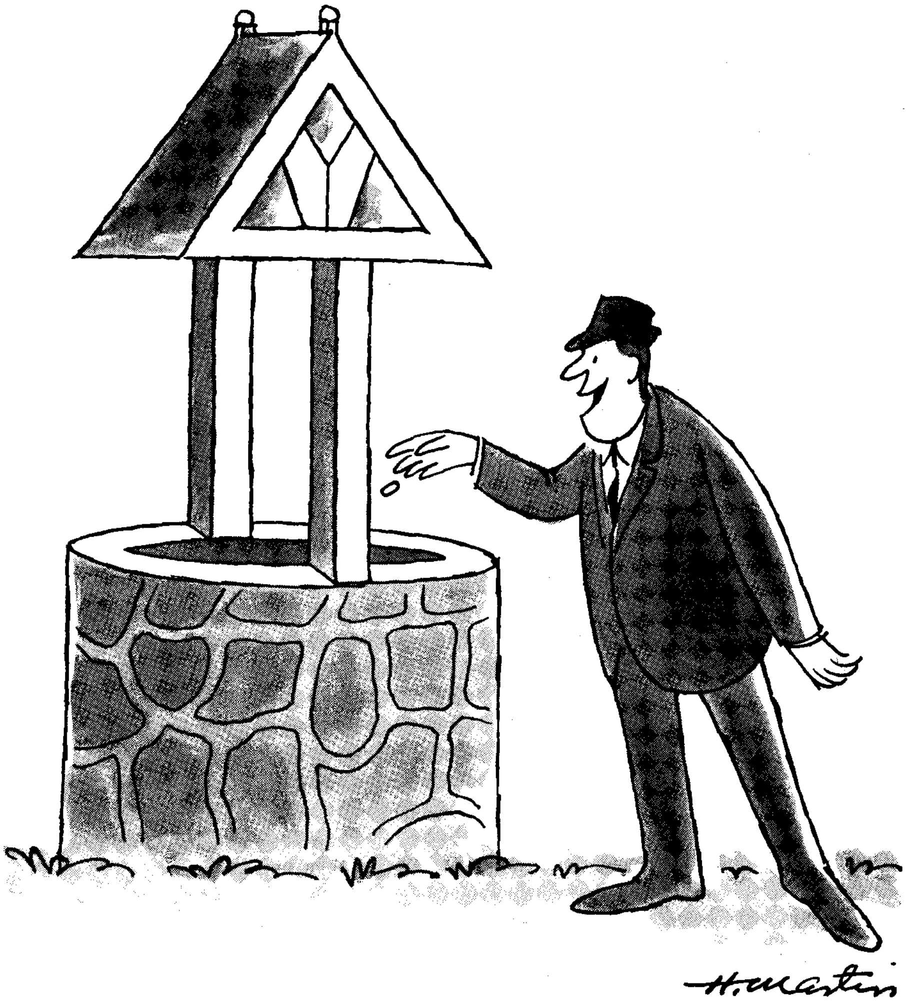
Andrew decided he would have no pop. He followed Howard back into the small room, where Howard lifted the iron handle of a wooden freezer door. "I don't want any, Howard," Andrew said.

Howard ignored him and pulled out two bottles. "Sure you do," he said.

Down on the dock Howard opened the bottles with his pocket jackknife. Andrew hesitated, then took the bottle anyway and drank from it, and looked again at Howard as he unlocked the pump and then knelt to pump gas into a red can on the floor of the boat. Howard looked up and they stared at each other for a moment. "What's the matter?" Howard said.

"Nothing," Andrew said.

"We can go play shuffleboard later,"



"I wish for all the dazzling trappings of success with none of the responsibilities."

THE GLOVE

In its absence it has become beautiful,
my black-leather, my rabbit fur-lined glove,
given over to the foreignness of strangers,

of mad dogs thieving away to the deep woods
with my lost glove. I imagine even
the hunger of hobos and the coveted taste

of leather in their infamous mulligan stews.
I consider my lost glove. I consider
the copulation of rabbits, the precise instant

of conception of that hapless mother's son
who would inhabit my lost glove. I think
of the busy, unknowable chain of commerce,

the wholesale and the retail of my lost glove.
And today I leave my home uncertain
which will effect attention to itself—the one

gloved hand or the one gloveless. I revisit
my itinerary of the night before:
Huffy's Sinclair, the Eagle Mart, and Tic-Toc Lounge;

no one has seen my lost glove. Later I find it
grease-stained behind the cash register of
the Campus Grill. I pull it on, my slipped skin,

and it fits like a good metaphor in that
fortuitous gathering of elements:
cowhide, rabbit fur, the five fingers of my hand.

—Harold Bond

• •

Howard said. "If it's not too crowded."

"Why don't we go fishing?" Andrew said.

"It's too late now," Howard told him. "Wait'll later. Fish never bite this time of day."

Andrew stayed in the boat as Howard ran back to return the keys to Ward. Howard was gone so long that Andrew imagined them whispering about him. He thought of his father and felt relieved that his mother had not been in the tavern when they first arrived.

When Howard came back, he showed Andrew how to operate the motor, and Andrew guided the boat back along the channel toward the open water. He had thought all week of driving the boat, but now he looked ahead as if he were only going from one place to another. Howard looked back from the bow and said, "Hey, give it some gas!"

Andrew turned the handle. The motor roared. But nothing beyond the noise and the vibrating and slamming movement of the boat seemed to be happening. He was not excited. Howard shouted, "Not so much! Take it easy!"

But Andrew did not slow the motor; he had no idea why. He held the handle tight and looked ahead as if he had not heard Howard over the noise, and soon they were again on the open body of the lake.

THAT afternoon, back at the house, Andrew met his mother. She was a tall, dark-haired woman, and her voice, a deep voice, surprised his memory with recognition. "What happened to Andy?" she asked him.

"He had to get back," Andrew said, feeling a shiver.

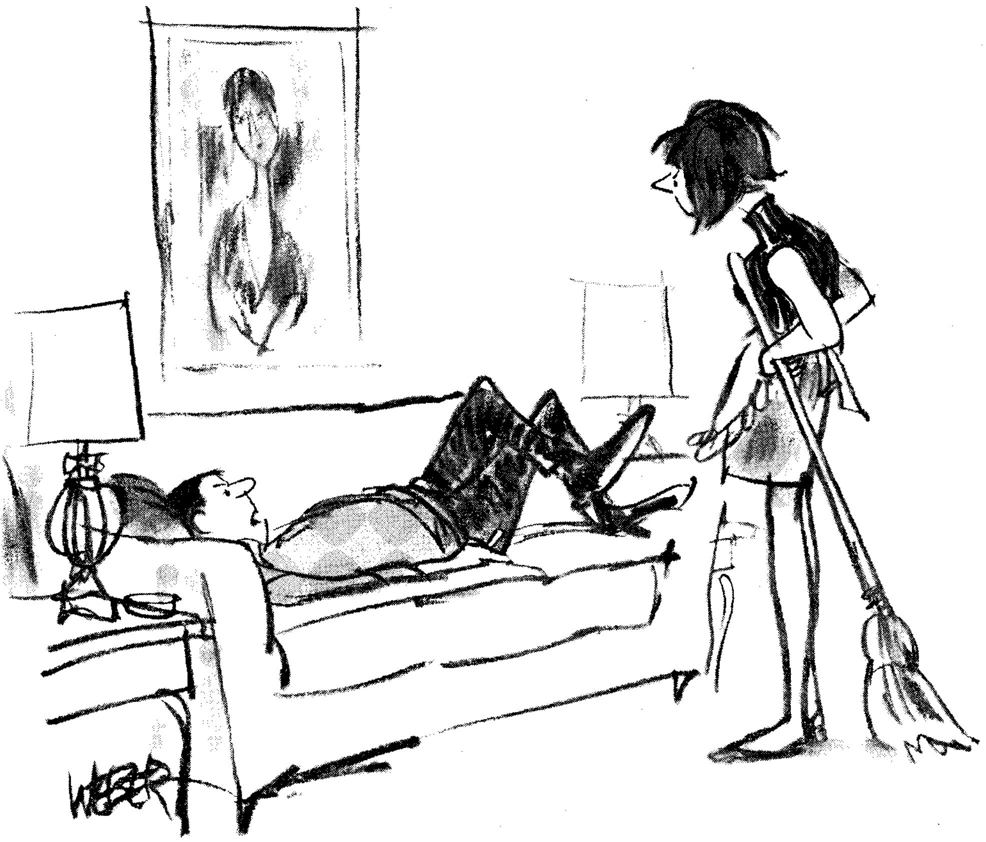
His mother was wearing a silk housecoat and drinking coffee standing up. She kissed him on the cheek then, but said nothing more about his father. She asked him how he had been getting along, how he had done in school, and the kiss and the perfumed odor of a woman stayed with him and softened him as he answered her questions. When she went to the bedroom to dress, she called to Howard to fix himself and Andrew some lunch. Howard called back that they had already eaten. After a few minutes he whispered to Andrew, and they went back to the tavern by boat to play shuffleboard.

There were more people in the tavern, including several women, and music was playing on a jukebox. This time Ward said, "How are ya, fella?" to Andrew, and Andrew said, "O.K." Everyone in the place seemed to know each other and seemed to be happy with the day, or with the summertime. Still, as they played shuffleboard, Andrew felt that Ward was keeping an eye on him, and when the men and women at the bar laughed he wondered if they were laughing about his father, if the men who had been there before were now telling the story to the women. The idea angered him, and several times he pushed the weighted disks so hard they slammed into the side and ran down the gutter. Howard was an expert at shuffleboard, and beat him at every turn.

When his mother came in the front door of the tavern, Andrew did not recognize her at first. She wore a shining summer dress, with a little ruffle of something white outlining a deep V down her throat, and makeup—dark lipstick—and high-heeled shoes. The people along the bar turned on their stools and called to her, calling her Joy, and looked happy and somehow honored if she spoke to them. Andrew felt proud that she was his mother, that she was so nice-looking. She talked to the people as she walked along, laughing and throwing her head back to realign her hair, stopping several minutes with some people and only a moment with others, until she was at the end of the bar and ducked under it to come up on the other side. Another man was working with Ward now, an older man, and Andrew heard him say, "How's my sweetheart?" to his mother.

Andrew looked at her occasionally from the shuffleboard. She had not noticed him and Howard when she first came in, but after a while she came over to the shuffleboard. She told Howard that this would have to be their last game, as it was getting too crowded. She looked at Andrew then and smiled warmly, and asked if he was having a good time. She was rich with the odor of perfume and face powder, and with the little rustling of her silk dress against her legs and inside her arms, and Andrew said, "Oh, yes."

THAT evening when the sun had gone down and most of the boats had left the lake, and after Andrew and



"What am I doing? I'm thinking about peace forever for all mankind. What are you doing?"

• •

Howard had eaten a dinner of leftovers and potato chips and pop at the house, they went fishing. Howard was not allowed to take the boat on the water after dark, so they fished from the bank, using the night crawlers from the wooden box. Howard showed Andrew how to hook two of the long worms onto the hook so they made a gob, and they caught dozens of bullheads, just off the bank in the shallow water. They caught most of the bullheads before they were actually hooked and threw them back onto the grass, and unhooked others by holding them underfoot, to avoid their horns, and using pliers to take the hook from their small grinding teeth, and caught still others almost at once on the same gob of worms.

It grew completely dark, but they could still see the red-and-white bobbers on their lines reflecting the house lights behind them. Andrew enjoyed himself now for more than a few moments at a time; when he felt the line go taut, felt it pull and tremble heavily, and finally saw it zigzag and cut water as it took the bobber down into the blackness, there was nothing else to think about.

They swore a good deal after a while, with Howard beginning. "You have to get your line out before the bastards swallow the hook," he said to Andrew.

Cottages and houses around the lake were lighted, their yellow lights running far over the surface; there was music in the air and occasionally laughter or a voice. Howard swore for all the lake to hear. "They can't see the worms," he said. "They smell the bastards."

Andrew found it satisfying to swear. "Hey, I caught another one of the bastards," he said.

The night air remained warm. Fish thumped now and then behind them on the grass, and the frogs and insects around the lake were singing, buzzing with a continuous hum, an added special volume, as if to fill the air itself, to deny any space for thinking. Around midnight they kicked the fish back into the water—kicked them because Howard said they would stick their hands on the horns. Howard explained how bullheads were tough fish and could do something special with their gills to stay alive for hours out of water, and although some of them rolled over on the water's surface a little before they slipped away into the black, none of them died.

Andrew was so pleasantly tired and filled with having caught the fish that he felt as if he had somehow gone on to start a new part of his life. Before he went to sleep, lying on a cot in the small, quiet bedroom he shared with Howard, he thought of his father, and had a vision for a moment of himself being above his father's confusion, of having passed through it as a stranger—as if the magic sense of the early morning had endured after all.

BUT during the night, voices woke him, raised him from his full sleep to half waking. He recognized after a moment the strange bed with its strange damp odor, and remembered where he was—remembered not only the previous day but glimpsed his entire life—and came fully awake. The voices were from the kitchen, and he lay listening, watching the line of dull white along the bottom of the bedroom door.

There were four or five of them, and laughter was around everything they said. Andrew looked across the room toward Howard's bed, but heard nothing, could see nothing in the darkness. He had the idea that both he and Howard were lying there awake, listening and thinking, both of them somehow caught this way. He considered whispering to Howard, considered talking to him to somehow straighten out in their own way this confusion that had them listening in the dark, and afraid. But Andrew was not sure of the idea, nor sure of Howard, nor of himself, and he could not bring himself to speak.

There were both men and women in the kitchen. Andrew knew Ward's voice the way you never forget certain voices even though you've heard them only once or twice ("You guys want some pop . . ."), but his mother's voice sounded different. He listened to her tell how she and Em Lewis had decided to open a whorehouse, a lakeside whorehouse with a boat dock lined with red lights. (Was Em Lewis a man or a woman?) And every time she used the word, even though his father used language much stronger than that when he was wild, Andrew felt upset, felt himself shiver. He lay still and listened, or did not try not to listen, until the people left. He listened then to Ward and his mother talking farther away in the house, and after that he listened for some time to nothing but the wandering of his mind.

When he woke at daylight, he remembered everything all over again. He recognized the sheets and the room, and he recognized himself. But the voices from the night, as well as Howard's and his own when they had been catching bullheads, were like voices in a dream and difficult to play over in his mind. He heard birds singing outside now, and far over the lake, after a moment, a lone motor started and moved away. According to the way he guessed the time in the morning at home, by the sun and the feel of the air, he thought it must be only five or five-thirty. He worried for the first time about his paper route. He knew Mick Conrad would not be up yet, and would probably not finish the route until ten o'clock.

After a moment, he rose quietly from the cot and stood there, in the underwear he had slept in, and looked over at Howard. Howard lay with his eyes closed, holding his pillow. His upper lip and nose were curved up against the pillow, and his T-shirt was yellowish-looking against the gray wilted sheets. He was asleep—Andrew could hear the rising and falling of his breath. There was no question of talking to him, not in the daylight, which held no intimacy. Andrew stared at him, gauged him again, and for a moment he was unable to look away. Howard Connell.

In the kitchen, Andrew crossed the linoleum floor on his bare toes and looked through the glass panel of the kitchen door. The dirt road that ran back to the tavern was empty, its surface lightly grained from dew. He thought of the full day to go. Would his father come to the house? What would his father and Ward say to each other now?

Then, on the way to the bathroom, Andrew saw something that made his heart actually jump. They were naked. Their bedroom door was open and they lay asleep, in a tangle, naked. Andrew paused before he went to the bathroom, but once there he was unable to urinate. He stood back, leaned against the cool tile wall, and took in a deep breath.

And after a moment he went back to look in their bedroom door. They had not moved. He stared at his mother. This was the first time he had ever seen a woman's naked body. He stared at her, at her alone, as if Ward's body were not there. He wanted to keep on staring, but he imagined them opening their eyes now and catching him. He walked into the kitchen and stood a moment. He thought he could hear their breathing in the morning's quiet. He could clearly hear his own.

He went to their door again and glanced in and saw that this time they had moved. They continued to sleep, but their bodies had shifted. His mother was entirely visible now. He stayed just long enough to stare again at her body, at the powdery-looking smoothness of her flesh against the hairy background of Ward. Thoughts passed in his mind with the ghostlike and wavering diffuseness of weeds seen deep in the green water from the moving boat. He thought of his father. He thought of Ward Connell telling his father not to go down there. And he looked at his mother and thought of her. For a second then, everything in his life that had been confusing seemed to be rising from its confusion, seemed to be focussing into clarity. But the moment blurred quickly.

Back in the bedroom, Howard was still sleeping. Andrew looked at him again. Then he very nearly looked away, very nearly turned to climb back into bed, to go on with the day, to let the day itself carry him along and work itself out, to rise and later to disintegrate its own shadows. Then the knowledge came to him. Howard Connell. Howard Connell was not his brother.

Andrew left the bedroom again. He passed their door on his way to the bathroom and glanced in to see them sleeping as before. When he had finished in the bathroom, he paused a moment, trying to decide whether or not to flush the toilet in the Sunday-morning quiet, and then he flushed it. He held the handle down as if to prolong its gushing-sucking roar, as if to announce his knowledge to them all. And he thought, Oh, Pop.

When he came from the bathroom, their door was closing its last several inches. They must have known he had seen them. He was not disappointed by their knowing.

Howard continued to sleep. Andrew's gym bag was there by the foot of the cot he had slept in, and when he had picked it up and decided to dress and leave, he could not move quickly enough. If they stopped him now, if he had to wait the full day for his father . . . the day looked as long as the entire summer. But he decided they would not stop him, he would not allow them to stop him, and he felt strong. He would run if he had to—if he couldn't talk his way out, he would run: they would see.

When he had dressed, when he had packed his bag and quietly drawn the zipper, and at last looked back, he saw Howard was watching him. Howard lay with his eyes open.

And Howard said, without condemnation, with worry, "Where you going?"

Andrew paused, looking at Howard. "Home," he said.

"What's the matter?" Howard said.

"Nothing," Andrew said.

"Why do you want to go home?"

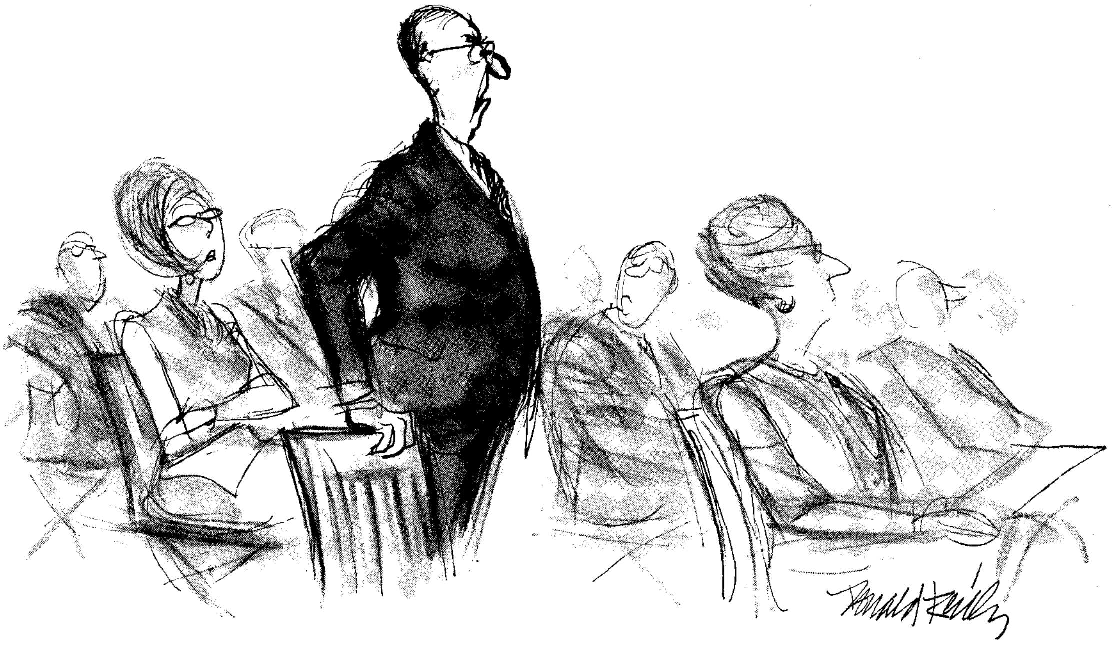
"I don't know. I just feel like it."

"Don't you want to go fishing?"

Andrew hesitated. Then he said, "No. Not now."

They looked at each other for a moment.

Andrew spoke again. "Maybe you



"I'd just like to say, Mr. Chairman, that when I was a boy we never felt the need of a staff psychiatrist in my elementary school."

• •

can come stay in town with me sometime," he said.

"Mother doesn't want me to," Howard said.

Andrew said, "Well . . ." but did not finish.

"Are you mad or something?" Howard said.

"I'm not mad."

They paused again. Briefly, for no more than a second, the passing of a shadow, Andrew felt the same pressure he had felt under the eave of the neighbor's garage. But he stopped it now, he was experienced now, and he said to Howard, "Listen, I'm going. But I'll come back. I'll come back and see you. Go back to sleep." He opened the bedroom door and said, "Go on to sleep," and stepped through the doorway and closed the door behind him, carefully and not completely, and paused there, for Howard was all over his mind. He saw Howard the baby, and Howard the boy, and Howard Connell—Howard Connell lying there with his own shadows now—and even though some part of Andrew was telling him to stay, telling him to go back, to talk, he could not. He walked across the kitchen floor, opened the door, and left the house.

The air helped, as if the air were distance, as if he were back in the world of the sleeping. He hurried along the carpet-soft dirt road, and after a moment he heard a truck pass on the highway. Its tires sang. They sang for a long time, until, almost imperceptibly, the singing was not there. He walked faster. He tried to make his mind think of something, and thought of the city. He imagined being there, and remembered how quiet and hot it was on Sunday afternoons in the summertime. He saw the streets empty; he saw his father asleep in his bedroom, with the fan on his dresser, the fan sweeping back and forth, back and forth, so slowly.

He passed the tavern. Its gravel parking lot was empty now, and stale-looking with litter. He thought of Ward. Was Ward Howard's father? Probably not. But maybe so. It didn't seem to matter. Howard was only his half brother.

In the afternoon the Coney Island would have its windows opened to the sidewalk, its grill just inside the windowsill lined with rows of pink, glistening hot dogs. Maybe this afternoon he would go to a movie. He would go to a good theatre—the Capitol or the Palace, rather than the Ritz or the State—even though the good theatres charged more, even though they showed only one feature. He was already in the mood to go to the movies; he sensed some degree of the fine feeling he usually had afterward, when he left the cool theatre with its thick red carpets and its marble walls and came out under the marquee, where it was instantly warmer and where life, if the movie was good, seemed new and in the future.

He called his father from an old country Sunoco station along the highway. His father answered on the second ring; his voice sounded awake and sober.

"Pop," Andrew said. "What are you doing?"

"Fixing some eggs," his father said. "What are you doing?"

"Listen, can you come after me?" Andrew said.

"You ready to come home?" his father said.

"I'm ready."

"Have you had your breakfast?"

"No. Not yet."

"I'll be right there," his father said. "Is everything all right?"

"Yes," Andrew said.

They paused for a moment before his father said, "I'll be right there, Son. Listen, it sure isn't the same when you're not here in the morning. I'm sorry about yesterday."

"That's O.K.," Andrew said. He knew he could tell his father now that he understood about Howard, and he paused, but did not tell him. He said, "I'll see you then. I'll be walking on the highway."

Andrew walked again, in the warm air. He tried after a moment to think of some story about himself to tell himself, the way he often put his mind to sleep at night, or made the time pass on his paper route or in a quiet classroom—the daydreams of impossible love and impossible heroics, which he could raise so easily to long moments of possibility. But daydreams refused to work now, the gears refused to catch. He thought of Howard. And of his father. Within his thoughts the length of the summer yet to go, July and August, seemed to rise from the highway like years. Somewhere ahead was the moment when he would have to tell his father of his understanding about Howard, and the moment when he would have to listen to his father's explanation. Somewhere ahead, also, were unblurred moments, absolving moments with neither ghosts nor shadows, when he and his father would have no need to explain themselves.

He walked. He wasn't sure if he was feeling joy or pain.

—THEODORE WEESNER

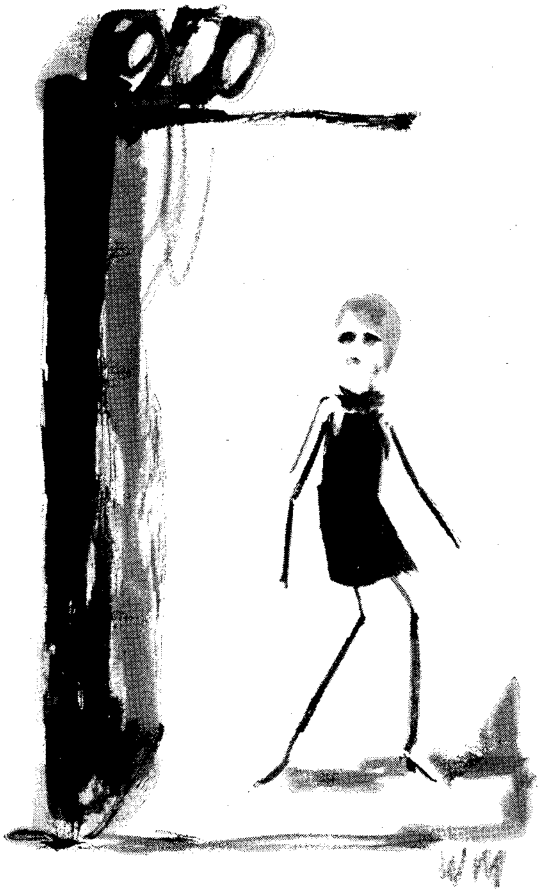
•

First came one of those infuriating 2½-hour delays on the ground while a mechanic replaced a faulty electrical relay, a standard item on any jet transport.
—*Time.*

Really?

A REPORTER AT LARGE

A SUPER NEW THING



ABOUT one o'clock on a Monday afternoon in March, on the second floor of the International Arrivals Building at John F. Kennedy Airport, a smallish office that is normally used by half a dozen reporters and photographers assigned to the airport beat was unusually crowded—jammed, in fact. Photographers' equipment was scattered everywhere, cigarette butts and paper coffee cups were littered around, the air was thick with smoke, and everybody seemed to be chattering, yawning, or lounging the time away as reporters customarily do while they are awaiting a big press conference. On a bulletin board in the office, typed notices had been posted, presumably on the initiative of press agents employed by various airlines. The notices concerned pending arrivals. One of them read:

> FYI according to tom kraft, twa, yvonne d'angers, topless entertainer threatened with deportation to iran, is sked to arrive at kennedy at 643 pm today from washington dc on TWA flight 700. She will hold a press conference at the airport. She appeared before the US immigration service in washington.

It was not this imminent event that had brought the press out in such force, however. Rather, it was the subject of a second notice:

> TWA Twiggy, England's foremost teen fashion model, is arriving 703/17 sked arrl 240 pm. Her people in New York have arranged to hold a press conference in the press room at the IAB immediately after her arrival.
>
> WALT DAY TWA

Everybody present knew something about Twiggy. During the previous month or so, the newspapers and the popular magazines all seemed to have been running pictures of her and articles about her, and a curious sort of excitement seemed to have been stirred up over her person and the story of her sudden rise to fame: how, at seventeen, she had blond hair cut short like a boy's, and had a figure of amazing slimness, and weighed only ninety-one pounds; how she had never finished high school; how she had a strong Cockney accent, lived with her mum and dad in northwest London, and was fond of porridge; how, a couple of years ago, she had become the protégé of a young former London hairdresser of Mod appearance, who had changed his name from Nigel Davies to Justin de Villeneuve, and who was now her manager and constant companion; how de Villeneuve had given his client, whose real name was Lesley Hornby, the simple name of Twiggy and had relentlessly promoted her interests until, in the fall of 1966, she suddenly burst into such prominence as a model that she now appeared to be about to supersede in popular acclaim the beautiful and highly publicized English model Jean Shrimpton, who had lately branched out from modelling into movie-making. Now Twiggy was to visit the United States for six weeks, in order to model for several well-known American photographers, and also, it seemed, to promote a collection of clothes to which she had lent her name—the Twiggy line. And Twiggy was being accompanied on her trip to the United States by de Villeneuve.

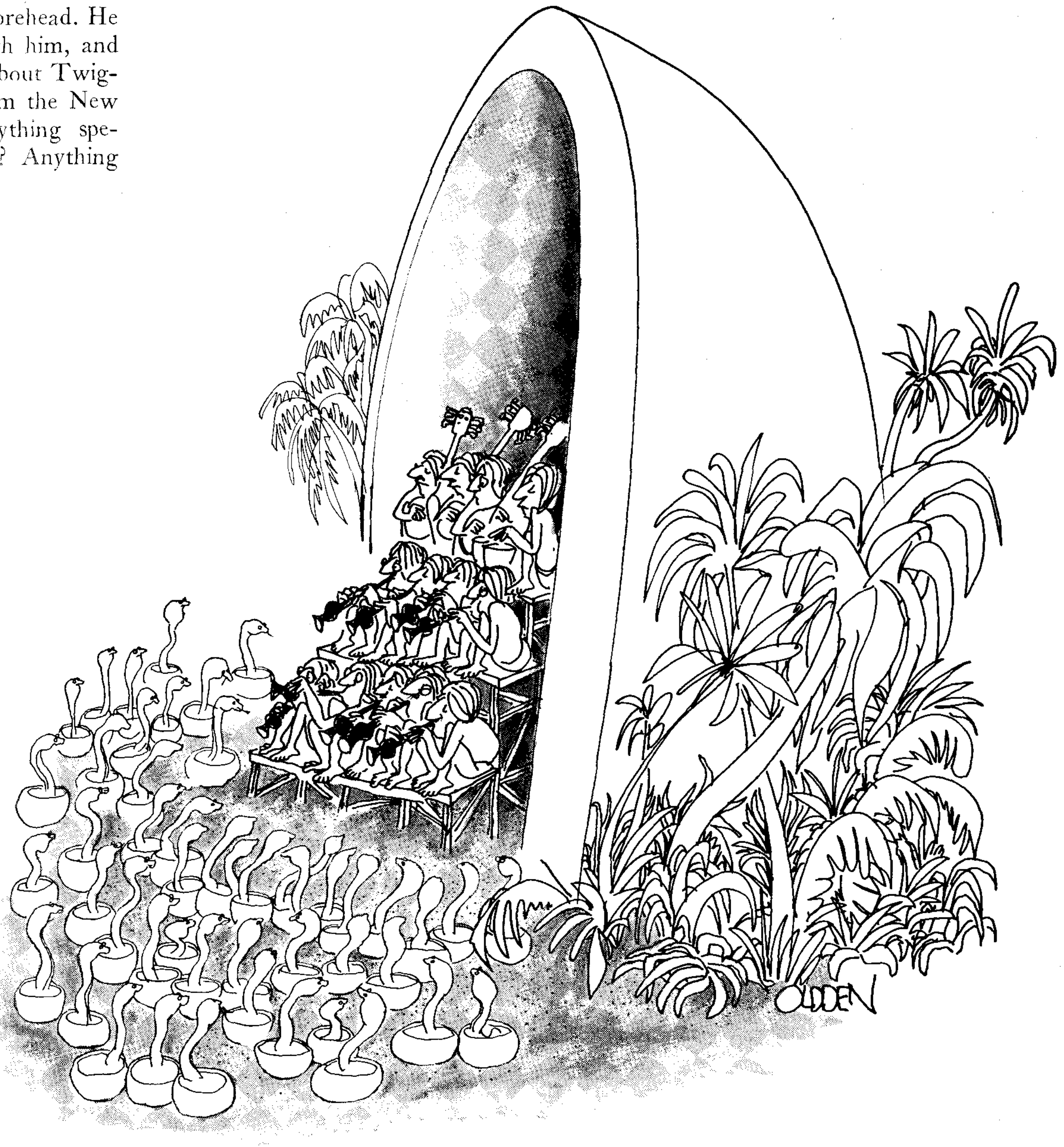
The press conference, like all big press conferences, was to be held not in the working-press room on the second floor of the International Arrivals Building but in the Port Authority press-conference room, on the main floor. By the time I went down there, about half an hour before Twiggy's plane was due to arrive, the place had filled up with between forty and fifty reporters, photographers, and film cameramen and sound men, waiting for Twiggy's arrival. It was an unusual assembly, containing not only big-waisted, heavy-jowled, half-bald photographers from the daily press but also a young, suède-jacketed photographic crowd equipped with clean, new Nikons instead of the scuffed, scratched cameras, their metalwork sometimes pasted over here or there with adhesive tape, that the older generation of cameramen tended to carry. The reporters present included a number of correspondents for the big London dailies ("De Villeneuve, this fellow calls himself," I heard one of the Fleet Street representatives say to another. "That's the name of the French admiral Nelson defeated at Trafalgar") and a number of girl fashion reporters in miniskirts. I also spotted, at the center of things, Twiggy's representative in this country—a handsome, freckle-faced, determined young woman, Mrs. Barbara Thorbahn Stone, who is vice-president of Stewart Models, the New York model agency that was to handle Twiggy's photographic assignments here. Barbara Thorbahn (to use the name she is best known by professionally) was wearing a blue-red-and-yellow striped outfit and big sunglasses. A couple of days before, I had talked with her about Twiggy. "The whole world wants to do a story on Twiggy," she had said. "*Life* did a story seven weeks ago—the little girl from London who's setting the world on fire. And they're going to do another on her—a fashion story. *Look* is going to have a story about Twiggy in a coming issue. I can't begin to handle the phone calls that are coming in about her. There's been nothing out of England like this since the Beatles and the Stones. I guess it's somehow just natural evolution that Twiggy should be the next step. Anyway, the teen-age girls really go for her. As a matter of fact, I like her very much. Justin is her manager, and I have only admiration for him; it's remarkable that somebody so young knows so much about p.r. He's the one who says yes or no on everything. Everything. He knows exactly how far he can go, and how much to ask, and he hasn't been wrong so far. They committed themselves to me last November. Twiggy will be working here only for top advertisers and magazines, at a rate of a hundred and twenty dollars an hour. Bert Stern, the fashion photographer, has arranged with Justin and Twiggy to make a full-length documentary film on Twiggy in New York." Now, in response to a question I put, Miss Thorbahn told me, waving a hand toward the crowd collected for the press conference, that it was she who had notified the press about the time of Twiggy's arrival. She added, "But we have no paid p.r. man here. I had so many press calls coming in about Twiggy during the last week, and her arrival looked like such a pushing and shoving, who-gets-there-first sort of thing, that I finally let the Port Authority p.r. people provide the setup for a formal press conference."

Miss Thorbahn pointed out Bert Stern in the crowd—a short, nimble-looking man with a large forehead. He had two camera crews with him, and he was being interviewed about Twiggy by a girl in yellow, from the New York *Post*. "Is there anything special she likes? Like yogurt? Anything special she has with her on the plane?" the girl asked.

"No. She likes artichokes, but she doesn't have any with her," Stern replied. He went on to say that he had succeeded in hiring a big helicopter to take Twiggy and her party from the airport into Manhattan.

Presently, word reached the press-conference room that the Twiggy-bearing jet was arriving in a few minutes. There was a rush of photographers outside to the ramp area. (The immigration, health, and customs authorities allow no reporters to conduct interviews there, and, because of quarantine regulations, photographers are required to stay fifteen feet away from the landing ramp of a plane.) Some time after this exodus, a photographer for United Press International came back and reported that Twiggy had landed, all right. "She's in an outfit—she looks as if she was goin' to date Batman!" he said. "She's wearing sunglasses and this wide coat, and some guy, some Carnaby Street type, is standing by her, and a photographer yells, 'Hey, fella, get out of the way!' And this Carnaby Street type says right back, '*I will not!*' "

The photographer had hardly delivered this report when there was a great commotion in a corridor leading to the press-conference room. A series of flashes, like heat lightning, played against the corridor walls, and then, surrounded by a frantic scramble of photographers, Twiggy and her manager entered, de Villeneuve leading her by the hand. Twiggy, who was not wearing sunglasses now, was laughing. Her eyelashes were huge, and she was wearing a tentlike coat of very bright orange. De Villeneuve, at her side, had a large mop of dark hair, Mod style, and was wearing a vivid-green shirt with an extremely high collar, a loosely knotted pinkish cravat of some filmy material, and a double-breasted blue suit, and he carried in one hand a folded lorgnette, which was secured by a black ribbon around his neck. Twiggy and her manager were conducted onto a microphone-cluttered stage in the conference room, and within seconds the place was in an uproar—still photographers yelling at Twiggy and quarrelling with one another, television cameramen yelling, too, and reporters shouting questions. "Stick your tongue out, Twiggy! Stick your tongue out!" one gray-haired photographer shouted over and over; he was sweating heavily, and he kept jamming his face against the back of his camera as though he were trying to fight his way through the opening offered by its viewfinder. Eventually, Twiggy stuck her tongue out. De Villeneuve unfolded his lorgnette, boldly looked



around the room through it, and, glancing at the photographer, cried, "Man's a bounder!" Then members of the assembled news media began to get their questions in, as the reels of tape recorders slowly revolved.

MARY PANGALOS, WCBS: Oh, Twiggy? Twiggy, could we start by— Could we talk to you now? Well, this is your first trip to America, and I wonder if you have any sort of itinerary of the things you'd like to see here and do here. You know—all the questions you ever had about America.

TWIGGY: Um, I'm looking forward to going into the helicopter, you know, that goes into New York. And I want to see the Empire State Building and go to the top.

JIM GASH, WNEW: What do you think of this reception you're getting here today?

TWIGGY (*short laugh*): Fantastic. I can't believe it. (*Longer giggle*)

GASH: What do you think about all the things that have happened to you? You're only seventeen years old, you're making more money than the Prime Minister.

TWIGGY: Am I? (*Long laugh*)

GASH: You are.

JUSTIN DE VILLENEUVE: She's prettier. (*Laughter from several people; long, high laugh from Twiggy*)

"*Yeah? And just who in the hell do you think you are?*"

TWIGGY: I— You know, it's just— You know, I like it, obviously. But, you know, I don't know why it happened.

GASH: Twiggy— Twiggy, what do you think you have that all the other models in the world don't have?

TWIGGY: I don't think I have. (*Long laugh*)

GASH: Are you beautiful?

TWIGGY: Not really. I don't think so.

GASH: What do you— How do you explain all this, all the things that have happened?

TWIGGY: I dunno. He'll explain. I dunno. (*General laughter*)

GASH: Justin, what do you think?

DE VILLENEUVE: I think she's very beautiful, and—

SOMEONE: Speak up!

DE VILLENEUVE: I think she's very beautiful, and in front of a camera she projects her personality, and, apart from looking very good, this personality comes across in her work and her photographs are very good.

MISS PANGALOS (*to de Villeneuve*): What is her personality?

DE VILLENEUVE: Well, happy beauty.

MISS PANGALOS (*still to de Villeneuve*): Well, what do you think will happen here in America? What do you think her effect will be on American women?

DE VILLENEUVE: I think on American teen-agers she'll have the same effect as the Beatles. She's sort of the miniqueen of the new social aristocracy in England, and I feel that as the Beatles came across, Twiggy will have the same meaning.

GASH (*to Twiggy*): Do you think your figure is— Do you think your figure is the thing of the future?

TWIGGY (*short laugh*): I suppose so. I dunno. It's not really what you call a figure, is it? (*General laughter*)

GASH: How would you describe yourself?

TWIGGY: Thin.

GASH: What else?

DE VILLENEUVE: Hard work for—

TWIGGY: Spindly legs.

DE VILLENEUVE: Hard work for—

TWIGGY: I dunno, you know.

GASH: How about your personality? How would you describe that?

TWIGGY: Ask him.

GASH: No, he described it. We wanted to get your description.

TWIGGY: I dunno.

GASH: Do you see yourself as the model of the year 1967?

TWIGGY: I dunno.

GASH: Who would you most like— Twiggy, who would you most like to

CANOE
CANOE
Dana
a man's after shave, after bath cologne
by Dana
MADE, BOTTLED, SEALED IN FRANCE

meet in this country, if you meet anybody?

Twiggy: Who?

De Villeneuve: We'd like to go to Hollywood, I think.

Gash: Is there any star, or anything? One person?

De Villeneuve: I'd like to meet President Johnson.

Someone: Cassius Clay?

Twiggy: Oh, yeah, I'd like to meet him.

Gash: You'd like to meet who?

Twiggy: Cassius Clay.

Gash: Of everybody in the country, you'd like to meet Cassius?

Twiggy: I dunno, really, I dunno.

Someone: Who else?

Twiggy: I can't think of a name.

Gash: What would you— What would you like to tell American teenagers?

Twiggy: I dunno. (*Short laugh*)

Gash: Do you think you're a typical English girl?

Twiggy: I suppose so, yes.

Gash: Except a little richer?

Twiggy (*long giggle*): No.

Gash: Are you amazed by your success? Does it surprise you?

Twiggy (*with laugh*): Yes.

Gash: Really?

Twiggy: Yes.

Gash: How do you explain it?

Twiggy: I dunno. I just probably came along at the right time. . . .

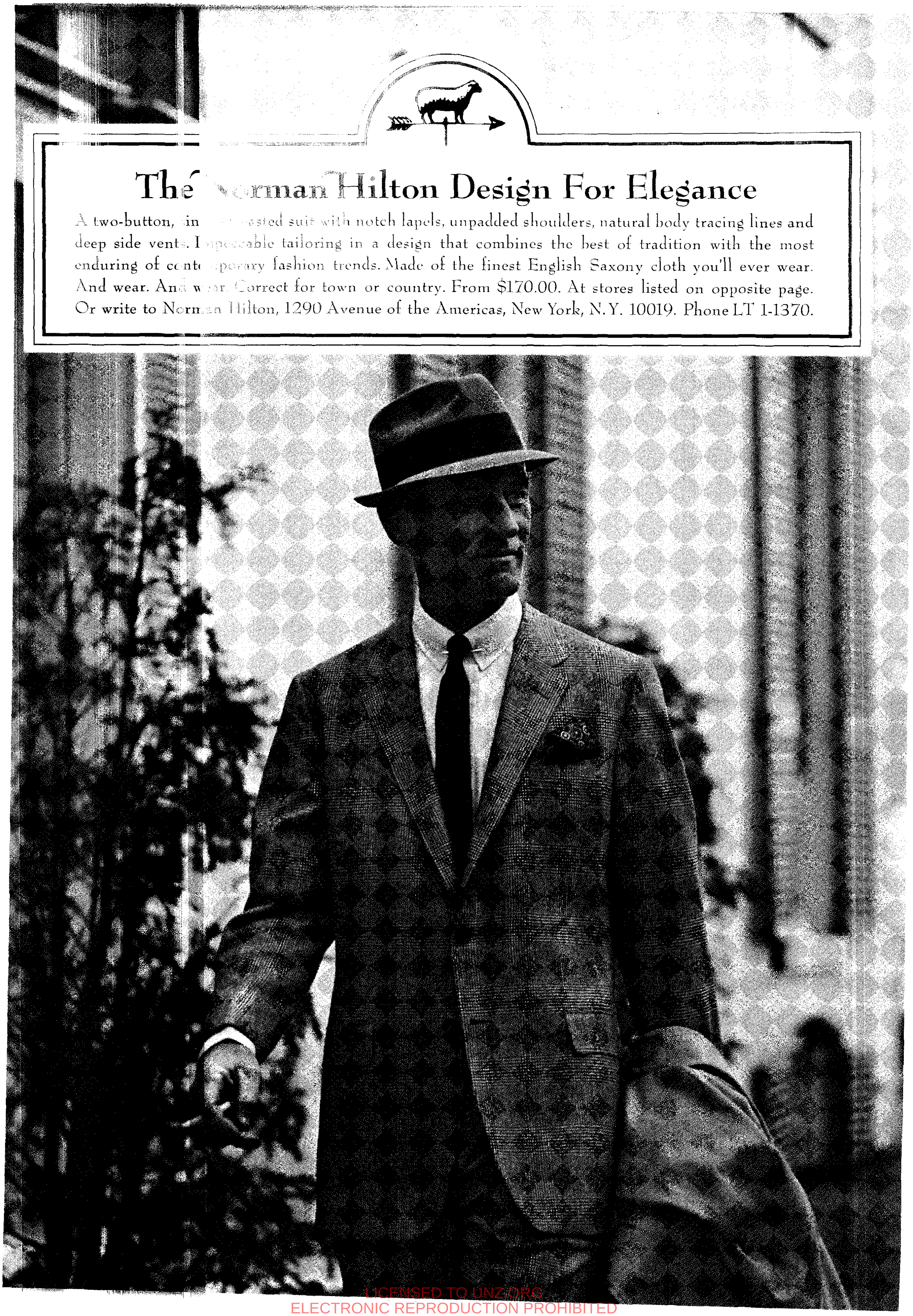
After half an hour of this, the interviewing was over. Then, amid a milling crowd of photographers and movie cameramen, Twiggy, her manager, sundry luggage bearers, Bert Stern, and a troop of his equipment carriers debouched from the press-conference room into a courtyard outside the International Arrivals Building where cars, cabs, and limousines were lined up. Members of the party began piling equipment into a waiting limousine while, near it, standing in a ragged semicircle of photographers, Twiggy and her manager were being importuned for pictures. A few still photographers jumped onto the back of a truck in the courtyard to try for shots from an elevated position. "Hey, movie man, move!" one of them shouted to a cameraman partly blocking his view.

The U.P.I. photographer who had described Twiggy to the waiting reporters was shooting busily from ground level. "Hold her hand. It's nice," he instructed Twiggy's manager. De Villeneuve held Twiggy's hand, and the U.P.I. photographer got that shot.

"Who's this joker who's hanging on to her hand?" another press photog-

Norman Hilton isn't everywhere. Just at stores that are accustomed to catering to the clothing needs of a select clientele:

Akron, Ohio	**O'Neil's**
Asheville, N. C.	**Bell's Traditional's Ltd.**
Atlanta, Georgia	**Muse's**
Bedford Village, N. Y.	**Richard Oliver**
Birmingham, Ala.	**Richard's of Mountain Brook**
Bloomington, Ind.	**The Oxford Shop**
Boston, Mass.	**Martini Carl**
Boulder, Colo.	**The Regiment Ltd.**
Buffalo, New York	**Peller & Mure**
Cedar Rapids, Iowa	**Clancy's, Ltd.**
Chapel Hill, N. C.	**Town & Campus**
Charleston, S. C.	**Berlin's**
Charleston, S. C.	**Max's Men's Store**
Chicago, Ill.	**Abercrombie & Fitch**
Chicago, Ill.	**Frank Brothers Fenn-Feinstein**
Chicago, Ill.	**Higgins, Frank & Hill**
Cincinnati, Ohio	**Dunlap's**
Cleveland, Ohio	**B. R. Baker**
Cleveland, Ohio	**Bunce Brothers**
Cleveland, Ohio	**The Higbee Co.**
Clayton & St. Louis, Mo.	**Boyd's**
Clemson, S. C.	**The Town Squire Ltd.**
Columbia, S. C.	**Brittons**
Columbia, S. C.	**Andrew G. Dial, Inc.**
Columbus, Georgia	**Tillman's**
Greenville, S. C.	**Rush Wilson Ltd.**
Davenport, Iowa	**Whitlow's Ltd.**
Dayton, Ohio	**The Rike Kumler Co.**
Framingham & Wellesley, Mass.	**Ara's**
Grand Haven, Mich.	**Reichardt**
Grosse Pointe Farms, Mich.	**Picard-Norton**
High Point, N. C.	**Collier Ellis & Company**
Hinsdale, Ill.	**The Squire Shop of Hinsdale**
Huntsville, Ala.	**Wm. C. Young, Ltd.**
Houston, Texas	**Norton Ditto**
Iowa City, Iowa	**Bremers**
Jacksonville, Fla.	**Rosenblum's**
Jacksonville, N. C.	**The Regency Ltd.**
Jamestown, N. Y.	**Mathews and Miller**
Kalamazoo, Michigan	**Steven Maloney**
Knoxville, Tenn.	**Spencer's**
Lexington, Ky.	**Meyers, Inc.**
Little Rock, Ark.	**Mr. Wicks**
Louisville, Ky.	**Rodes-Rapier Co.**
Lynchburg, Va.	**Edwards, Inc.**
Lynn, Mass.	**Judd Inc.**
Madison, N. J.	***John Fries Men's Shop***
Madison, Milwaukee, Wauwatosa, Whitefish Bay, Wis.	**MacNeil and Moore**
Manchester, N. H.	**Jim's Oxford Shop**
Manhasset, N. Y.	**David's Men's Shop**
Mansfield, Ohio	**Don Nash, Ltd.**
Millburn, N. J.	**Mr. E.**
Minneapolis, Minn.	**Dayton's (Northbriar Shop)**
Mt. Kisco, N. Y.	**Harry Ketchel**
Myrtle Beach, S. C.	**Bivins**
Nashville, Tenn.	**The Oxford Shop**
Naugatuck, Conn.	**Breen's**
New Haven, Conn.	**White, Inc.**
New London, Conn.	**Benoit's**
Newport News, Va.	**Beecroft & Bull, Ltd.**
New York, N. Y.	**Abercrombie & Fitch**
New York, N. Y.	**Frank Brothers Fenn-Feinstein**
Oakland, Cal.	**Grodins**
Petersburg, Va.	**Ungers**
Pittsburgh, Penn.	**Joseph Horne Company**
Philadelphia, Penn.	**Miller White**
Pittsburgh, Penn.	**Larrimor's**
Richmond, Va.	**Greentree's**
San Francisco, Cal.	**Abercrombie & Fitch**
San Francisco, Cal.	**Bullock & Jones**
Schenectady, N. Y.	**Dall's**
Seattle, Wash. & Pebble Beach, Cal.	**Littler**
Spartanburg, S. C.	**The Cambridge House Ltd.**
Springfield, Mass.	**A. O. White, Inc.**
Summit, N. J.	**Root's**
Tacoma, Seattle, Wash. & Portland, Ore.	**Nordstrom Best**
Tarrytown-on-Hudson, N. Y.	**John Charles, Ltd.**
Virgina Beach & Norfolk, Va.	**Alexander-Beegle**
Washington, D. C.	**Georgetown University Shop**
Washington, D. C.	**Lewis & Thos. Saltz, Inc.**
Waterville, Maine	**Dunham's of Maine**
Wichita, Kansas	**Wm. Dodson Ltd.**
Wilmington, Del.	**Wright & Simon**
Winston-Salem, N. C.	**Bocock-Stroud Co.**
Winston-Salem, Downtown, Thruway, N. C.	**Bocock-Stroud Co.**



The Norman Hilton Design For Elegance

A two-button, single-breasted suit with notch lapels, unpadded shoulders, natural body tracing lines and deep side vents. Impeccable tailoring in a design that combines the best of tradition with the most enduring of contemporary fashion trends. Made of the finest English Saxony cloth you'll ever wear. And wear. And wear. Correct for town or country. From $170.00. At stores listed on opposite page. Or write to Norman Hilton, 1290 Avenue of the Americas, New York, N.Y. 10019. Phone LT 1-1370.

What a catch!
Martini & Rossi Imported Vermouth
for cocktails that purr.
Sweet for captivating Manhattans.
Extra Dry for prize Martinis.
Try it in your own cage.

Happy afterthought: Martini & Rossi is great straight on the rocks.

RENFIELD IMPORTERS, LTD., N.Y.

MARTINI & ROSSI

OUTSIDE THE U.S. AND CANADA IT'S CALLED MARTINI VERMOUTH

rapher asked Miss Thorbahn, who was standing by rather impatiently, holding a briefcase and a polyethylene bag with some clothing in it.

"That is Just-in de Villa-nyoov," Miss Thorbahn replied coolly, without looking at the photographer.

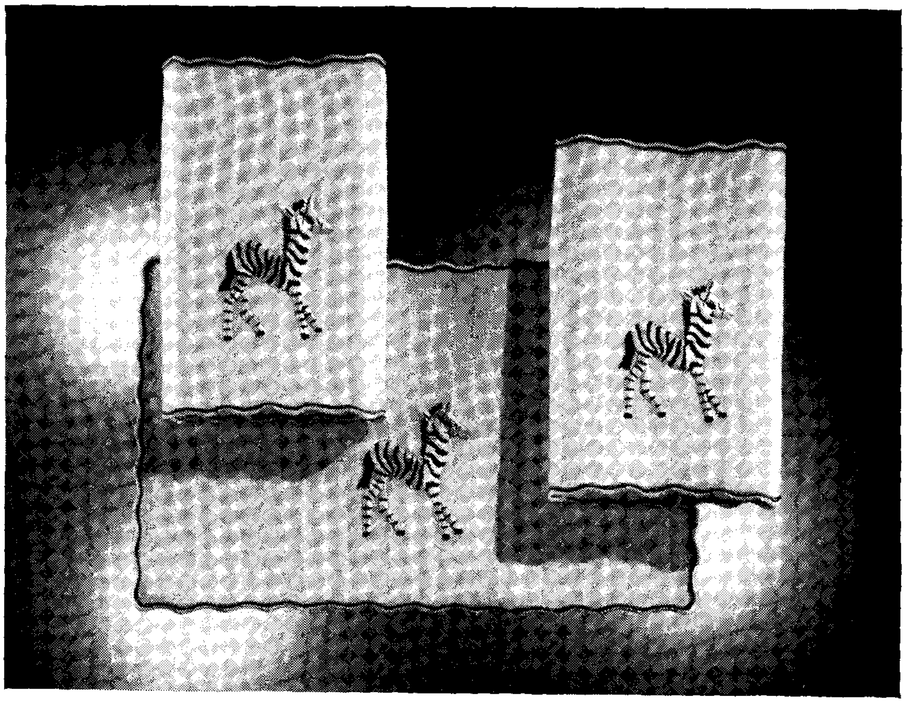
The tableau broke up. Twiggy and her manager were shown into the waiting limousine, and it sped off. Miss Thorbahn and other members of the party headed for a line of arriving cabs, so as to get quickly to the helicopter that was to fly the party, and Twiggy's and Justin's luggage, in to Manhattan. Everybody started running—open coats flailing behind, polyethylene suit bags ballooning, camera bags swinging, swaying, jogging from shoulder straps—in the late-afternoon sun. Cabs were starting and stopping, uniformed dispatchers were bustling about in every direction, and nobody seemed able to get the members of the party and their effects together successfully. "Hey, fellas, get the bags!" Miss Thorbahn called to the rest of the party.

After watching this for a while, I walked over to the Pan American Building, from outside which the New York Airways helicopter service into the city operates. Inside I could see Twiggy, her manager, three members of Bert Stern's camera crew, and another man sitting around a table near a coffee bar. I approached the table and introduced myself to de Villeneuve. He rose from his seat, shook hands, half bowed, and greeted me, not in the bravura tone he had used during the press conference but in a peculiarly soft, polite, agreeing voice—the kind of voice that a customer at one of the old-line London shops, like Harrods, or Maple & Co., on Tottenham Court Road, might hear from an attentive young salesman. Then he introduced me to the man sitting opposite him, whom I had glimpsed with the party after the press conference—a medium-sized, broad-shouldered man in his mid-thirties, who had prominent cheekbones and prominent teeth, giving him a pronounced horsy look, and who was dressed in slacks, a checked jacket, a mauve sweater, and a black knitted tie. "This is Teddy the Monk," de Villeneuve said, in the same equable voice.

Teddy the Monk shook hands. "Yeah, I'm Twiggy's bodyguard," he explained, speaking with a very thick Cockney accent. "I'm 'ere to 'elp Justin and Twiggy out."

I asked Teddy the Monk what his

MARGHAB



Cocktail Napkins for Twelve $60.00 Cocktail Napkins for Eight $40.00

Zebra

COCKTAIL NAPKINS
WILD ELEGANCE
IN LUSTROUS BLACK AND WHITE
WITH FIRE COLOR
ON WHITE LINEN

FROM

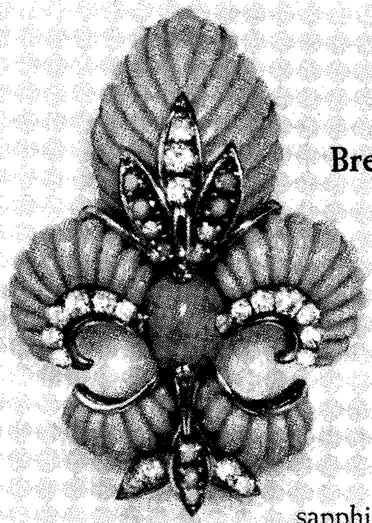
The Marghab Collection
Embroidered by Hand

In the United States, available only at The Marghab Shop in

GEORG JENSEN, INC., New York • BULLOCK'S WILSHIRE, Los Angeles
DAYTON'S SIXTH FLOOR, Minneapolis • HALLS COUNTRY CLUB PLAZA, Kansas City
NEIMAN-MARCUS, Dallas • HIGHTOWER, Oklahoma City
YOUNKERS, Des Moines, Iowa • P. A. FREEMAN, Allentown, Pa.

A Marghab folder may be obtained by writing to any of the above Marghab Shops

Cartier

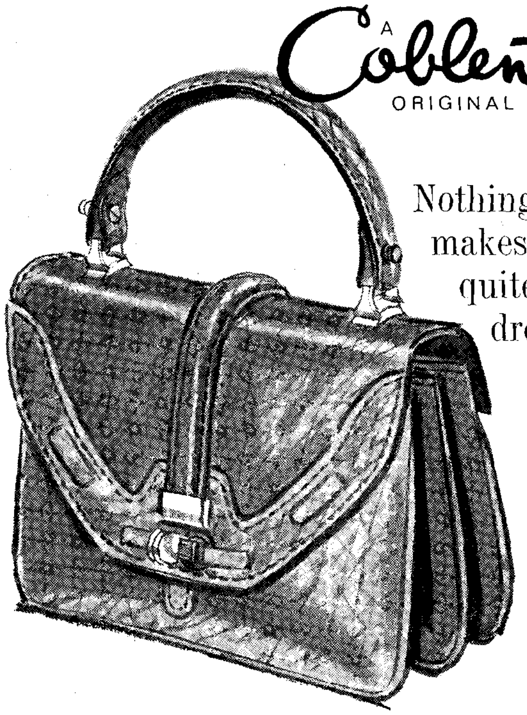


Breathtaking color
in an exclusive
Cartier brooch

Carved angelskin coral, turquoise, diamonds and sapphires set in 18kt gold form this fleur-de-lis. Just one of the many intriguing jewels from our exclusive, new, one-of-a-kind collection in diamonds, coral, lapis, sapphires and turquoise. Brooch shown, $4,500.

Fifth Avenue and Fifty Second Street, New York, N.Y., Plaza 3-0111
Cartier, Inc., Palm Beach/Cartier, S. A. Paris/Cartier, Ltd., London

A Coblentz ORIGINAL



Nothing else
makes you feel
quite so
dressed...

The capacious elegance of accordion pleating,
the insouciance of buffalo hide—in a casual design. $30.00
Price slightly higher on the West Coast

COBLENTZ BAG CO., INC., 30 East 33rd Street, New York, N.Y. 10016

last name was, and what he normally did in London.

His last name was Adams, he said, and he was a street seller of flowers and various other things, usually operating from a flower barrow outside the Knightsbridge station of the London Underground.

De Villeneuve didn't introduce Twiggy to me; I suppose he felt it unnecessary. The focus of all the uproar at the International Arrivals Building was hunched, almost humpshouldered, over a jelly doughnut, which she was hungrily demolishing. When she had finished, she stuck her index finger in her mouth, sucked it clear of jelly, and pulled it out. Then she stuck her thumb in her mouth as far as it would go, twisted it around a bit to get it cleared off, too, and slumped back in her chair. At that point, Miss Thorbahn hurried up to the table; she seemed to have straightened out her baggage difficulties. "We have it made," she announced to de Villeneuve, over the whine of a jet takeoff somewhere outside. "After the press conference, I asked the Port Authority press guy, 'Is this crowd usual for a press conference?' He said, 'It's the biggest I've ever seen.' "

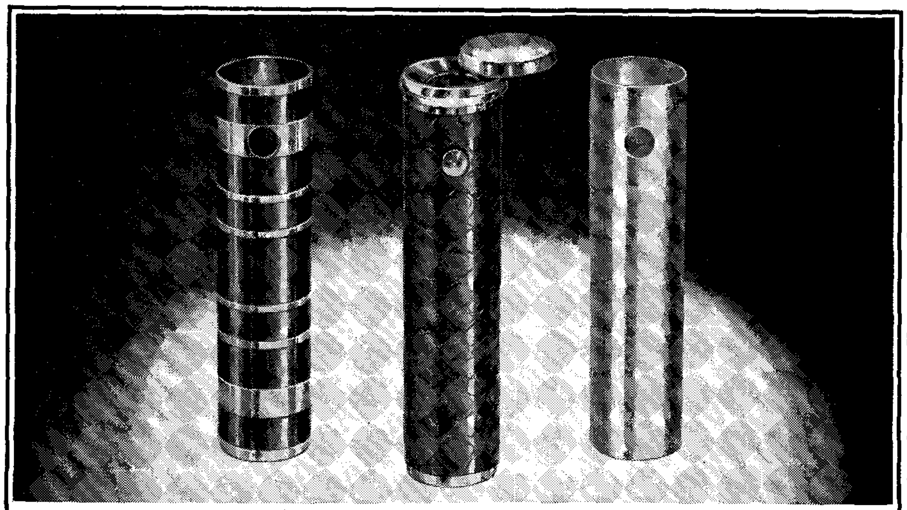
De Villeneuve received the information with composure.

Twiggy turned to her manager. "Justin, you got that codeine?" she asked. De Villeneuve passed her a small bottle, and Twiggy removed a pill from it. "I got such a tummyike!" she explained to me, addressing me for the first time. Her eyes were gray and enormous, with huge false lashes on the upper eyelids (she wears three layers of lashes there, lady interviewers had found out), and her lower eyelashes were made to look longer by splashes of black eyeliner that radiated from under her eyes like the painted lashes on a doll.

Twiggy swallowed the pill, then sipped a glass of ice water. "Ooh! It's caowld!" she cried.

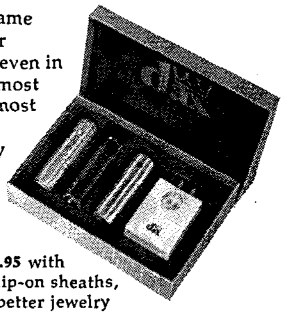
The party was now joined by a p.r. man for Pan American World Airways, who, accompanied by a still photographer, led the group toward the New York Airways gate. On the way, Miss Thorbahn and de Villeneuve invited me to accompany the party into Manhattan in the helicopter. As the group walked through the building, there was no doubt that Twiggy was making an impression; most of the people in sight paused and stared at her. And, of course, the activities of Stern's movie-camera and sound men,

Parfums Marcel Rochas, Paris
Madame Rochas
Give him Madame Rochas perfume. A few drops at a time.



meet **dax**™ the
new electric lighter with a wardrobe!

This trim new **dax** electric cigarette lighter* is the only one with 3 slip-on sheaths . . . a complete wardrobe to beautifully complement your mood *and* mode of dress. On one overnight charge in any wall outlet, **dax** gives you a week's worth of smokes without wicks, fuel or flame (lots more than any other electric lighter!). Works even in wind or rain. **dax** is the most compact, most unusual, most practical, most beautiful lighter ever. Impressively gift-boxed for men and women.



dax
Springfield
New Jersey 07081

$14.95 with
3 slip-on sheaths,
at better jewelry
and department stores.

*Patents applied for

18A

FINE AQUAMARINES
Set with Diamonds in Platinum

Pair Earclips $850

Pin $2000

Olga TRITT
424 Park Avenue
(Between 55th and 56th Streets)
New York City, N.Y. 10022

who preceded her with their equipment trained on her, didn't detract from the commotion they were recording. At the helicopter pad, there were more still photographers, and there was more posing, in sunlight that was noticeably paler than before, and then everybody was in the helicopter, amid a thumping, thudding, shaking racket. Stern's cameramen were all over the place—fore, aft, and to starboard of Twiggy. Stern had given her a window seat at the left side of the helicopter, and de Villeneuve was sitting next to her. Twiggy had put on large green sunglasses. A photographic light that looked like some naval signal light was shining in her face from the seat immediately in front of her. A movie camera was poked almost into her face from a position adjacent to the light, and a second was zeroing in from somewhere behind her long neck. Around that neck a microphone had been hung, to record all her utterances. From the microphone, a cable connection ran to a tape recorder operated by the sound man, and from the tape recorder another cable ran to the movie camera. Twiggy was completely plugged in, aurally and visually, becoming almost literally an extension of the cameras—ninety-one pounds of human feedback.

The racket and shaking of the helicopter increased, and it was time for the takeoff. "Ain't it funny? It goes straight up!" Twiggy cried.

"Oh!" Miss Thorbahn said, from somewhere behind.

Twiggy, looking down, wrinkled her nose with pleasurable fear. She nudged de Villeneuve, and de Villeneuve bent his head to look down with her. The camera in front caught it all. Then, as the trip continued, Bert Stern realized that midtown Manhattan was going to appear on the right side of the helicopter, instead of the left, where Twiggy was. Urgently, he asked Twiggy and her manager to move to the right side. "Man's a bounder!" de Villeneuve cried, but he moved over fast, and the camera crew shifted ballast, too.

In a very short time, the helicopter made its approach to the top of the Pan Am Building. Thudding away, it gradually lowered itself, and as it did so I noticed Teddy the Monk gazing around at the surrounding skyscrapers—the Chrysler Building, the Empire State Building, Rockefeller Center—all steeped in the pale-golden light of the late-afternoon sun. As the

How to say love in Italian

Bring Asti Gancia Sparkling Wine. Don't speak. The wine speaks for you. It bubbles and tingles and sparkles. It's young and lively and gay. It's like nothing else in the world. In Italy, it's almost as popular as love.

Asti
Gancia
Spumante
ITALIAN SPARKLING WINE

Imported Italian Sparkling Wine © 1966 The Jos. Garneau Co., New York, N. Y.

POLAROID®

Trouble is, the best things in life are either illegal, immoral or fattening or cost $160.

ATTACH
FLASH
HERE
2
1
MAKE SURE BOTH SIDES CLOSE
4
3

Is it worth it, this magnificent instrument? After all, even the under-$50 model of the Polaroid Color Pack Camera gives you beautiful color pictures in 60 seconds. The question is, how much do you care about things like a superb Zeiss Ikon single-window range- and viewfinder that automatically corrects for parallax and field size? A transistorized shutter that lets you make black-and-white pictures indoors *without flash* and even make perfect time exposures up to 10 seconds automatically? A sharp triplet lens? 2 exposure ranges for color, 2 for black and white? Beautiful portraits and close-ups? (There are special Polaroid camera accessories you can buy.) But there *is* that $160 to think about. Well, at least it isn't illegal, immoral, et cetera. Maybe just the littlest bit self-indulgent . . . ?

helicopter settled on the roof landing pad, he waved a hand about him. "See anything you *want*, Justin?" he cried.

TWIGGY's arrival in the United States was extensively reported on in the press and on radio and television. The *Times* coverage of the event consisted of an eight-column picture layout and a long article by Charlotte Curtis on the Twiggy phenomenon. The article began, "Twiggy, London's mini-bosomed fashion model of the year, looks just like your next door neighbor, if he happens to be a skinny twelve-year-old boy." But the tone was not unkind, and Miss Curtis quoted the Health and Beauty Editor of *Seventeen* as saying, "I found her fantastic! It's like watching poetry. She's Harlow, Garbo, and all kinds of people." The *Daily News* ran a sizable story, too. It began, "Little Lesley Hornby—the reigning mini-monarch of merrie mod England—swept into the Land of Plenty yesterday. . . . She said, shortly after landing from London at Kennedy Airport, that of all the people she wanted to meet during her six-week stay in the U.S., the foremost was Cassius Clay." The next paragraph read, simply, "She was accompanied by her pushy manager, Justin de Villeneuve, the former Nigel Davies, 27." And all the networks ran news items about the arrival, either on the regular evening TV news programs or on the radio news, or on both. Overnight, almost everybody seemed to know who Twiggy was, and that she was in town.

Two days after Twiggy's arrival, I met her and her manager at Act I, high up in the Allied Chemical Tower—a restaurant with a dizzying view of Times Square. De Villeneuve, accompanied by Teddy the Monk, arrived there a while before Twiggy did, and we chatted. De Villeneuve was wearing a dark-brown fur coat, which he had draped over his shoulders. He was obviously pleased with the party's reception in America. "The cabdrivers are *so* well informed here," he said, in his Harrods-shop-assistant voice. "The driver who drove us to the building we're in talked about how his wife had seen Twiggy's arrival on TV, and how she had told him all about it. He knew everything she wore. He knew how old she is. He refused to take a tip from us. Everybody in New York seems *so* well informed." And he went on, in a kind of monologue, whose rhythm was to become familiar to me, "People here know everything about Twiggy. They

At the new Curacao Hilton you'll get a free sight-seeing trip every time you go to your room.

Pan Am makes the going great.

PAN AM
World's most experienced airline.

The Curacao Hilton opens on December 11th. Start your visit with a breathtaking ride to your room in a glass-fronted elevator with Piscadera Bay and the ocean at your feet. And when you get to your room, you'll find your own private balcony view of the hotel's 30 tropical acres.

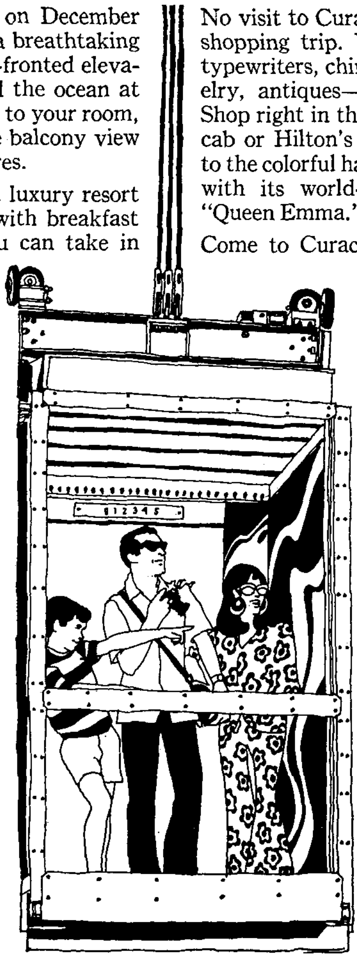
Here, at the island's newest luxury resort hotel, you'll start the day with breakfast on your balcony. Then you can take in some sailing. Or water skiing. Snorkeling or tennis. Deep-sea fishing. Swimming in the star-shaped pool. Golf only 15 minutes away. Or you can relax under the sun and save your energy for an evening at the Tambu Lounge and the casino.

No visit to Curacao is complete without a shopping trip. You'll find great buys on typewriters, china, cameras, perfume, jewelry, antiques—even caviar and truffles. Shop right in the hotel's arcade. Or a taxicab or Hilton's private bus will take you to the colorful harbor capital of Willemstad with its world-famous swinging bridge, "Queen Emma."

Come to Curacao's newest luxury resort hotel—the Curacao Hilton.

☎ For reservations call your travel agent, any Hilton hotel or Hilton Reservation Service.

Start your vacation aboard Pan American Airways.



CURAÇAO HILTON

do read the news, they *do* watch TV. In London, Twiggy appears in every newspaper, but people don't seem to know what's in more than one newspaper or on more than one TV show. I thought that was a super article the New York *Times* had about Twiggy yesterday. I didn't like the article in that other morning paper so much, though. A little bit antagonistic. It's obviously something of a rag. But yesterday morning Twiggy and I went off to the Plaza to have breakfast with Eugenia Sheppard and be interviewed by her, and it was super. We like Eugenia Sheppard very much, you know, because at the last Paris collections Twiggy arrived at the Balmain collection in a yellow outfit, and Eugenia Sheppard wrote that it stopped the collection. It made world news that Eugenia Sheppard, the *doyenne* of fashion writers, wrote this about Twiggy and two lines about Balmain. At the time, Twiggy was writing news reports for the *Daily Sketch*—she had some help from one of the *Sketch's* staff—and Twiggy wrote some nice things about Balmain, actually. She said a Balmain dress might not be the sort of thing for her, but it would look very good on her mother."

I asked de Villeneuve if he would fill me in on some of his and Twiggy's other activities since their arrival. He told me that he and Twiggy and Teddy the Monk were staying at an apartment on East Sixty-second Street that Bert Stern had just rented for himself but hadn't yet moved into, and that after the interview by Eugenia Sheppard they'd gone to the offices of *Life*, so that Twiggy could be fitted for a number of dresses that *Life* was going to photograph her in for a big Twiggy fashion story. He added that he and Twiggy had also acquired, from a Mr. Fred, at Fur & Sport, a fur coat apiece. "Mine is the one I'm wearing, actually," he said. "It's nutria. Twiggy's is bleached raccoon."

At that moment, a party of *Life* people swept into the restaurant, and with them came Twiggy, in her bleached-raccoon coat. The *Life* contingent was headed by Sally Kirkland, the magazine's fashion editor, and soon, amid a great deal of staring and general stirring among the customers, everybody sat down for a hurried lunch. Mrs. Kirkland explained that the party had to press on to Paraphernalia, where *Life* was to photograph Twiggy in some Paraphernalia dresses. "We've already photographed Twiggy in Lord & Taylor and Bergdorf Goodman's," Mrs. Kirkland told me. "At Lord &

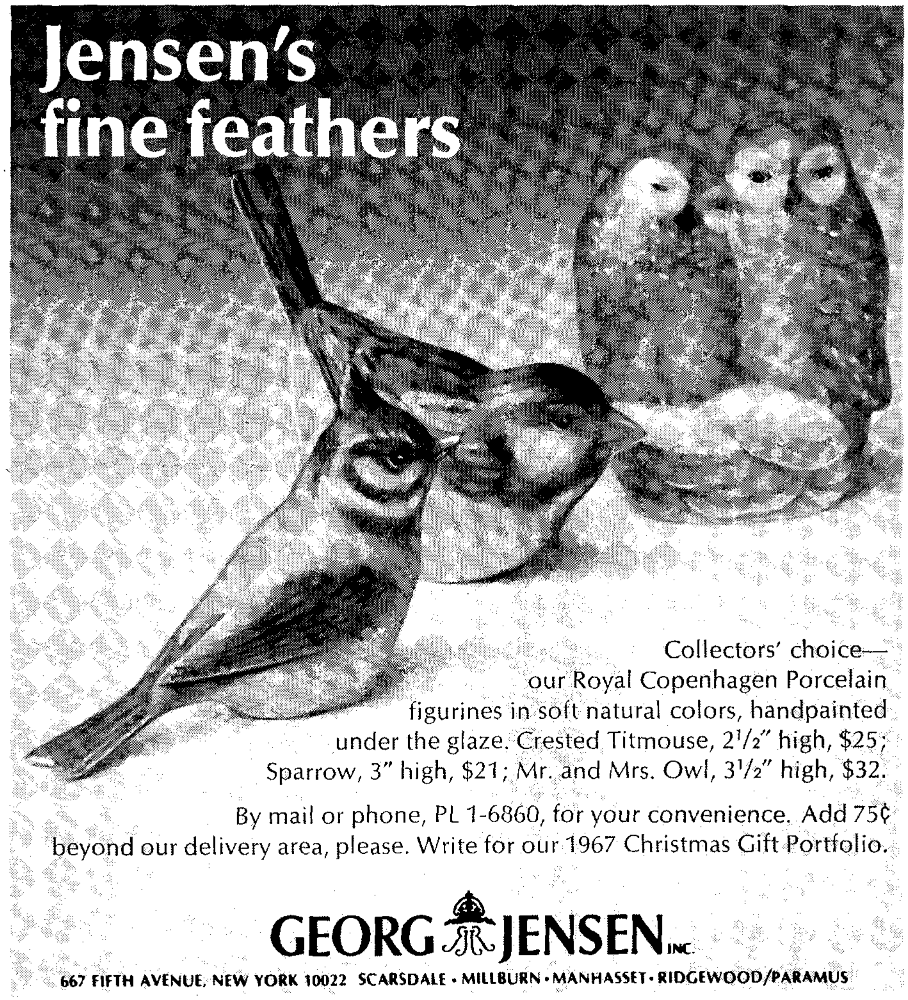
TRANQUILIZER

☐ Name of this famed Rx for relaxed living: Techbuilt. Carefully compounded for the carefree life that's free of costly maintenance and leisure-robbing chores. With over a score of beautiful, practical, award-winning models to suit your site, whims, budget, family needs, future plans . . . from 1-bedroom country hideaways to rambling suburban contemporaries.

☐ Techbuilt's interchangeable structural units give you broad flexibility in choosing house size, shape, number of levels, location and size of rooms, floor plans, interior finishing. Learn more about the world's most honored house in fascinating photo-and-fact-filled brochure. Send $1 to Techbuilt, Inc., 127 Mt. Auburn Street, Department N114, Cambridge, Massachusetts 02138.

Note: if you're building within 6 months, we can be of immediate, cost-saving help to you if you'll tell us where and how many rooms.

TECHBUILT®



Jensen's fine feathers

Collectors' choice—
our Royal Copenhagen Porcelain
figurines in soft natural colors, handpainted
under the glaze. Crested Titmouse, 2½" high, $25;
Sparrow, 3" high, $21; Mr. and Mrs. Owl, 3½" high, $32.

By mail or phone, PL 1-6860, for your convenience. Add 75¢
beyond our delivery area, please. Write for our 1967 Christmas Gift Portfolio.

GEORG JENSEN INC.
667 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 10022 SCARSDALE • MILLBURN • MANHASSET • RIDGEWOOD/PARAMUS

the other coat:

every man a hero.

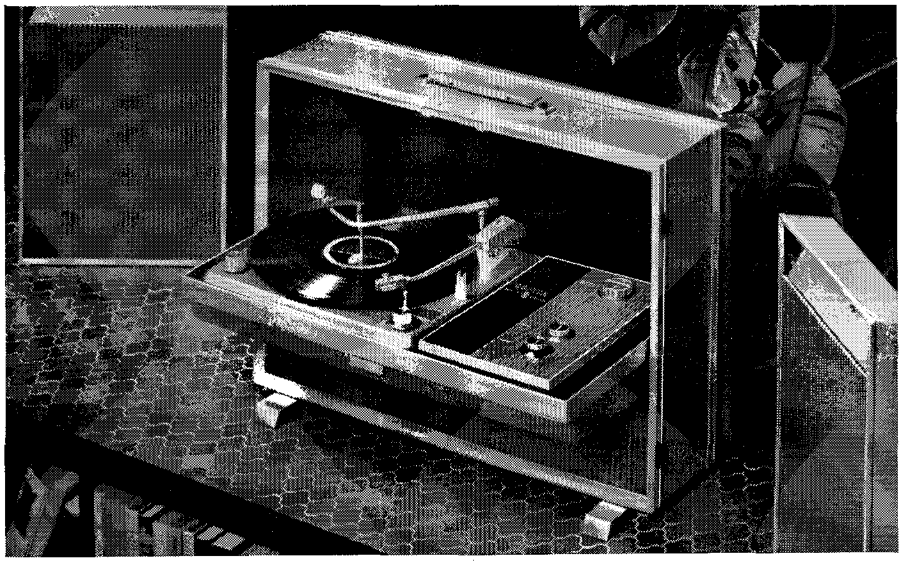
About $60*. Suburban Squire. Duel-purpose coat. Tailored for town, fearless anywhere. 100% wool, lined in warm alpaca pile by **Timme,** with quilt lined sleeves and storm cuffs. At stores with a sense of gallantry. B. W. Harris Mfg. Co., Park Square, St. Paul 1, Minn.

ZERO KING

PURE VIRGIN WOOL

*PRICES SLIGHTLY HIGHER WEST OF THE ROCKIES

WHEN YOU BUY A PORTABLE STEREO . . . WHY NOT GET THE BEST



Enjoy dynamic stereo sound with Zenith's five-speaker, solid-state portable stereo

This Zenith Portable Stereo brings you fidelity you wouldn't expect in a unit so compact. Its solid-state amplifier channels 32 watts of peak music power to five Zenith quality speakers (two 5¼", two 3½", and one 14" oval in main unit.) And the exclusive Micro-Touch® 2G Tone Arm makes it impossible to accidentally ruin your records. See *the Metropolitan,* Model X562—only $169.95*—at your Zenith dealer's now.

ZENITH®
The quality goes in before the name goes on

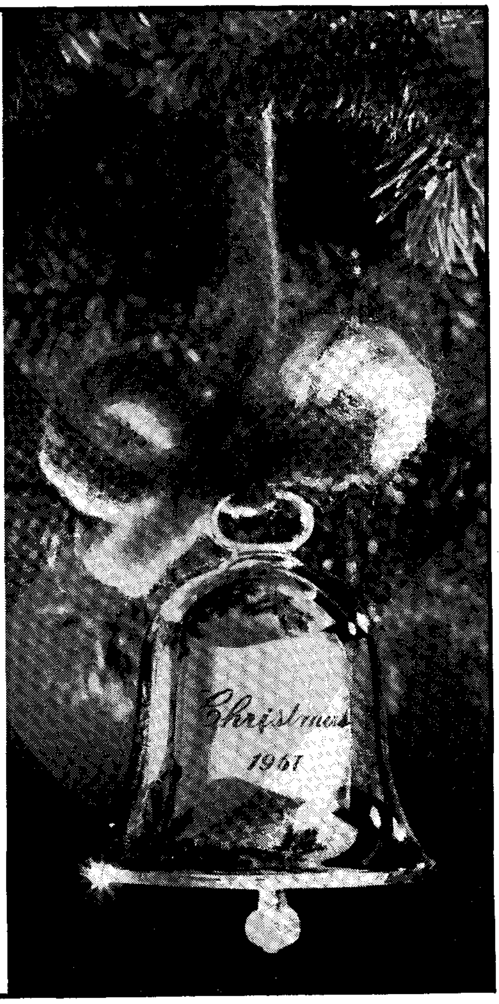
*Manufacturer's suggested retail price.

Halls
Kansas City

A SILVER TRADITION
FOR THE TREE

This sterling silver bell will commemorate Christmas, 1967 for generations. Created especially for Halls, this original is 2" tall with gilded interior, $12.00, engraved. Or plain, $10.00. Perfect gift idea, that is heirloom-bound. Past years' bells also available. Monograms or special messages may be engraved to order at 30c per letter. Postage 40c. Silver Gallery.

Halls, 1114 Grand Avenue
Kansas City, Missouri 64106



Taylor, it was a madhouse. *Everybody* wanted to see her."

"I'm '*ungry*," Twiggy said. She was provided with a steak.

In the middle of the meal, de Villeneuve was called away to the telephone. When he came back, he said that Barbara Thorbahn had called him to say that a movie company in Hollywood had telephoned with a handsome offer of a part for Twiggy, which would be specially written, in a new James Coburn movie. But, de Villeneuve said, he'd turned it down. "Most of the film companies have approached us, and I'm not interested," he said.

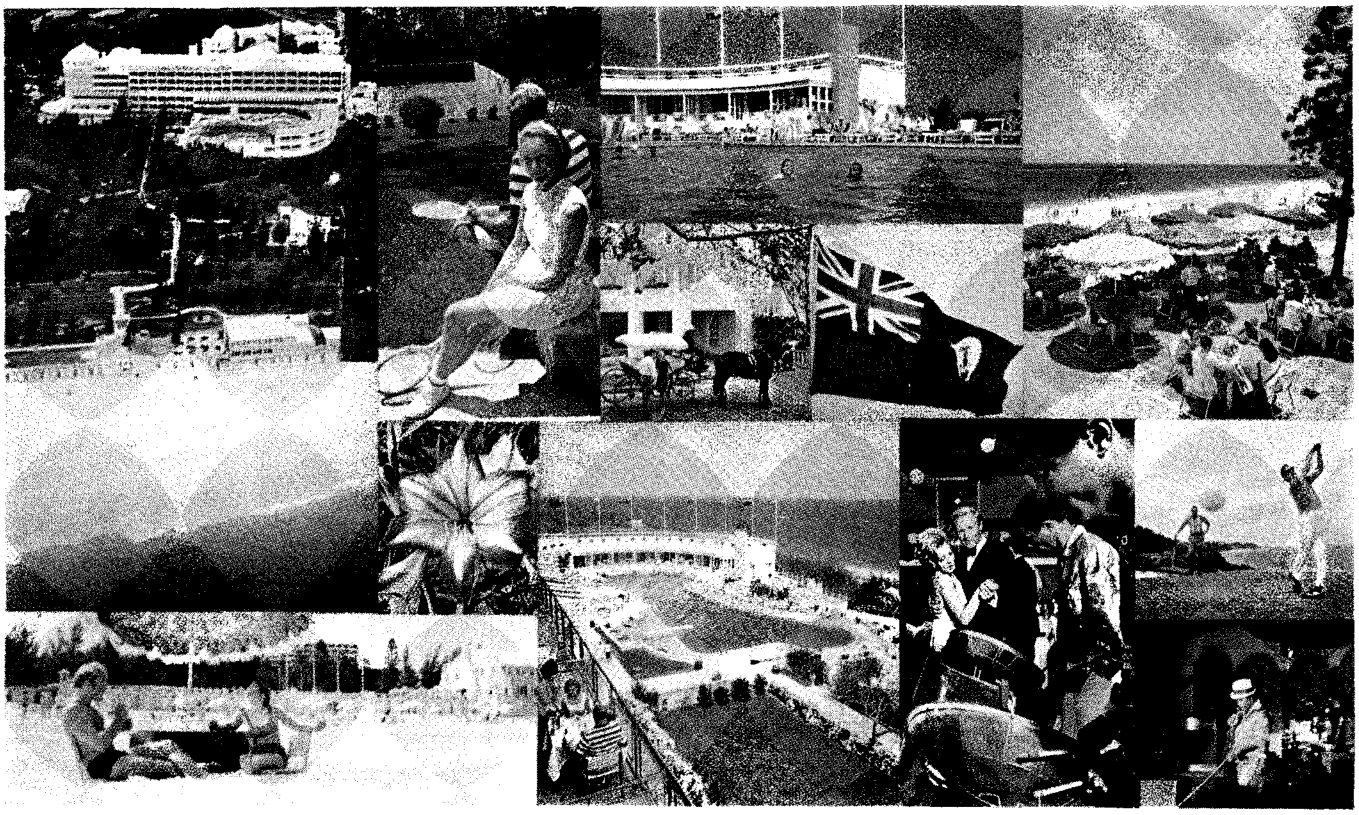
"It's ridiculous," Twiggy said.

I asked Twiggy why she found the offer ridiculous.

"Can't act," Twiggy said, and she went on eating her steak.

IN *Life-* and Stern-hired Cadillacs, the Twiggy caravan sped over to Paraphernalia for photography. It was a Mod place, with dresses floating singly in the air (they were suspended from almost invisible wires) in a row above a stagelike display area, edged with steps, and it was staffed by miniskirted girls wearing patterned stockings. In no time, the store was jammed with still photographers from various newspapers and magazines, and Bert Stern's camera and sound crews were in evidence, too. The photographer who was to take the *Life* pictures was Howell Conant, a tall, round-faced, gray-haired man, whose cameras were carried for him, in an aluminum suitcase with a specially compartmented interior, by an assistant. Above the general stir, loudspeakers were playing "I Need Somebody," a rock-'n'-roll number, delivered by Question Mark and the Mysterians, and a teen-age girl customer who was being interviewed about Twiggy was saying into a microphone, "Well, she's younger, and her eyelashes and figure and everything . . ." Twiggy herself was in a dressing room at the back of the store, from which she soon emerged in a white Paraphernalia dress. As de Villeneuve stood by, she looked herself over, critically but with a smile, in a full-length mirror. Howell Conant walked to the rear of the store. "Yeah, man, we're ready," he said, and he led Twiggy to the front. There Twiggy went to work, posing against the window with one foot up on a wooden block that bore the Paraphernalia trademark, a bull's-eye target, on its visible side, and with one hip sticking out in an angular manner. She looked into the camera lens with a clear, almost grave gaze. The *Life* photographer stood at

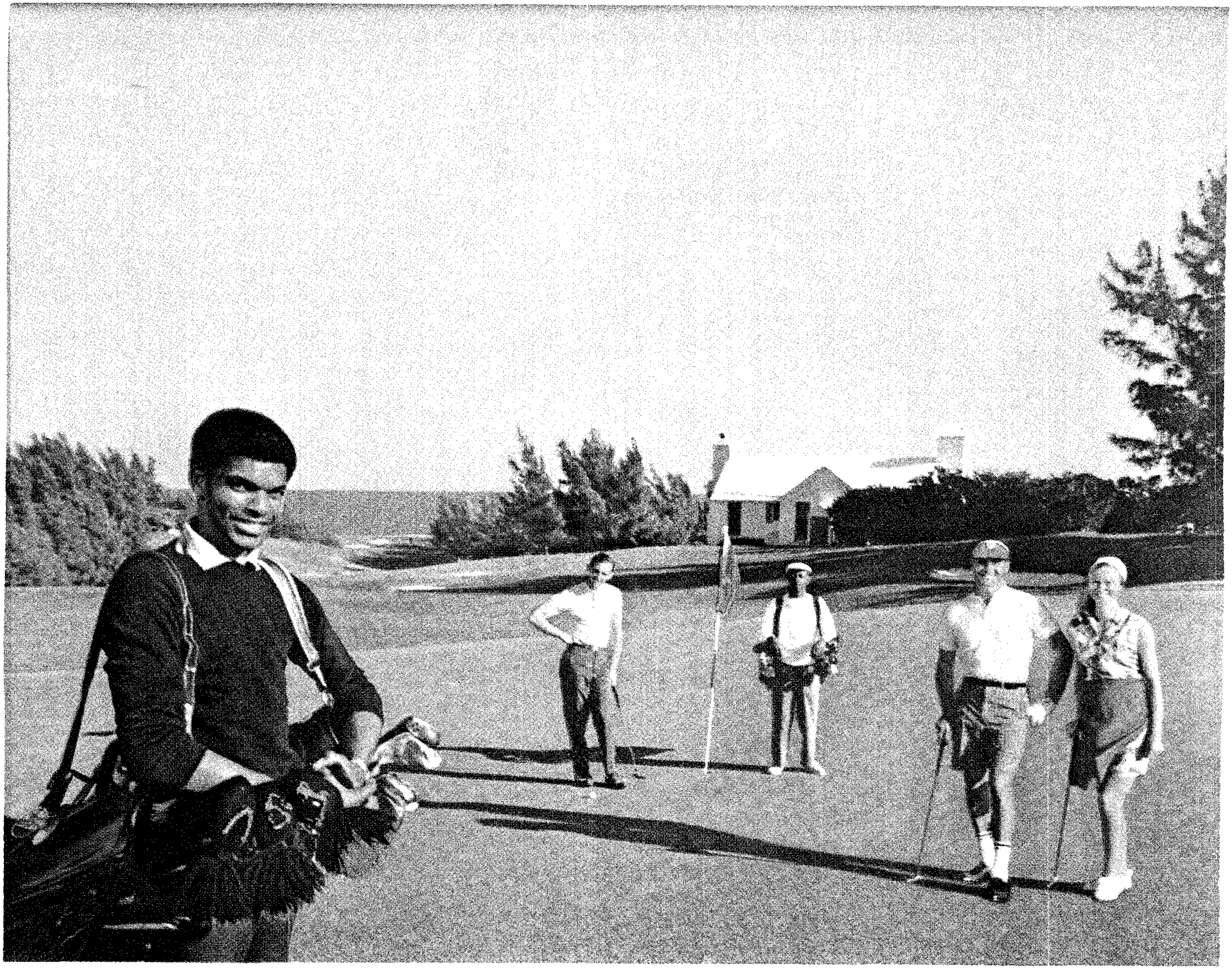
Our guests always get the best of us.



Best beach. Best pool. Best location.
Best view. Best food. Best service.
Best accommodation. Best time.
Come on. Get the best of us. You deserve it.

Elbow Beach Surf Club
Bermuda's Famous Oceanside Hotel
CY ELKINS, GENERAL MANAGER

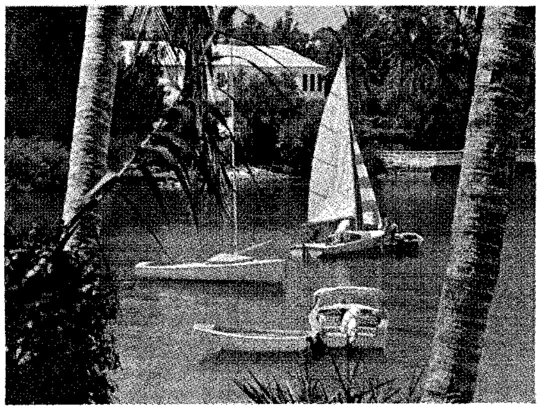
See Your Travel Agent or
Robert F. Warner, Inc., 630 Fifth Avenue, New York, (212) 586-4500. Also in Boston/Washington/Chicago/Miami/Toronto
in the West—Glen W. Fawcett, Inc., Los Angeles/San Francisco/Seattle/Dallas



"Everywhere we looked--hibiscus, casuarinas and the sea. Good thing our caddy watched the ball." That's Rendezvous Season in Bermuda!

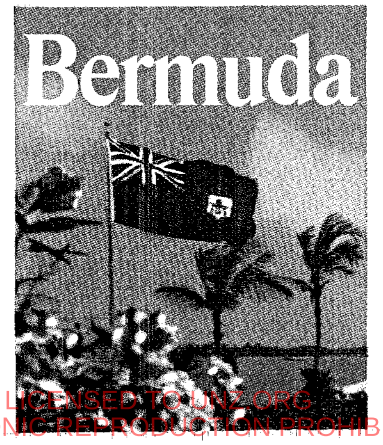
Golfers love Bermuda passionately. But there's so much more to see and do on this beautiful island that thousands of non-golfers also spend the happiest of holidays here!

Bermuda offers 7 magnificent courses, tucked away on an island of only 21 square miles. A Gulf Stream climate makes it perfect for year-round golf. Springy Bermuda turf stays lush and green when snows cover more northern courses.

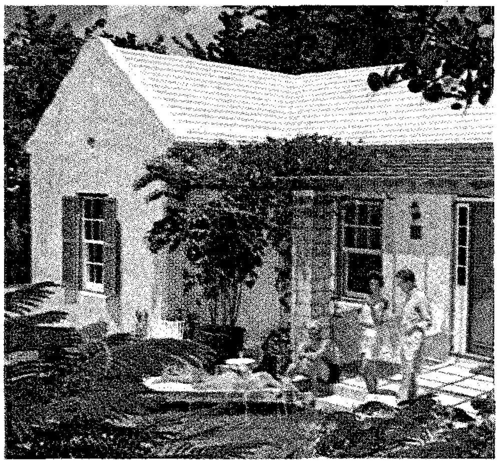


No less than 108 different holes await you! Holes that curl around cliffs over the sea. Holes that squeeze through groves of casuarinas. With two added hazards everywhere: ocean breezes and spectacular views. This is what golf *should* be!

Bermuda loves and pampers golfers—but not exclusively. During our celebrated Rendezvous Season (November through February), there's so much to beguile you. Tennis, sailing, fishing, biking down our lovely byways, shopping and sightseeing in ancient towns.



And a weekly programme of special events! Sports, pageantry, social affairs—like our famous Bridge Tournament and our International Dog Show. Everywhere, a special air of friendly welcome. And special hotel rates and air fares.



Ask your travel agent, or write Bermuda: 610 Fifth Avenue, New York 10022. 6 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago 60602.

the bottom of the steps of the display area, holding himself tense, camera to face, and then he launched into a kind of incantation:

"O.K., Twiggy.
"Exposure.
"Exposure.
"Focus.
"Focus.
"Wonderful.
"Beautiful.
"Great.
"Magnificent."

After almost every word, Conant pressed the shutter release and then, with a practiced flick of the thumb, moved the film ahead to the next exposure position, at the same time gradually lowering himself, until he wound up in a crouching position. The repeated sound of the camera was less a click than a kind of cluck, for the advent of the single-lens reflex camera, with its internal mirror mechanism, has modified the traditional shutter sound.

A girl from *Life* stepped forward and made an almost imperceptible adjustment of Twiggy's dress. Then Twiggy posed again, this time touching the hem of a Paraphernalia dress hanging in the window. She posed easily, without apparent strain and making only slight movements from time to time to vary her stance. She stared into the camera lens unblinkingly and with surprising assurance.

Then the photographer, again upright, had a thought. "Twiggy, just bite your fingernail. It's kind of funny," he suggested.

" 'E 'its me for biting my fingernail!" Twiggy said, making an objecting face.

The photographer, evidently having no doubt who " 'e" was, went on to record, instead, the pose she was already in.

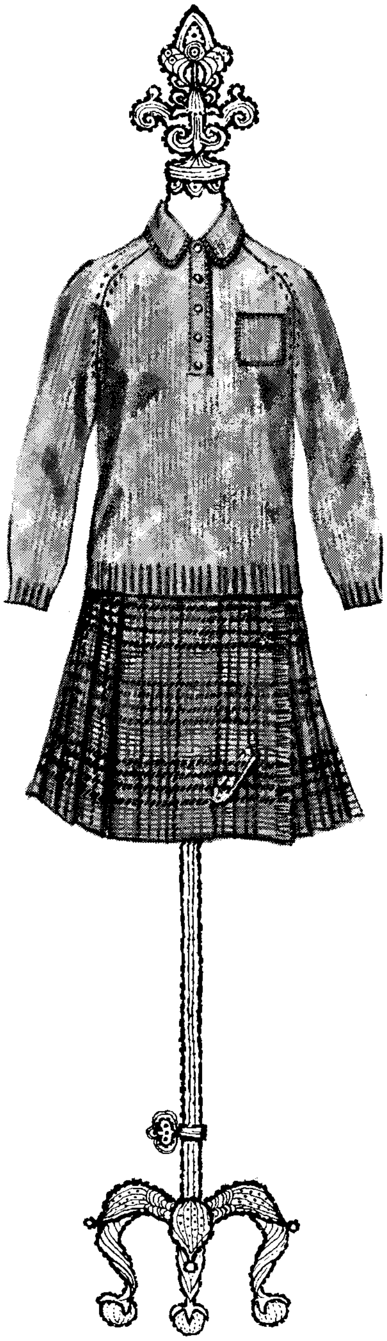
"Focus.
"Focus.
"Focus.
"It's wonderful.
"Lovely.
"Great.
"I'm coming down.

"Friend, you're in the way." This in the same tone, addressed to another still photographer.

"Still coming down."

And, tripping off cluck after cluck, Conant again lowered himself, and this time he leaned back against the white steps, spread his legs to steady himself, and slowly slid down one step after another, until, still shooting, he wound up sitting on the floor with his legs straight out, like a huge doll.

A crowd of teen-age girls was



Soften Up

Have a shirt. Enjoy its precise clear detailing; pearl-buttoned placket, and breast pocket, and crisp shirty collar. Only have it soft, as a virgin wool sweater. The best of both worlds. Azalea, Honeydew, Daffodil, Tangerine, Cornsilk, White, Navy. And have a brief glen plaid wool kilt for it, in appropriate colors. Misses' sizes.

Sweater about $14, skirt about $19 at good stores and college shops

The Villager®

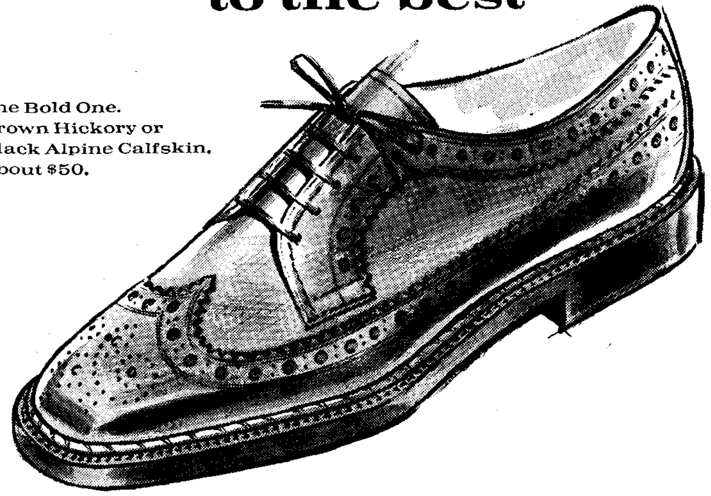
© VILLAGER, INC., 1967 MANNEQUIN DES. REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. PRICES SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN THE WEST

DRIWAY®
WEATHERCOATS

These Weathercoats that reign in England, reign everywhere it really rains (and when it's not raining, too). Shown: Lady Winchester military trenchcoat and Winston rugged whipcord topcoat. Other British classics in fine poplin and gabardine in natural, navy and colors. Reversibles, topcoats in a variety of tweeds—plaids, checks. From $37.50 to $140.00. Traditional tailoring, sophisticated styling. For store nearest you, write, William Reid Co. (Sole Agent U.S.A.), 17 E. 37 St., New York, 10016, or see at better shops. Driway . . .

made in England, where it reigns.

Men who are used to the best



The Bold One.
Brown Hickory or
Black Alpine Calfskin.
About $50.

feel at home in
Banister
shoes

At Wallachs, New York; Gano-Downs, Denver and other fine stores
James A. Banister Co., Beloit, Wis. 53511. Fitting proud feet since 1845

watching all this through the front window, and a still photographer outside was photographing the scene inside while a still photographer inside was photographing him. Bert Stern's movie cameras and microphones were everywhere. Somewhere behind Conant, a girl reporter from *Newsweek*, which was preparing a cover story on Twiggy, was interviewing de Villeneuve, who was judiciously fingering his lorgnette at waist height as he delivered a speech. "And, you see, she *is* the top model in the world," he was saying.

"All right, focussing, Twiggy, exposure, Twiggy.

"Look at me, Twiggy.

"Straight-out expression, Twiggy.

"Great, Twiggy, now.

"We can about . . .

"Start to smile now.

"Wonderful, Twiggy.

"I'm . . . (*cluck*)

"Coming . . . (*cluck*)

"Down the . . . (*cluck*)

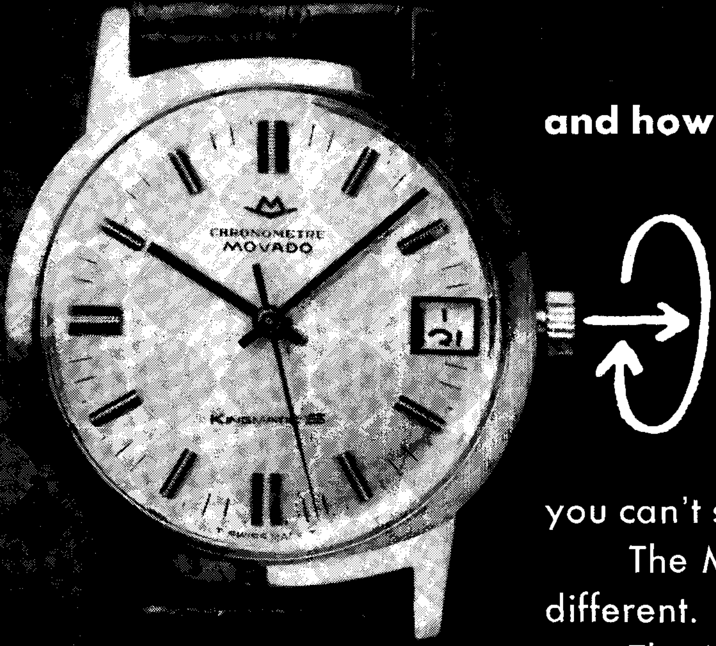
"Home . . . (*cluck*)

"Stretch."

Then everybody went up to the second floor of the store, where pictures were taken of Twiggy in other Paraphernalia dresses—Twiggy standing with one foot on a white circular display table, the other on a burnished steel tractor seat mounted on a Pop Art metal stand ("Make it straight and simple"), and Twiggy peering out through a rack of dresses and suits ("Now you grab a handful of pants. . . . Beautiful, lovely, great, great, *good*"). Finally, downstairs once more, she was photographed behind a fish net decorated with bathing suits ("Push out into the net with your hands, Twiggy. Like a grotesque thing. . . . Now I'm coming up higher. . . . Lovely, great, beautiful, wonderful"). Conant wound up his shooting of this scene in a stance like an archer's, legs well apart, and one in front of the other. As he spoke the last "wonderful," he turned from his model without a further glance, and, with a casual sidewise swing of his right arm, half dropped his camera into the receiving hands of his assistant.

THAT night, Bert Stern was throwing a big studio party for Twiggy and de Villeneuve, and he had invited the guests of honor and about sixty other people to have dinner with him at Maxwell's Plum, on First Avenue at Sixty-fourth Street, beforehand. Maxwell's Plum is probably the best-known of a number of popular bar-restaurants in the area that feature

The Flick-of-the-Wrist Watch



and how it saves time.

When it comes to setting the date, most calendar watches give you a pretty hard time.

Either you have to spin their hands around a lot or do a lot of push-pull, click-clicking. (Some you can't set at all between 11 p.m. and 1 a.m.)

The Movado Kingmatic Calendar Watch is different.

The Movado Kingmatic Calendar Watch is sensible.

Pull out the crown. Flick.

The days spin by. The hands stand still.

But the self-winding mechanism never stands still. It's mounted on miniature ball bearings.

At the slightest flick of your wrist, it winds.

What's more, ours is the only watch in the last 10 years to wind up with three consecutive Swiss Observatory awards for not losing time.

Too bad they don't have awards for saving time.

Shown is The Esquire, a slim Kingmatic Calendar Chronometer Sub Sea at $375 in 18K gold, recipient of many awards from the Swiss Bureau for the Official Control of Watch Performances. Other Kingmatic Calendars, self-winding and water-resistant start at $130.

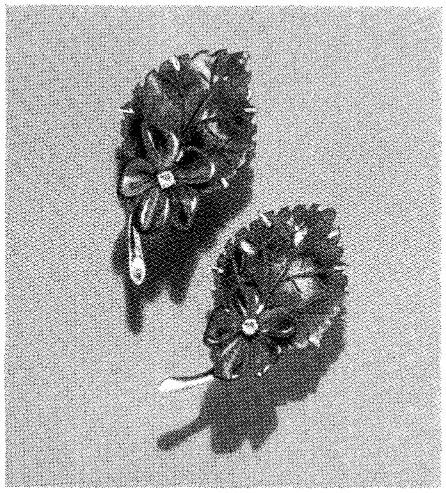
For brochure and name of jeweler nearest you, write Movado, 610 Fifth Avenue, New York.

MOVADO

The Baker Album of Collectors' Choices,
presents more than 500 of Europe's most desirable designs. $3.00.

Baker Furniture, Inc.
CABINET MAKERS
311 MILLING ROAD, HOLLAND, MICHIGAN 49423
NEW YORK • CHICAGO • LOS ANGELES • SAN FRANCISCO • ST. LOUIS
PHILADELPHIA • DALLAS • ATLANTA • GRAND RAPIDS

VIOLETS
MEAN
SO MUCH MORE
FROM
CALDWELL'S



Corsage of carved amethyst violets centered with diamonds, sculptured jade leaves, **$270.** Matching earrings, pair **$200.** Both shown actual size. The Caldwell Gift Book sent upon request.

J.E. Caldwell Co.
Founded 1839
Philadelphia, Pa. 19107
Haverford, Pa. • Plymouth Meeting, Pa.
Wilmington, Del. • Moorestown, N.J.

bartenders of football-player physique and cater to a so-called swinging-singles clientele. When I got there, most of the regular swinging singles were cordoned off within the bar area, from which they could watch the Twiggy celebrants eating in the dining area. The place was absolutely jammed, and the atmosphere was very hot, and very humid. I soon spotted Twiggy. She was eating another steak, at a table occupied also by Diana Vreeland, the editor-in-chief of *Vogue;* de Villeneuve; Teddy the Monk; and Bert Stern, whose camera crews were on hand, naturally, to document the event. De Villeneuve looked up and caught my eye, waved graciously, and patted his stomach wonderingly, as if to say, "What a meal!"

I went over to Twiggy, and got a warm smile. "Allaow!" she said.

One of the football-player types was discussing Justin and Twiggy with somebody, evidently a regular customer. "I don't care how much they've got. Or how little they've got," he was saying. "If they make it—" He jabbed a thumb upward into the air.

Just then, Eugenia Sheppard came into the restaurant—a small, white-haired woman with sharp eyes. She asked, "What have you got on, Twiggy?" Twiggy stood up in answer. She was wearing a blue pants suit that had little yellow doughnuts printed on it. Miss Sheppard put her hand out and felt the material in a very professional sort of way. "I hear Betsey Johnson made it for you," she said, referring to the Paraphernalia designer. Twiggy smiled an assenting smile.

After a while, Twiggy and de Villeneuve were escorted out on their way to the party at Stern's studio, a huge former school building only a block or so away. As they emerged from the restaurant into the darkness, where crowds were waiting to see Twiggy, strobe lights started going off all around them, and a sun-gun from Stern's equipment-harnessed camera crew lighted them and the ground before them. ("I 'ad all these bright lights in front of me, I couldn't see," Twiggy told me later. "There was this man in front of me and holding this big light and walking backwards. It was blinding me. I didn't know where I was going, or anything. It was like, what you call it, brinewoshing.")

The party took place in a vast open area on the ground floor of the building. It contained, in the center, scaffolding on which a rock-'n'-roll band played with a numbing beat. On one wall was a huge blowup of Twig-

The Case of Peter Dawson

Good to your taste
Good to your purse

PETER
DAWSON
SCOTCH
WILE
Good to your taste...
Good to your purse
SPECIAL
WILE
PETER
DAWSON
"SPECIAL"
Blended Scotch Whisky
Peter Dawson

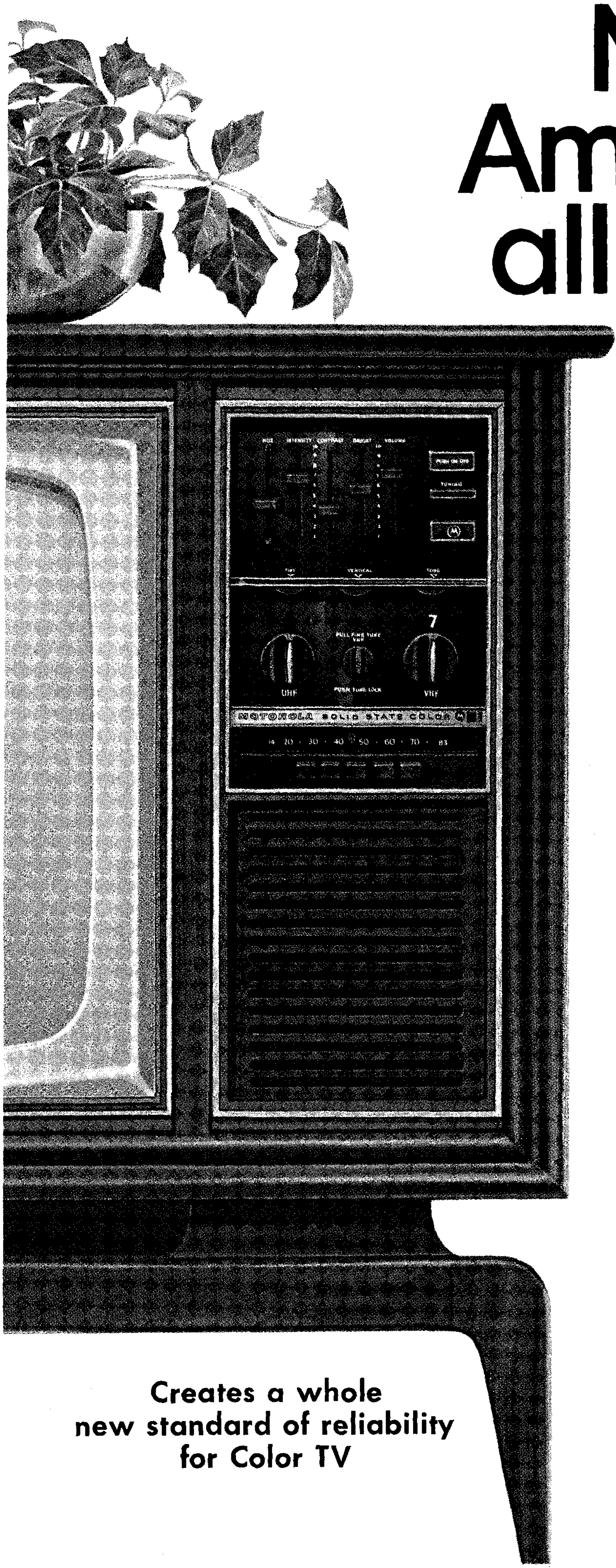
PETER
DAWSON
SCOTCH

5.75
Fifth
86.8 Proof

New York State price. May vary in other States depending on local taxes.

Julius WILE NEW YORK Let this seal be your guide to quality.

Now see America's first all-transistor Color TV



Creates a whole new standard of reliability for Color TV

It's easier to fine-tune right than black and white.

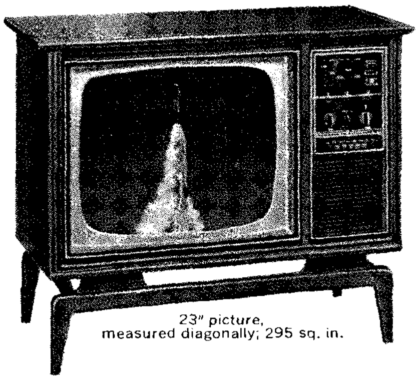
This is America's most advanced Color TV—with solid state devices replacing all tubes but one, and innovations for tuning ease and color reproduction not available on other color sets today.

Fine-tuning is virtually foolproof. The Motorola Visi-Trak tuning system electronically senses if your picture needs fine-tuning and turns on a signal light to tell you so. You just turn a knob till the light goes out. That's it.

Separate circuits that work without tubes are contained in 10 solid state modules. This construction principle, designed for maximum operating reliability, is specified in virtually all space electronics and computer systems.

It was engineered to make the TV repair man a stranger at your house. Yet, reliable as it is, we made it simple to maintain. If anything ever goes wrong with any module, your service man can remove the old and plug in a new one in minutes.

See all-transistor Color TV at your Motorola dealer's.



23" picture, measured diagonally; 295 sq. in.

MOTOROLA®

Leading through Creativity in Electronics gy as a four-year-old child in a hula skirt, on another wall was a Union Jack, and on the ceiling were great clusters of balloons, all printed with the words "Hi, Twiggy!" The party included people like Edie Sedgwick, Robert and Ethel Scull, and Tiger Morse (who appeared with the top half of her face painted gold), and there were perhaps five hundred other swingers and starers, all of them pressed together in one sweating, wriggling mass. Twiggy and de Villeneuve didn't stay long. De Villeneuve made it clear that Twiggy must go home early, so that she could look fresh for her work in the morning.

THE next day, Twiggy was booked to model for a well-known fashion photographer named Melvin Sokolsky, who was to pose her in clothes made of Acrilan, a synthetic fibre produced by the Monsanto Chemical Company. I decided that I'd attend one or two of these sessions, once Twiggy had settled down into her working relationship with Sokolsky, but that first I'd check in with Barbara Thorbahn, because de Villeneuve had told me that Miss Thorbahn was handling nearly all the calls that came in for him as Twiggy's manager, and I wanted to glimpse some of the action at Miss Thorbahn's end. So, the day after the party at Bert Stern's, I was borne, in an automatic elevator with Muzak oozing from its ceiling, to the nerve center of Stewart Models, high up in a building on Park Avenue in the Fifties. First, I went into a small reception room, its walls bright with innumerable women's-magazine covers from which loomed, in closeup and full color, the smiling, the beautiful faces of Stewart girls. In the main office, beyond the reception room, half a dozen girls—not models but good-looking enough to be models—were sitting at telephones before an elaborate-looking bank of index cards and daily schedules; they were receiving calls from advertising agencies and other clients, and making bookings for Stewart models. Miss Thorbahn was sitting at one of a number of separate desks. She was also talking on the phone, and she looked very attractive in a black-and-white striped dress with a kind of rolled collar loosely draped around her neck. I walked over, sat down opposite her, and just watched and listened as things took their course. The calls on Twiggy business were coming in fast, and Miss Thorbahn was taking them without letup.

"Hello, is this Detroit? May I help you?" Miss Thorbahn said. "No, I'm

If you can't say it...Je Reviens will.

Je Reviens Perfume by Worth, Paris

PERFUME, COLOGNE, TALC, BATH OIL, SOAP, POWDER, ALL MADE, PACKAGED, AND SEALED IN FRANCE FROM $50 TO $4.50. FOR A PACKET OF SCENTED BLOTTING PAPER, WRITE TO: WORTH, DEPT. Y, 5 EAST 57th STREET, NEW YORK, N.Y.

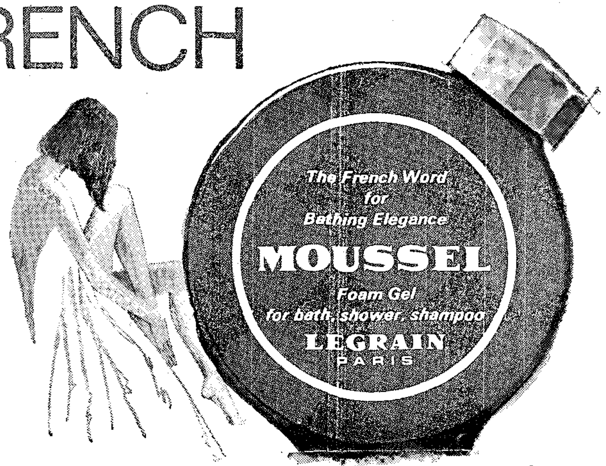
sorry, Justin de Villeneuve is not here. . . . You want to know if Twiggy can appear at your stand at the Automobile Show? I'll have to take that up with Justin. . . ." Without hanging up the telephone, which she held to her ear by hunching her shoulder and cocking her head, Miss Thorbahn moved on to the next call, funnelled in by one of her assistants. It was from the Columbia Broadcasting Company. "Well, if you want Twiggy on an interview show, I'll have to check with Justin. We'll have to play it by ear. We've been besieged by requests for interviews, and Twiggy has model bookings to attend to. And, anyway, remember, Twiggy cannot model on C.B.S. She has no SAG [Screen Actors Guild] card, and, I suspect, has no intention or desire to have one. Under no circumstances could you ask Twiggy to stand up and show her dress. She's really not a model at this time; she's a celebrity."

In the background, there was a steady murmur of "Stewart Models . . . Stewart Models." One of the girls at the bank of index cards and schedules was notifying a model of a booking she'd just made for her. "It's legs," she said. "You'll be wearing leg makeup."

Miss Thorbahn went on to her next call. "Yes, Monday, there's a fitting at *Vogue*. They're making waist-high boots out of stretchable kid. Oh!" Miss Thorbahn rolled up her eyes. "I love the way *Vogue* just *springs* these things! . . . No, I can't get in touch with Justin. Twiggy's in a *heli*copter this afternoon, being photographed by Mel Sokolsky. We could make it for 8 A.M." A frown. "We-ell! Why don't *they* accommodate *them*selves?" Miss Thorbahn put one finger to her forehead and pressed it into the ripples of her frown, like a lady in an Anacin commercial. "Well, would *Vogue* send a car? . . . Where does she go? . . . Golo boots, Empire State Building? O.K."

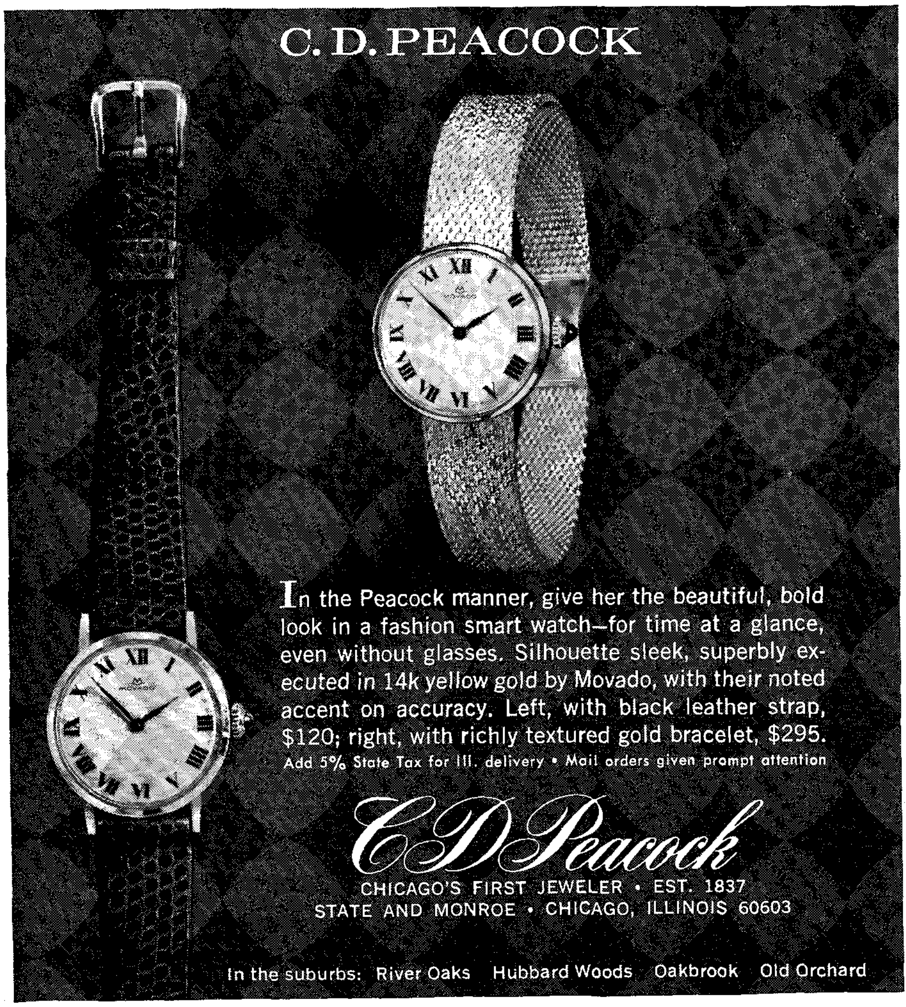
Then Miss Thorbahn passed on to a call from a manufacturer of men's shirts who wanted to have Twiggy and Justin photographed together wearing a pair of "his" and "her" shirts. "A minimum two-hour booking. And Twiggy gets a hundred and twenty dollars an hour," Miss Thorbahn said, and she added, to me, "When they get over the shock of the cost of the booking, they'll call me back." She sailed on: "You'd like to give Twiggy a *dress*? . . . We-ell, if you want to drop it off at the office, I'll be glad to give it to her. . . . Well, what is it you want in *return*?"—enunciating carefully. "Well, I think you're barking up the

BATHE
A LA FRANÇAISE
WITH
MOUSSEL
THE FRENCH
FOAM
GEL



MOUSSEL . . . haute couture for the bath, shower, shampoo

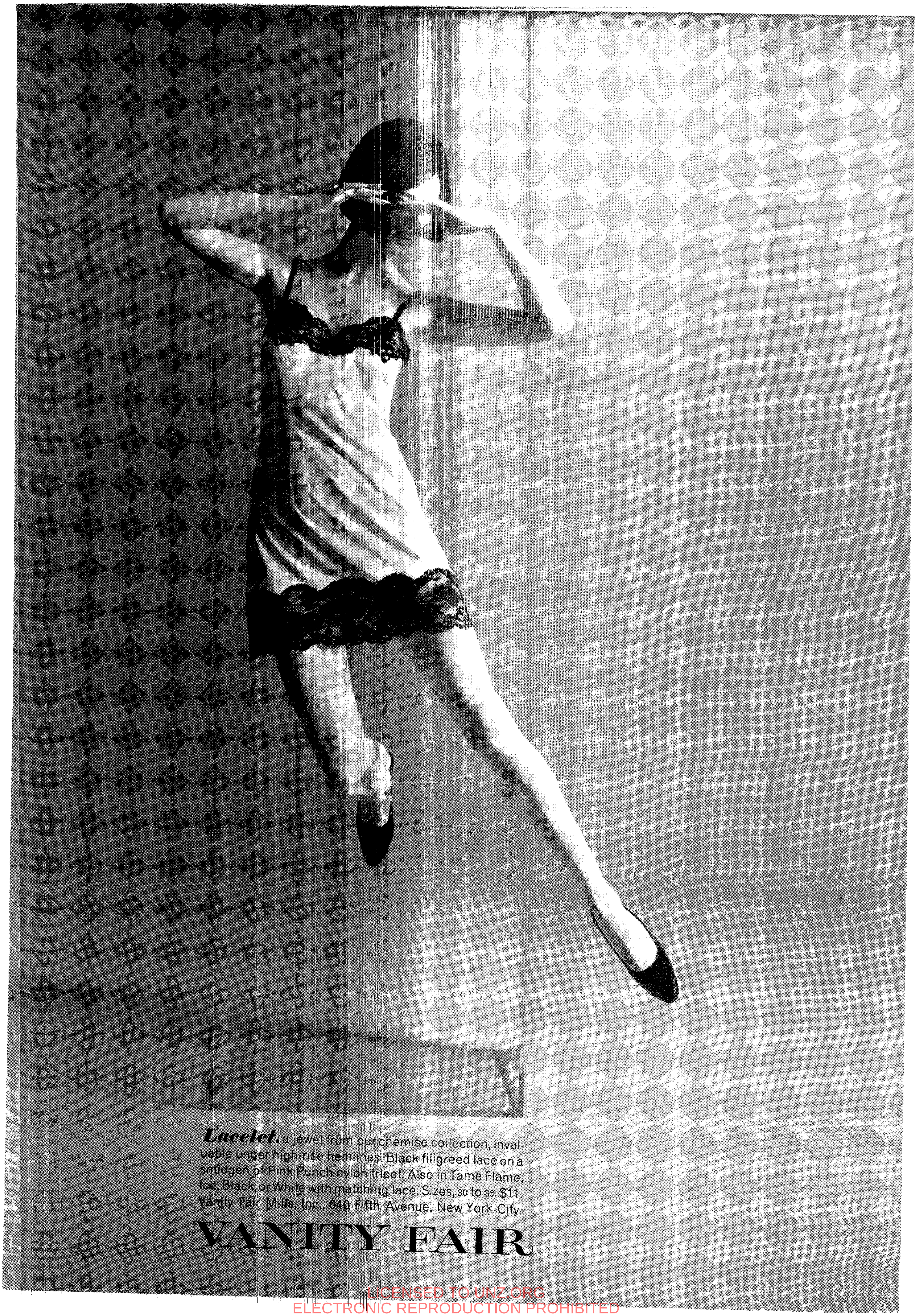
Moussel in your bath or shower transforms ordinary water into an extraordinary silky, satiny, soothing liquid. No soap or bath oil will ever please you again after one Moussel happening. In plastic containers, $2.00, $4.00 and $10.00. Drop in at your favorite cosmetic counter for a **FREE SAMPLE**, or send 25¢ (to cover handling) direct to:
© **MEM COMPANY, INC.**, Northvale, N. J. 07647, Dept. NE. IMPORTED FROM PARIS


C. D. PEACOCK

In the Peacock manner, give her the beautiful, bold look in a fashion smart watch—for time at a glance, even without glasses. Silhouette sleek, superbly executed in 14k yellow gold by Movado, with their noted accent on accuracy. Left, with black leather strap, $120; right, with richly textured gold bracelet, $295.
Add 5% State Tax for Ill. delivery • Mail orders given prompt attention

C.D. Peacock
CHICAGO'S FIRST JEWELER • EST. 1837
STATE AND MONROE • CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60603

In the suburbs: River Oaks Hubbard Woods Oakbrook Old Orchard



Lacelet. a jewel from our chemise collection, invaluable under high-rise hemlines. Black filigreed lace on a smudgen of Pink Punch nylon tricot. Also in Tame Flame, Ice, Black, or White with matching lace. Sizes, 30 to 36. $11 Vanity Fair Mills, Inc., 640 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

VANITY FAIR

Yesterday this Perfect Negligee played hostess to a pre-theatre party. Tonight it will enjoy a candlelight dinner for two.

The luxurious stuff it's made of. Crompton Velveteen.

Perfect Negligee's caftan robe of Crompton's cotton velveteen with gold thread and jewel embroidery.
Sizes 8-16. *In American Beauty Rose. About $235**.
At Bergdorf Goodman, New York; Julius Garfinckel, Washington, D.C.; Marshall Field, Chicago; Neiman Marcus, Dallas, Houston, Ft. Worth; I. Magnin, West Coast.
Crompton-Richmond Company-Inc., 1071 Avenue of the Americas, NY 18.
*PRICES SLIGHTLY HIGHER ON THE WEST COAST

Rare South Sea
pearls in distinctive settings.
Canary and brown diamonds 9500.00.
White diamonds 3900.00. From our collection
of precious jewelry rings.

Neiman-Marcus
Dallas · Houston · Fort Worth

wrong tree, if you don't mind my saying so. . . ." And "You want to make a Twiggy doll. I don't know about the possibilities of a Twiggy doll. You'll have to try again in a couple of days. . . ." And "Yes, this is Barbara Thorbahn. . . . Are you speaking of *lingerie*? . . . Let's not think about it. If she's thinking of branching into lingerie, she'll be putting out her own lingerie. . . . No, she's completely tied up with manufacturers in England. . . . No, I'm not interested"—tapping pencil on desk top—"in getting into a discussion. . . ." And "Sorry, there isn't the time, and we are not granting any more interviews. Twiggy's here as a model, working for various and sundry clients. I'm sorry. . . ."

At the bank of index cards and schedules, a girl was saying into a telephone, "Can Pat get to Harper's Bazaar *ee-mee*-diately?"

A very pretty girl walked into the office. She wore a purple military-style coat with brass buttons, and she had a kerchief over her head. One of the girls at the telephone bank addressed her: "You have a three-forty-five at Foote, Cone & Belding. Hair rollers."

Somebody handed Miss Thorbahn a telegram. She glanced at it and let me look. It read, "PRESS STORIES HAVE QUOTED TWIGGY AS SAYING SHE MISSES HER MORNING PORRIDGE. OUR CLIENT THE QUAKER OATS COMPANY WOULD LIKE TO PROVIDE HER WITH A SUPPLY OF INSTANT OATMEAL DURING HER U.S. VISIT IF POSSIBLE TO PHOTOGRAPH TWIGGY EATING QUAKER OATS. . . . WE ARE PREPARED TO DISCUSS . . ."

Now Miss Thorbahn started to make a few calls herself. They concerned a party for Twiggy that she was going to give the following Monday. "Betty, I'm having a party in Twiggy's and Justin's honor. Sorry to be giving details so late. . . . Yes, and she just adores you. It's going to be very formal, black tie. There'll be a player piano, and Angela Lansbury and people like that." One call was to somebody that Miss Thorbahn didn't seem so keen about. While she was waiting to be put through on the line, she looked up at the ceiling, moved idly from side to side in her swivel chair, and, in a singsong voice, murmured, "Do-you-want-to-come-to-the-*paar*-tee? Because-if-you-don't plenty-of-other-people *doo*-oo." After a couple of other calls, Miss Thorbahn talked to someone at Eugenia Sheppard's office. Her voice was friendly. "I'd love to have Miss Sheppard. . . . Please, do find out. Oh, this is a *very* important party

Most gin makers think that only one thing counts in the making of a fine martini. Gin.

We don't agree. We know even a smidgin of something else affects the taste of a gin.

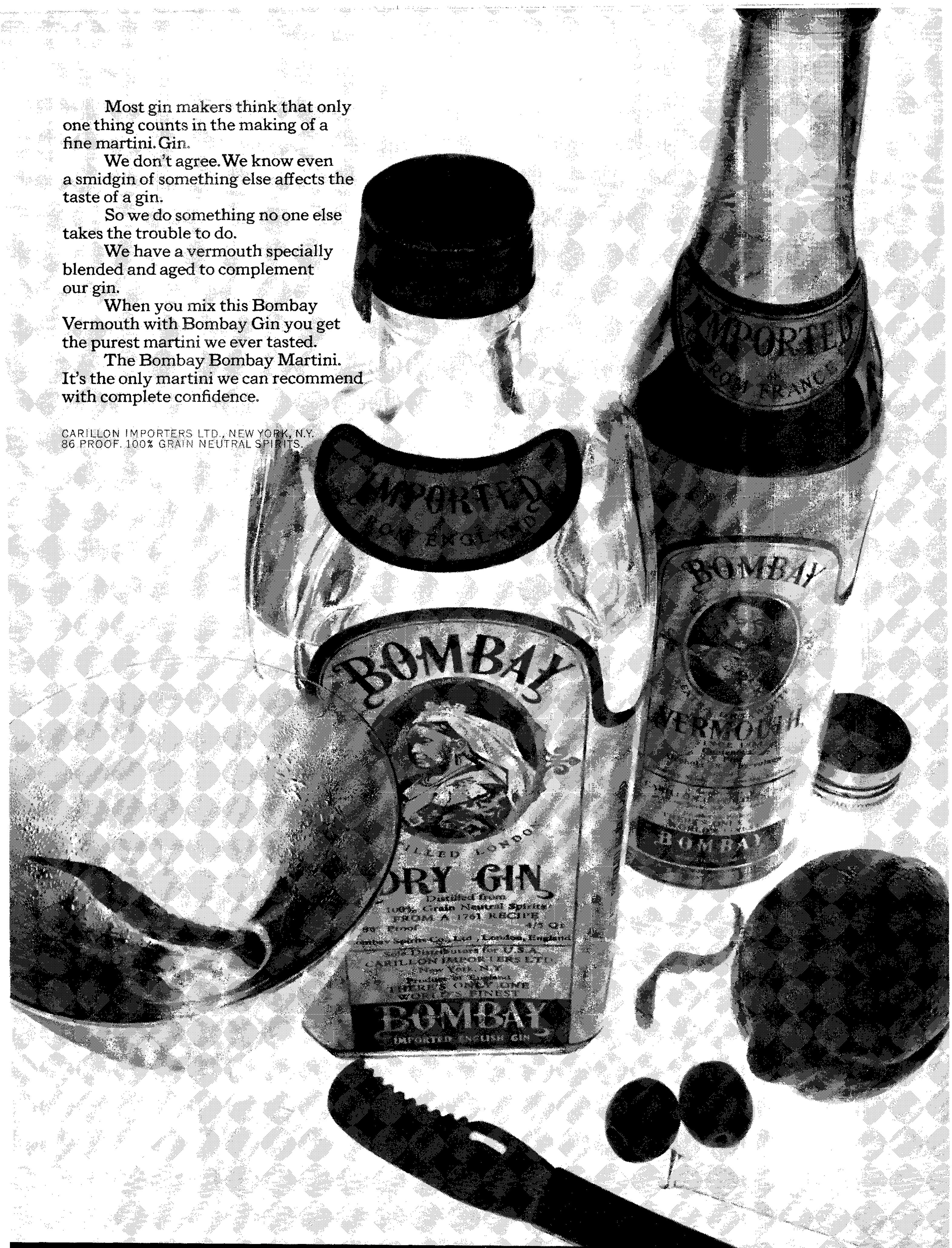
So we do something no one else takes the trouble to do.

We have a vermouth specially blended and aged to complement our gin.

When you mix this Bombay Vermouth with Bombay Gin you get the purest martini we ever tasted.

The Bombay Bombay Martini. It's the only martini we can recommend with complete confidence.

CARILLON IMPORTERS LTD., NEW YORK, N.Y.
86 PROOF. 100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS.


IMPORTED FROM FRANCE
BOMBAY
VERMOUTH
BOMBAY
IMPORTED FROM ENGLAND
BOMBAY
DISTILLED LONDON
DRY GIN
Distilled from
100% Grain Neutral Spirits
FROM A 1761 RECIPE
86° Proof
4/5 Qt
London, England
Sole Distributors for U.S.A.
CARILLON IMPORTERS LTD.
New York, N.Y.
THERE'S ONLY ONE
WORLD'S FINEST
BOMBAY
IMPORTED ENGLISH GIN

The Bombay Bombay Martini.

for me. . . . And Angela Lansbury will be there, and—who knows?—the Mayor. . . ."

Then back to taking calls from outside: "An interview with Twiggy? I'm sorry, but there just isn't the time, and we are not granting any more interviews. . . ." And "You mean, they'd fly there as a *guest* of American Airlines? We-ell, I think something might just be worked out. I'll make a note of it."

Then a call came in from de Villeneuve, who was somewhere in midtown, and, after hanging up, Miss Thorbahn told me that Justin was going to drop in briefly with Twiggy. They arrived in a few minutes, both smiling and easy. De Villeneuve told Miss Thorbahn that Twiggy had been photographed by Sokolsky that morning at F. A. O. Schwarz, and then in a helicopter above the ground at the Port Authority heliport, on the West Side. Miss Thorbahn asked Twiggy how she had liked the helicopter. "It was super," Twiggy said. "But I 'ad to sit in the glass bit, you know, and I didn't like that so much."

Miss Thorbahn said that she wanted to give Twiggy a book containing a number of forms of the kind that professional models in this country normally use, and that Twiggy should take it with her every day when she was modelling, and record the number of hours she worked. Miss Thorbahn produced such a form. Twiggy looked at it and screwed up her face in an expression of concentration. Miss Thorbahn began explaining the whole thing in a vigorous, interested way: "You see, Twiggy, it's like this, with a carbon. So let's just make this one out for today, just to show you how it's done. You see. Now, the name here—T-w-i-g-g-y."

"When did I start today?" Twiggy asked.

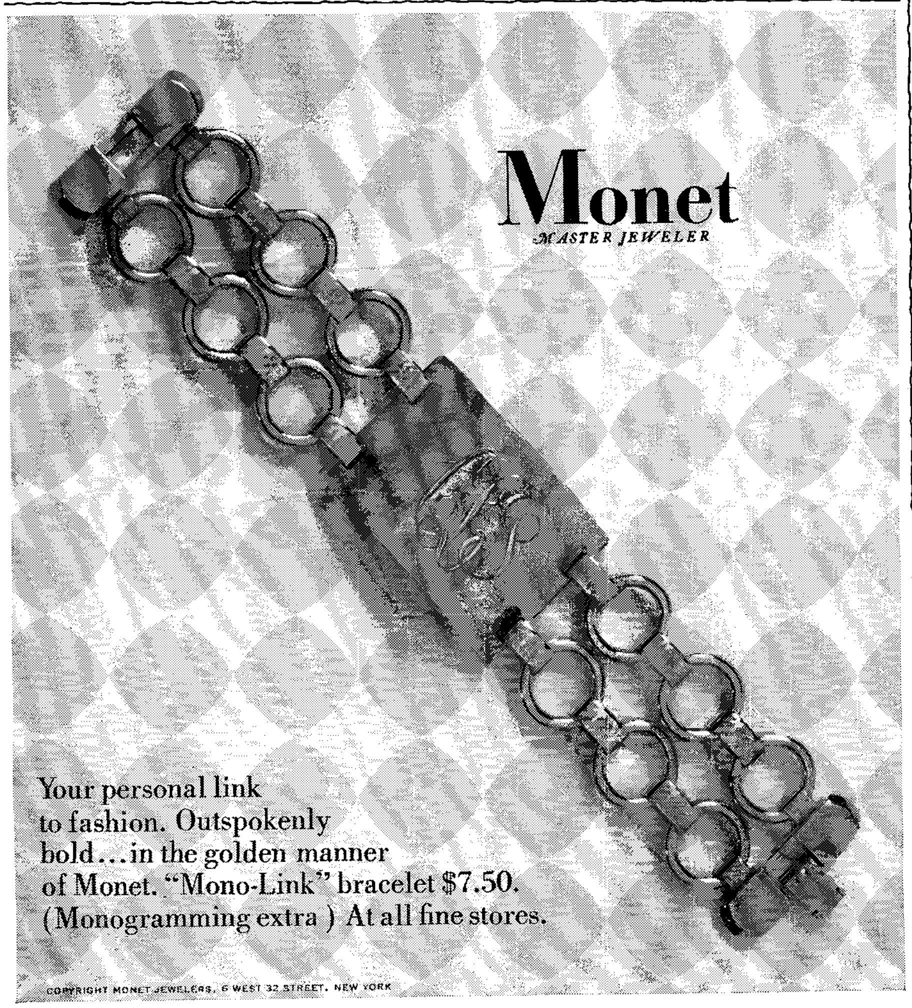
"Never mind that. You were booked from nine to five. That's how you'll be paid," Miss Thorbahn said, and she went on, "So here, you see, at a hundred and twenty dollars an hour"—using her fingers and murmuring to herself, she reckoned rapidly—"that would be nine hundred and sixty dollars today."

Twiggy, during these calculations, bit the inside of her cheek, stroked her bleached-raccoon coat thoughtfully, and craned her neck to look down at the paperwork.

"Nine hundred and sixty dollars," Miss Thorbahn said, with satisfaction. "And then get the client to sign it,

by Susan Thomas
VIVO®

The long pull: fisherman knit wool sweaterdress in bone, sizes 6 to 16, about $30. At Lord & Taylor, New York and branches; Jordan Marsh, Boston; Woodward & Lothrop, Washington; Pogue's, Cincinnati, and other fine stores. Vivo is a division of Susan Thomas, Inc., 498 Seventh Avenue, New York 10018.
Slightly higher in the west.
This dress bears the wool mark label awarded to quality-tested products made of the world's best.... PURE VIRGIN WOOL

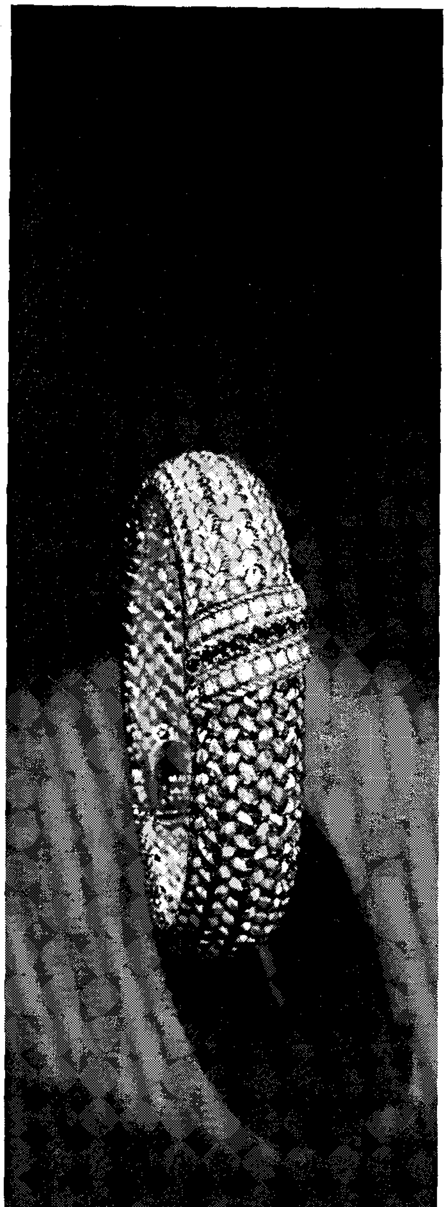


Monet
MASTER JEWELER

Your personal link to fashion. Outspokenly bold...in the golden manner of Monet. "Mono-Link" bracelet $7.50. (Monogramming extra) At all fine stores.

COPYRIGHT MONET JEWELERS, 6 WEST 32 STREET, NEW YORK

There is only one Joy...
JOY
DE
JEAN PATOU
PARIS
...the costliest perfume in the world.



INTRODUCING
OUR NEW
COVERED WATCH

Concealed bracelet watch
of fourteen karat gold
set with diamonds and sapphires.
Seventeen-jewel
Movado movement, $895.

TIFFANY & CO.

NEW YORK FIFTH AVE. AND 57TH ST.
SAN FRANCISCO 233 POST ST.
BEVERLY HILLS 345 CAMDEN AT 9601 WILSHIRE
HOUSTON FIRST CITY NAT'L BANK BLDG.
CHICAGO 715 NORTH MICHIGAN AVE.

Twiggy, and you pull this slip out, and, you see, the pink stays in underneath."

THE following afternoon, I caught up with Twiggy while she was at work with Sokolsky in a downstairs Automat on Forty-fifth Street, just east of Fifth Avenue. The lunchtime rush was over, and the place had only a scattering of customers, but soon after I entered, it began to fill up with people associated with the photographic session: studio assistants, who got to work setting up lights; a motion-picture crew I hadn't seen before; and a swarm of people from Doyle Dane Bernbach, the advertising agency handling the Monsanto account. The agency contingent was headed by an account executive named John Bay, and was supported on what Madison Avenue calls "the creative side" by a young art director called Andy Langer, whom one of the Doyle Dane brass characterized as being generally "tuned in;" Langer was also credited with having devised, some weeks previously, the idea of combining Twiggy and Acrilan clothes, and the idea of having people in the background of the shots to be taken of Twiggy around New York wear life-size photographic masks of Twiggy's face. "It neutralizes the background and makes the merchandise stand out," I was informed. The tuned-in young ad exec was then keeping an eye on a scene being set up near the cashier's cage, at one end of the cafeteria section. He was wearing glasses, a fawn-colored suit with cuffless pants, and a blue shirt, and had a pair of kid gloves protruding from his breast pocket. Soon Twiggy, de Villeneuve, Teddy the Monk, Sokolsky, and a group of Sokolsky assistants arrived. Twiggy, outfitted in a red Acrilan blazer and plaid pants, was shown to a table in a relatively obscure section of the Automat while lights and other equipment were put in position for a shot near the cashier's cage. During this time, Sokolsky, a small, rather pugnacious-looking man wearing a dark-green polo-necked sweater, was tensely pacing back and forth along a row of deserted tables not far from Twiggy's. His hands were clasped behind his back, and he was puffing at a cigar stub, which he occasionally shifted in his mouth, with a grimace. When the lights were ready and had been turned on, Twiggy was led over to the cashier's cage, and Twiggy masks were handed out to the cashier and to a number of bystanders, who had been persuaded to appear carrying trays, in the pictures to be taken; everybody else was ordered to stand back out of the way. Twiggy, holding a red apple that one of the Sokolsky people had put in her hand, made ready to pose, leaning up against the cashier's cage, and Sokolsky mounted a stepladder a short distance away from the cage and got to work with his camera, taking shots by the dozen and interspersing them with comments like "O.K., Twiggy. Look at me, Twiggy. . . . A little more over to the left, Twiggy. . . . Cashier, stick your head out more. . . . That's it. . . . Now, again."

The scene seemed to cause some consternation among the Automat regulars. "What kind of ad can they have at the Automat—somebody comes from London to have a cup of coffee?" one man at a table said to another, looking up from a casserole of baked beans.

A woman standing nearby said to another woman, "And she makes more than the Prime Minister of England. Would you believe it?"

"I saw her on television," a man said to his tablemate. "She's ninety-one pounds. She's twenty pounds underweight."

An elderly man said, "Why do they show her coming to the cashier with an apple when the Automat hasn't got apples? They only got *baked* apples."

"What's been going on?" a newly arrived customer, holding a still empty tray, asked a man among the bystanders.

"That's Twaggy," the man explained.

TWAGGY, Tweezy, Twirly—these are some of the names I heard Twiggy being called by people during her first few days in New York. But television, with its unique capacity for replicating, and thereby converting the noticeable into the instantly famous, had been doing its work effectively, and very soon it was clear that Twiggy was being universally recognized at sight as Twiggy, the seventeen-year-old English model. I was to see something of the extent of that recognition just six days after Twiggy was deposited in the New World. On the morning of Easter Sunday, having made a telephone call to Teddy the Monk and learned that Twiggy and de Villeneuve were going to join the Easter parade, I took a cab over to the apartment house where they were staying, and caught up with them just as they were leaving for Fifth Avenue. Bert Stern and a camera crew were there to document the occasion. The party made its way on foot to

IMPERIAL

If you want more than luxury in your luxury car

Watch the Bob Hope Show and AFL Football on NBC-TV.

1968 Imperial Crown Coupe

You'll discover more than scenery when you leave the Interstate behind.

Follow an asphalt road through the countryside until it turns to gravel.

The scenery changes as you go. But the ride doesn't. With torsion-bar control you continue smoothly, quietly.

With the largest V8 offered by Chrysler Corporation, you can take on a mountain—and find it's no contest.

As the miles flick by, relax. Assume a new position. Re-adjust the optional six-way power seat so that seat height, tilt, and leg room are right for you.

Relax. Surround yourself with 5-speaker stereo sound—with 8-track tape player or AM/FM Stereo Multiplex Radio, optional.

For ultimate comfort and convenience, you may order Auto-Temp air conditioning. One setting maintains the temperature you prefer—through altitude and weather changes.

This year, drive the vital new Imperial, finest automobile built by Chrysler Corporation.

IMPERIAL CHRYSLER MOTORS CORPORATION

You meet the most entertaining people

In Hawaii, throbbing drums summon swivel-hipped islanders to mesmerize you. In Thailand, dancers garbed in gold perform rituals centuries old. Japan presents a fascinating choice of theatre—Noh drama, classic Kabuki, Bunraku puppet plays—and then throws in a night life so glittering, Paris seems tame beside it. All over the Pacific people go out of their way to entertain you. The Indian Camel Corps parades for you. And the world's most famous dancers perform for you: New Zealand's expressive Maoris, Ceylon's renowned Kandyan dancers, the Philippines' incredible Bayanihan dancers, Indonesia's Monkey dancers. The Fijians even go so far as to dance across red-hot stones. Then there's Korea's haunting folk music, Singapore's giant amusement parks. Australia's fantastic surf carnivals and unique zoos. The Chinese Opera of Hong Kong and Taiwan. The night clubs and cabarets of Malaysia and Okinawa. The casinos of Macau. Superb entertainment—and all for you. Then after you've spent a day watching an elephant round-up or an evening at a luau, you can return to your hotel where the comforts of soft beds, good

in the Pacific.

food and solicitous service await you. For this is one of the charms of the Pacific: the proximity of the foreign and the familiar. The major problem facing a Pacific traveler is profusion: twenty-five appealing destinations. Your travel agent can help you sort this out and tailor your trip. Meanwhile, read our beautiful 28-page color story, DISCOVER THE PACIFIC. It's free.

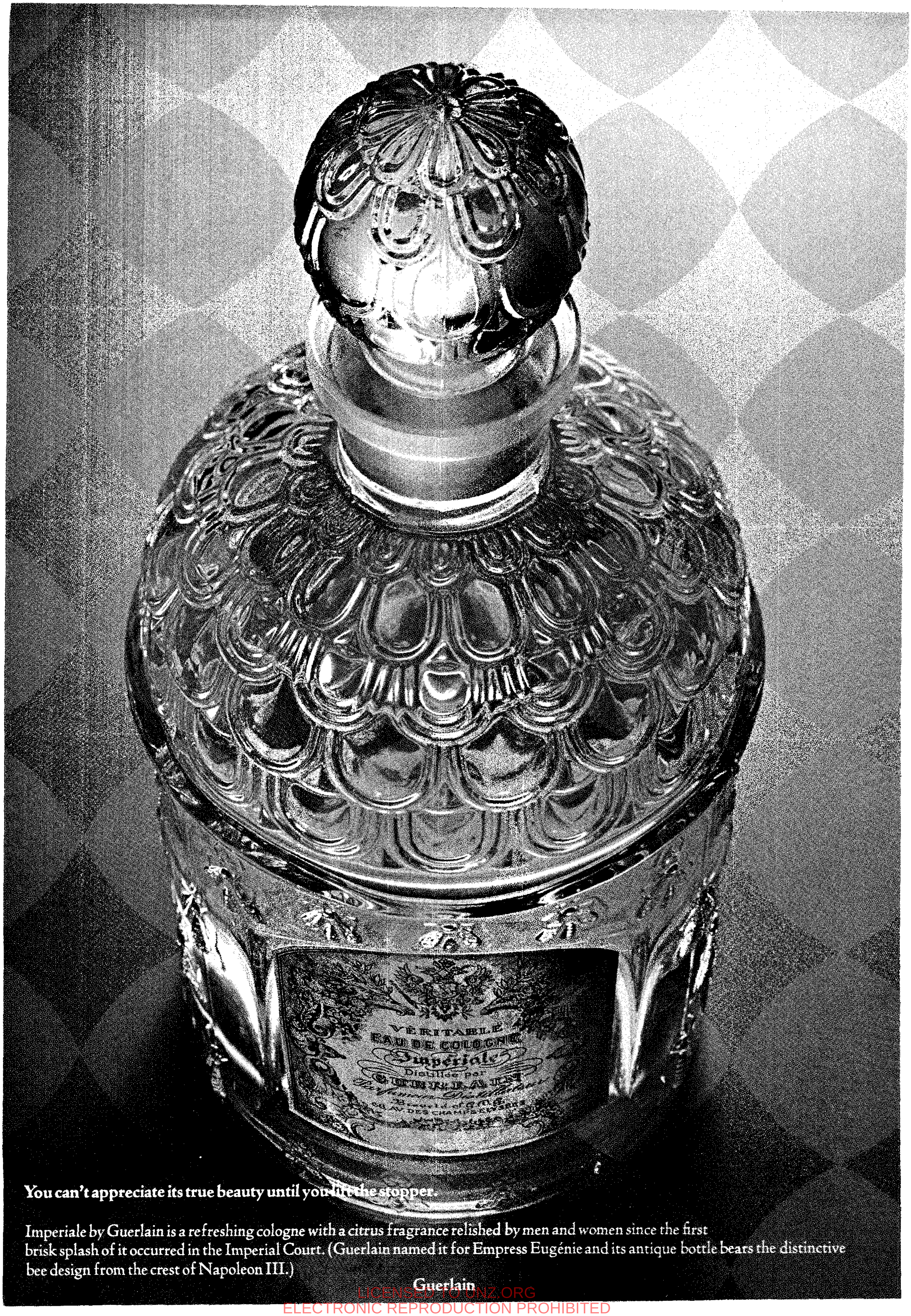
To:
Pacific Area
Travel Association

ALASKA
AUSTRALIA
CAMBODIA
CANADA
CEYLON
CHINA, Rep. of
FIJI
GUAM
HAWAII
HONG KONG
INDIA
INDONESIA
JAPAN
KOREA
MACAU
MALAYSIA
MEXICO
NEPAL
NEW CALEDONIA
NEW ZEALAND
PHILIPPINES
RYUKYU ISLANDS
SAMOA (American)
SAMOA (Western)
SINGAPORE
TAHITI
THAILAND
UNITED STATES

Dept. NY-11-67 228 Grant Avenue
San Francisco, California 94108.
Please send me a free copy of DISCOVER THE PACIFIC

Name________________Address________________

City________________State & Zip________________


VERITABLE
EAU DE COLOGNE
Impériale
Distillée par
GUERLAIN

You can't appreciate its true beauty until you lift the stopper.

Imperiale by Guerlain is a refreshing cologne with a citrus fragrance relished by men and women since the first brisk splash of it occurred in the Imperial Court. (Guerlain named it for Empress Eugénie and its antique bottle bears the distinctive bee design from the crest of Napoleon III.)

Guerlain

the west side of Fifth Avenue at Sixtieth Street and headed south. Below Fifty-ninth Street, Fifth Avenue had been cleared of all motor traffic and was occupied from sidewalk to sidewalk with crowds of strollers; as I looked toward St. Patrick's, I could see that the crowds grew denser with distance. By the time the party had travelled as far as the Plaza Fountain, the people nearby had begun to react to it. The day was sunny and cool. Twiggy and de Villeneuve walked along side by side—Twiggy in her bleached-raccoon coat with lime-green pants and pilgrim-style shoes, and de Villeneuve with his nutria coat draped over his shoulders and swinging from side to side. As they walked, they were preceded by Stern's camera crew—a suède-trenchcoated cameraman, who had on a harness of equipment that included a belt of small batteries, resembling an ammunition belt, and who walked backward, squinting through the rubber eyepiece of his camera viewfinder and shooting Twiggy and de Villeneuve continuously, and a sound man, wearing earphones and loaded with recording equipment connected by cable to his partner's camera. Alerted by this vanguard that something unusual was going on, people from one side of the street to the other were turning their heads, and when they spotted the principal object of the camera crew's attentions, they began hurrying over. Soon Easter-bonneted girls and matrons in the crowd, Instamatics to eye, were themselves trying to record the scene, and, in turn, were having their actions recorded by the cameras that had attracted their attention in the first place. It was a spectacle of publicity celebrating itself. By the time the party reached Fifty-seventh Street, it had gathered a fair-sized knot of people around it. Instead of the usual noise of Fifth Avenue traffic, there were the clicks of hurrying heels, the slapping of soles, the tripping of amateur camera shutters, and twittering exclamations of recognition, which, as the party marched on, were repeated over and over:

"Why!"
"Look! Twiggy!"
"There's Twiggy!"
"Twigg-*ee!*"
"Hi, Twiggy!"
"Hello, Twiggy!"
"Twiggy!"
"Twiggy!"
"Twiggy!"
"Twiggy!"

With each few steps, the twittering sound rose in volume, the clicking of

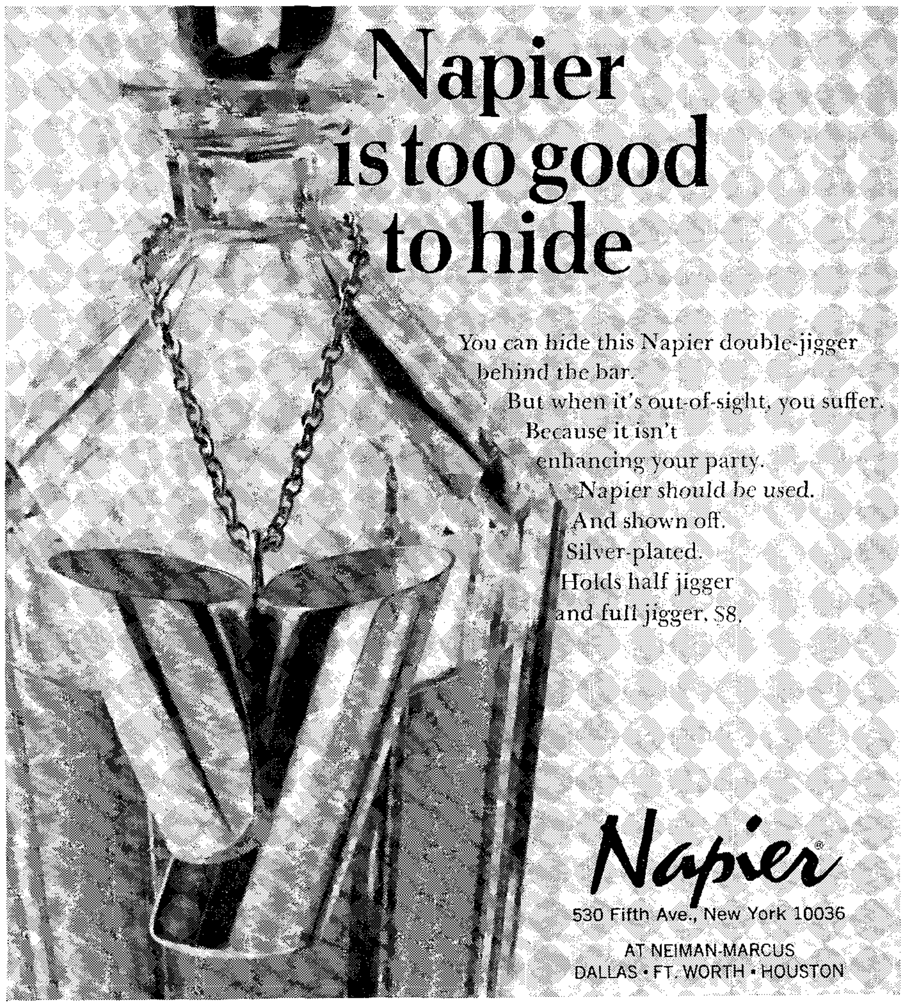
This is one of the most elegant European hotels. It has the ultimate in French cuisine. Luxurious Louis XVI rooms and suites. Magnificent Italian marble floors. Tapestries woven in 18th century France. And the most understanding Belgian concierge. It's at 61st and Park.

The Regency Hotel

PARK AVENUE AT 61ST STREET, NEW YORK 21, PLAZA 9-4100. A LOEW'S HOTEL.

BURROUGHS
BEEFEATER
LONDON DISTILLED
DRY GIN
KOBRAND CORPORATION

First name for the martini
BEEFEATER®
IMPORTED GIN FROM ENGLAND BY KOBRAND, N.Y. · 94 PROOF · TRIPLE-DISTILLED · 100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS



Napier is too good to hide

You can hide this Napier double-jigger behind the bar.
But when it's out-of-sight, you suffer.
Because it isn't enhancing your party.
Napier should be used.
And shown off.
Silver-plated.
Holds half jigger and full jigger. $8.

Napier®
530 Fifth Ave., New York 10036
AT NEIMAN-MARCUS
DALLAS · FT. WORTH · HOUSTON

heels came faster, and more flowered bonnets pressed inward. Twiggy smiled brightly. She repeatedly said "Allaow!" She stopped to give autographs. The knot around her simultaneously tightened and grew larger. Teddy the Monk, exercising his role of bodyguard, went through motions of remonstration: "Orroit, orroit. Thetsit. Thenksverimuch. Brikeitup." Then everybody started scrambling. The trenchcoated cameraman, who had been getting a closeup of the autographing, ran ahead again, sweating, hugging the submachine-gun-like stock of his camera to one shoulder but keeping the long-lensed camera itself, with its handgrip trigger, pointed upward, out of harm's way—an attitude that, reinforced by the ammunition belt of batteries strapped low around his waist, gave him a peculiar banditlike air. By the time the party reached the northwest corner of Fifty-third Street, outside St. Thomas's Episcopal Church, the twittering sound had grown quite loud and the crowd around Twiggy was becoming really dense. In fact, I could no longer see either Twiggy or de Villeneuve; I placed them by the direction in which amateur cameras were being pointed. I could easily see the cameras, for they were being held at arm's length above the heads of the crowd, like offerings. By the time de Villeneuve and Twiggy crossed Fifty-third Street, the crowd had got out of control. The exclamations of "Twiggy!" had become screams and shouts, the throng was thrashing around wildly, and a policeman was vainly yelling "Break it up!" Stern's cameraman disappeared; becoming tangled up in the cable connecting him to his sound man, he had been thrown to the ground.

Suddenly, de Villeneuve, holding Twiggy's hand, reversed direction and headed north. A new wave of the crowd bore down upon them from the northwest corner of Fifty-third Street, so de Villeneuve, Twiggy, and Teddy the Monk headed west along the north side of Fifty-third Street. But the crowd was upon them again. Cornered, de Villeneuve headed back east, and, pulling Twiggy along with him, went in by a side entrance and took sanctuary in the vestibule of St. Thomas's Church. Soon, a policeman came to the top of the steps and kept the crowd back. Twiggy's eyes were big and frightened; de Villeneuve's were blinking rapidly. In the vestibule, a young usher in a cutaway coat, with a carnation in his buttonhole, approached solicitously, then whipped out a piece of

TAHITI
ENGLAND
JAPAN

On Tour.

A trip through time as well as space. This month television takes you to Tahiti, to retrace Gauguin's steps in his search for Paradise. On a National Geographic hunt for the American grizzly bear. Through the treasures of the National Gallery. On a breathtaking journey down the Colorado. To ancient Rome with Bernard Shaw. Thanks to television, the world seems to get smaller every day.

Grizzly!—National Geographic Society: A conservation hunt for the grizzly bear. Wednesday, Nov. 1 (7:30-8:30 pm)

Benjamin Britten and His Aldeburgh Festival—Bell Telephone Hour: A study of the composer and his contributions to the celebrated Festival. Friday, Nov. 3 (10-11 pm)

Look Up and Live—Choice, The Imperative of Tomorrow: A four-part series dealing with man's power to affect the world and the radical choices facing him as a result of modern technology. Sunday, Nov. 5, 12, 19, 26 (10:30-11am)

Discovery—State Fair; Monsters of the Ocean Deep; The Island People; The Vanishing Wilderness (conservation trip down the Colorado River with Sen. Robert Kennedy). Sunday, Nov. 5, 12, 19, 26 (11:30-12 Noon)

Directions—Bells; Two Boxes of Wood (dramas of the impact of war on the individual); The Church in Contemporary Life; Religion and National Affairs. Sunday, Nov. 5, 12, 19, 26 (1-1:30 pm)

A Bell for Adano—Hallmark Hall of Fame: John Forsythe and Kathleen Widdoes star in the drama based on John Hersey's novel. Saturday, Nov. 11 (7:30-9 pm)

A Man and His Music + Ella + Jobim—Frank Sinatra special with guests Ella Fitzgerald and Antonio Carlos Jobim. Monday, Nov. 13 (9-10 pm)

What About Ronald Reagan?—Who, What, When, Where, Why, with Harry Reasoner: An analysis of the man and his political rise. Tuesday, Nov. 14 (10-11 pm)

Androcles and the Lion—Richard Rodgers' musical version of George Bernard Shaw's comedy starring Noel Coward, Ed Ames, Inga Swenson, Brian Bedford and Norman Wisdom as Androcles. Wednesday, Nov. 15 (7:30-9 pm)

Dial 'M' for Murder—Laurence Harvey, Diane Cilento and Hugh O'Brian star in Frederick Knott's Broadway play. Wednesday, Nov. 15 (9-11 pm)

The National Gallery of Art—American Profile: A revealing look at the art treasures of the National Gallery of Art in Washington, D.C., narrated by Robert Culp. Friday, Nov. 17 (10-11 pm)

Gauguin in Tahiti—The Search for Paradise: CBS News focuses on the impressionist painter's years in Tahiti, with Sir Michael Redgrave as the voice of Gauguin. Tuesday, Nov. 21 (10-11 pm)

One Night Stands—A tribute to performers who are keeping alive an almost disappearing form of show business. Tuesday, Nov. 21 (10-11pm)

Thanksgiving Day Parades—The annual events. Thursday, Nov. 23 (10-12 Noon)

Can You Hear Me?—ABC News focuses on the problems of the deaf. Monday, Nov. 27 (9:30-10 pm)

An Essay on Chairs—Who, What, When, Where, Why, with Harry Reasoner: You can tell a man by the chair he sits in. Tuesday, Nov. 28 (10-10:30 pm)

Regularly Scheduled Programs—Monday through Friday: Captain Kangaroo/Today/Sunrise Semester

Tuesdays: CBS News Hour/Who, What, When, Where, Why, with Harry Reasoner

Thursdays: Good Company

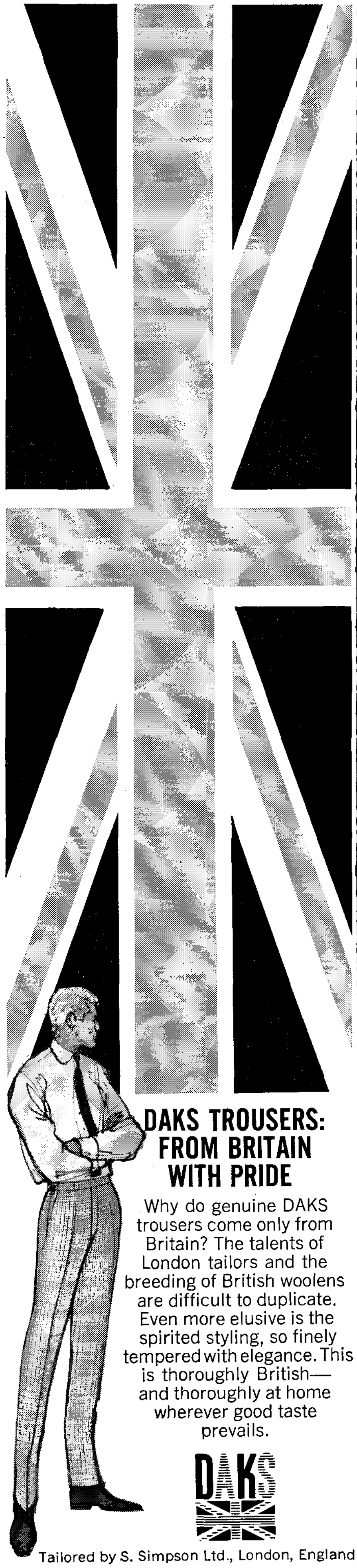
Fridays: NBC News Special/Bell Telephone Hour

Saturdays: Captain Kangaroo/Sunrise Semester/G-E College Bowl/Wide World of Sports/ABC Scope: The War in Vietnam

Sundays: Lamp Unto My Feet/Look Up and Live/Bullwinkle/Camera Three/Discovery/Directions/Face the Nation/Meet the Press/The Eternal Light/Issues and Answers/The Frank McGee Report/Walt Disney's Wonderful World of Color

Note: This is, necessarily, a partial listing. Time (NYT), titles and casts of these national programs are subject to change. Please consult your station listings; check also the increasing number of noteworthy local programs.

Television Information Office
745 Fifth Avenue, New York 10022



DAKS TROUSERS: FROM BRITAIN WITH PRIDE

Why do genuine DAKS trousers come only from Britain? The talents of London tailors and the breeding of British woolens are difficult to duplicate. Even more elusive is the spirited styling, so finely tempered with elegance. This is thoroughly British—and thoroughly at home wherever good taste prevails.

DAKS

Tailored by S. Simpson Ltd., London, England

paper for Twiggy to autograph. Another policeman arrived, and warned de Villeneuve, "You can't go out there, with this crowd. Someone could get *hurt*." After some discussion, he said he would try to arrange with church officials to have de Villeneuve and Twiggy led through the church and out by a safer exit.

After a few minutes, with the Twiggy-fired crowd outside still being held at bay, the safe-conduct party entered the great church itself. The Easter service had just been concluded, and the worshippers were filing down the center aisle. As the organ, pealing and swelling a postlude to a hymn of Resurrection from bank after bank of pipes, thundered triumphant chords down from the Gothic reaches above and shook the very ground underneath, Twiggy, pale, her big eyes hooded by their triple layers of lashes, hurried along a side aisle, her shoulders hunched up inside her bleached-raccoon coat, her thin legs pumping away, her pilgrim shoes pattering along the tiled church floor, toward the chantry, its altar lily-laden and flecked with light streaming from stained-glass windows. Beside her, de Villeneuve wordlessly strode, in a shirt of brown-and-pink crêpe, over which, hung empty-sleeved from his shoulders, the new nutria coat by Mr. Fred swung with urgency. And behind de Villeneuve and Twiggy came Teddy the Monk, horse-faced, loping, loud-jacketed, concerned. As they hurried along, a couple of girls, barely in their teens and wearing blue-flowered bonnets, who were standing in the line of Easter worshippers glimpsed Twiggy, and, unable to make a break from the queue of sober decency, looked back with expressions of anguish.

Twiggy and de Villeneuve were shown out through the parish office on Fifty-third Street, and successfully gained a taxi on Sixth Avenue. They told the driver to take them to the Hotel Plaza, where they were to appear at an Easter Seal luncheon.

"Phew!" de Villeneuve said, with a roll of his eyes, as he got into the cab.

Teddy the Monk seemed interested in his brief trip to church. "Back 'ome, I got two Sunday pitches outside churches," he told me. "I got one on Cadogan Street and one outside the Oratory on Brompton Road. I sell the *Irish Weekly*, and things like that. O.K. on Sundays, but no good on weekdays."

Twiggy appeared to have recovered her good spirits. She was listening to the cabdriver, who, having recognized

the selected list fall 1967

For your complimentary copy of the "Selected List," mail coupon below . . . or call or visit the Bache office nearest you in one of these cities.

ARIZONA
Phoenix
CALIFORNIA
Beverly Hills
Encino
Palo Alto
San Francisco
COLORADO
Denver
CONNECTICUT
Groton
Hartford
New Haven
DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA
Washington
FLORIDA
Bay Harbor
Fort Lauderdale
Key West
Leesburg
Miami
Miami Beach (2)
Palm Beach
St. Petersburg
Surfside
GEORGIA
Atlanta
LaGrange
ILLINOIS
Chicago
INDIANA
Elkhart
South Bend
KENTUCKY
Lexington
Louisville
LOUISIANA
New Orleans
MARYLAND
Baltimore
MASSACHUSETTS
Boston (2)
Hyannis
MICHIGAN
Detroit
Southfield
MINNESOTA
Minneapolis
MISSOURI
Kansas City
St. Louis
NEW HAMPSHIRE
Hanover
NEW JERSEY
Atlantic City
Camden
Newark
Vineland
NEW YORK
Albany
Bay Shore
Binghamton
Buffalo
Forest Hills
Garden City
Hempstead
Massapequa Park
New Rochelle
New York City
  36 Wall Street
  60 Broad Street
  405 Lexington Ave.
  610 Fifth Ave.
  724 Fifth Ave.
  770 Lexington Ave.
  393 Seventh Ave.
  1407 Broadway
  2235 Church Ave. (Brooklyn)
  2449 Morris Ave. (Bronx)
  375 E. 149th St. (Bronx)
Rochester
Schenectady
Syracuse
Utica
White Plains

NORTH CAROLINA
Charlotte
Greensboro
Raleigh
OHIO
Akron
Cincinnati
Cleveland
Columbus
OKLAHOMA
Oklahoma City
Tulsa
PENNSYLVANIA
Erie
Oil City
Philadelphia
Pittsburgh
Scranton
Wilkes-Barre
RHODE ISLAND
Woonsocket
TEXAS
Corpus Christi
Dallas
Fort Worth
Houston
San Antonio
VIRGINIA
Arlington
WASHINGTON
Seattle
WEST VIRGINIA
Charleston
Morgantown
Parkersburg
Wheeling
WISCONSIN
Madison
Milwaukee

CANADA
Hamilton
Montreal
Toronto

OVERSEAS OFFICES
BAHAMAS
Nassau
BELGIUM
Brussels
BRITISH C.C.
Hong Kong
ENGLAND
Bradford
Liverpool
London
FRANCE
Paris
GERMANY
Bremen
Frankfurt
Hamburg
Munich
HOLLAND
Amsterdam
ITALY
Milan
Rome
LEBANON
Beirut
NORWAY
Oslo
PHILIPPINES
Manila
PUERTO RICO
San Juan (Santurce)
SPAIN
Madrid
SWITZERLAND
Geneva
Lugano
URUGUAY
Montevideo
VENEZUELA
Caracas
VIRGIN ISLANDS
Christiansted

BACHE & Co.
Incorporated

Box 400, Wall Street Station, N. Y., N. Y. 10005
Please send me the new "Selected List."
NY

Mr./Mrs./Miss__________
Street__________
City__________State__________Zip__________

Take a good look at Bache-ability in action

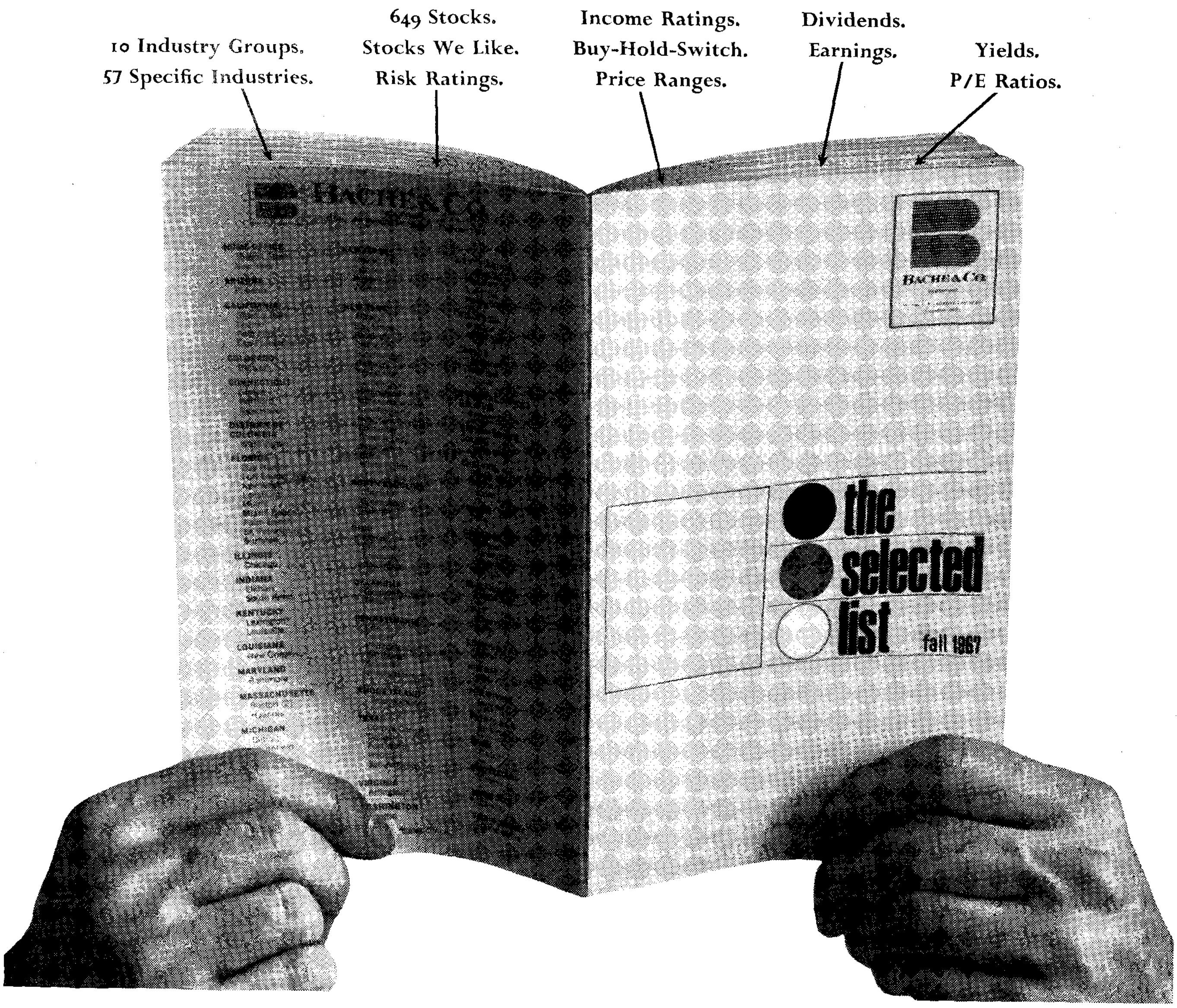
Our new Fall Selected List reports on 649 stocks

Under the Bache microscope: 649 active stocks in 57 industries. A special feature highlights "stocks we like" for growth and income. In addition, you'll find our buy, hold or switch recommendations for all, plus thousands of investment facts.

Summarized in these 72 pages: the evaluations of over 100 Bache research specialists. Back of it all is Bache-ability –the total experience, knowledge and research of one of the nation's oldest and largest investment firms applied to your personal goals.

For your copy of the Fall Selected List, without obligation, simply contact any Bache office listed on the facing page, or write us at Box 400, Wall Street Station, New York, N. Y. 10005.

BACHE & CO.
Incorporated
Members: All Leading Exchanges
Founded 1879
36 Wall Street, New York, N. Y. 10005


10 Industry Groups.
57 Specific Industries.
649 Stocks.
Stocks We Like.
Risk Ratings.
Income Ratings.
Buy-Hold-Switch.
Price Ranges.
Dividends.
Earnings.
Yields.
P/E Ratios.
BACHE & CO.
the selected list
fall 1967

Ever wished for a watch with Observatory Accuracy?

Well, stop wishing... Girard Perregaux has one for you! The GP Observatory chronometer is the only wrist watch intended for general distribution ever to be certified accurate by an Astronomical Observatory. It was created for discriminating men who take pride in owning the finest. **Guaranteed accurate to 1 minute a month... *the G.P. Observatory Chronometer is the watch to set other watches by.***

GIRARD PERREGAUX
Fine Watches Since 1791

Self-winding.
39-jewels.
Date-dial
Water-resistant.
In 18K gold $465.
High Frequency
Chronometers
from $170.

For free booklet write Girard Perregaux, Department 300, 610 5th Avenue, New York 10020

When the 'Ins' go out*... it's the "Walker" that makes the scene. This newest short length all weather coat is by Harbor Master, in an exclusive 2 x 2 poplin of 65% Dacron** and 35% Cotton. ZEPEL® rain-and-stain repellent treated. The zip-in inner liner is of warmest Orlon** in a fashion-right rum shade.
$45 at The Shepard Co., Providence

HARBOR MASTER LTD.
A DIVISION OF JONATHAN LOGAN

Also see Harbor Master at: **G. Fox,** Hartford; **Strawbridge & Clothier,** Philadelphia; **Gimbels,** Pittsburgh; **Schlesinger's,** West New York, N. J.; **Hughes, Hatcher & Suffrin,** Detroit; **Frankenbergers,** Charleston; **B&B Lorry's,** New York City; **Thalhimer's,** Richmond; **Titche-Goettinger,** Dallas; **Stix Baer & Fuller,** St. Louis; **Lytton's,** Chicago; **Wm. H. Block,** Indianapolis; **Davison's,** Atlanta; **Martin's,** Brooklyn; **Macy's,** Kansas City; **Rice's,** Norfolk; **Brandeis,** Omaha; **Woodward & Lothrop,** Washington, D. C.
*TRADEMARK **DUPONT REG. T.M.

her immediately, was telling her, "Girls like you, you don't know about gettin' fat. I suppose some of these women want their daughters to reduce and look like you. Some of these women, they can hardly get up from the table. They're always eatin'."

And from car after car nearby, in the slow Easter Sunday traffic, Twiggy was being spotted and hailed.

"Hello, Twiggy!"

"Hi, Twiggy!"

"Welcome to New York, Twiggy!"

"So friendly, aren't they!" Twiggy said, delighted.

At the Plaza, Twiggy and de Villeneuve were shown up to the Baroque Suite, where a vast cocktail party was going on. There was to be a fashion show at the lunch itself, and in connection with it a few professional models in expensive furs were being photographed against a window. They were tall, haughty, and aloof, and not many people except the photographer seemed to be paying much attention to them.

As Twiggy and de Villeneuve entered the Baroque Suite, they were descended upon by a suntanned, wide-mouthed committee lady in a pink dress and hat ("One of the best-dressed women in America," I was informed by a gentleman committeeman nearby), who led them over to a table and offered them drinks. Twiggy and de Villeneuve asked for Cokes. "I just *love* London—I live there part of the year," the pink lady told de Villeneuve, and, sitting with her back slightly to Teddy the Monk, she began to tell Twiggy and de Villeneuve all about it, drawing lines on the tablecloth with a forefinger: "You see, here's the *Dorchester.* Here's *South Audley* Street, and here's *Hill* Street, where *I* am—"

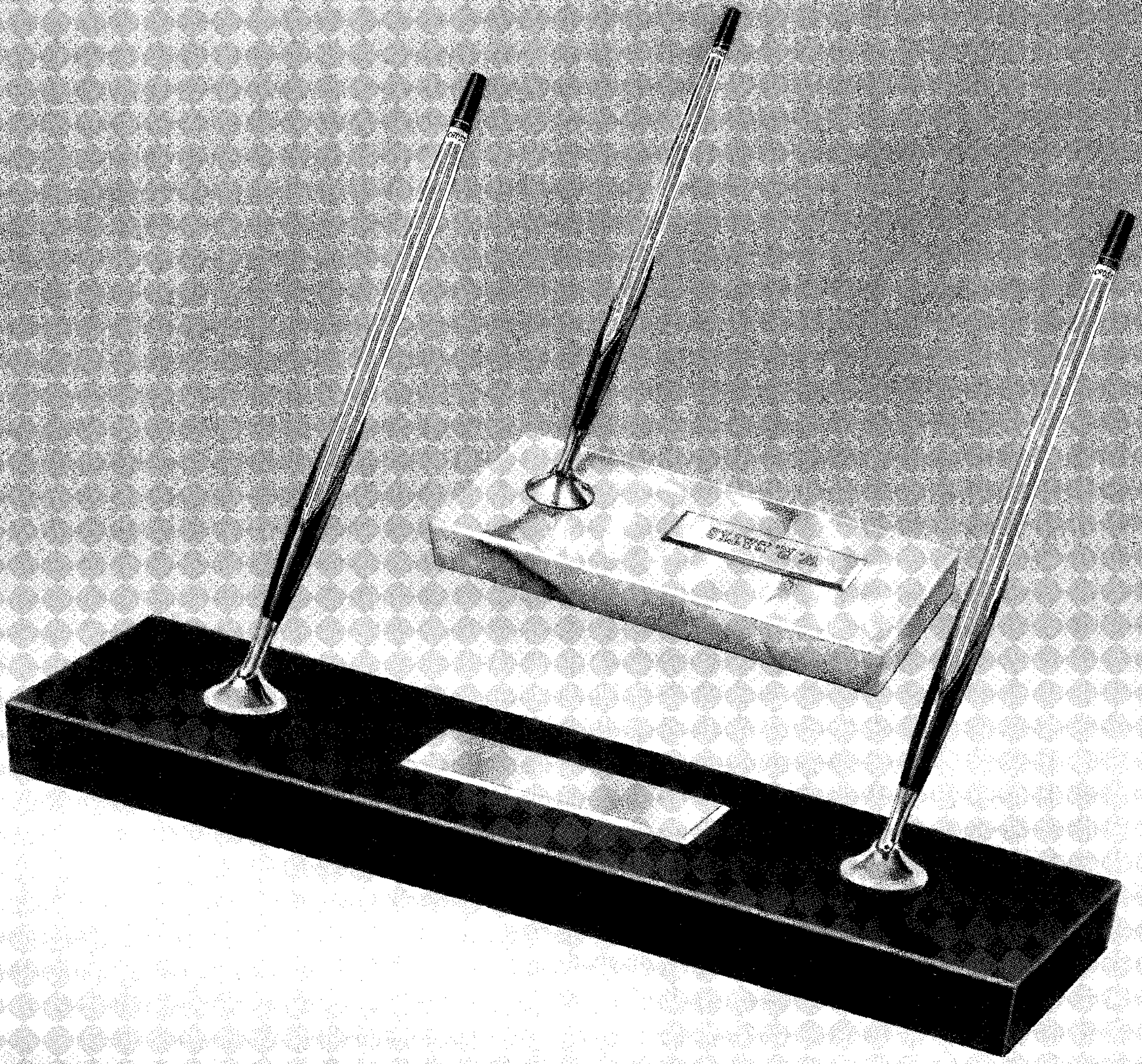
"Oh, yeah," Teddy the Monk said to her, from behind. "I used to work a barrow down that way."

AFTER the Easter Seal lunch, I accompanied Twiggy and de Villeneuve back to the apartment where they and Teddy the Monk were staying, as guests of Bert Stern. It was a huge, brand-new place, consisting of two apartments made into a single apartment of a dozen rooms, and, because Stern hadn't moved in yet, it was just about bare. "I like staying here," de Villeneuve said. "It's very convenient. I like a place without furniture. I don't like furniture very much." In a large living room, the furniture on hand consisted only of a small, backless sofa covered with a flowered print, a thin aluminum standing lamp of mod-

CROSS | Desk Sets
SINCE 1846

in Hand Rubbed Walnut, Jet Crystal, White Pedrara Onyx,
Statuary Bronze, Burgundy and Peacock Color Crest

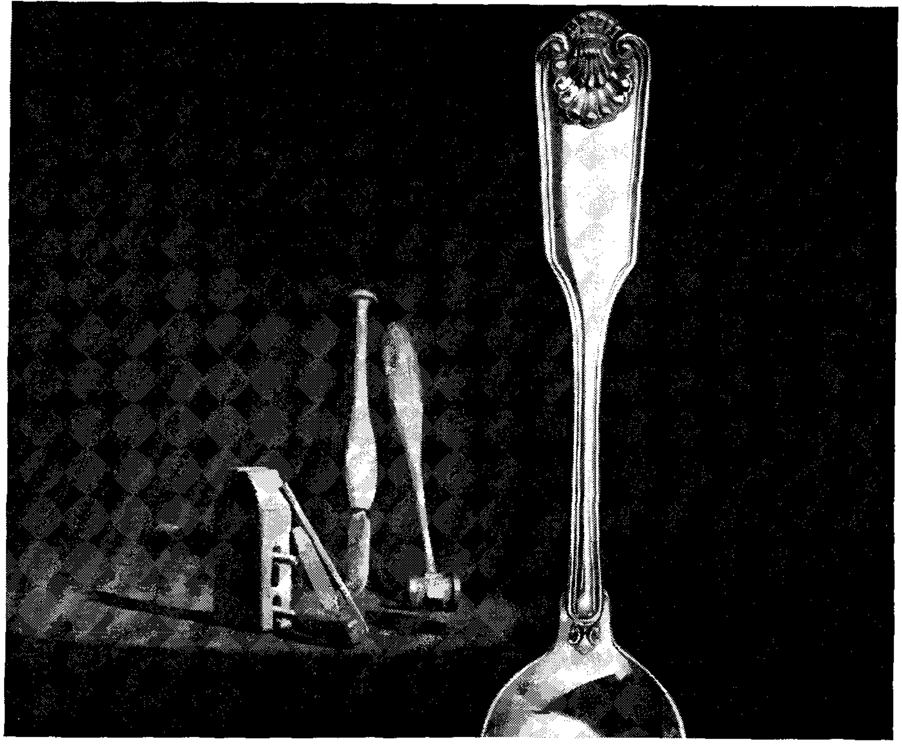
From Twenty-Two Fifty to Seventy-Five Dollars
At Better Stores Everywhere



America's Finest Writing Instruments Since 1846

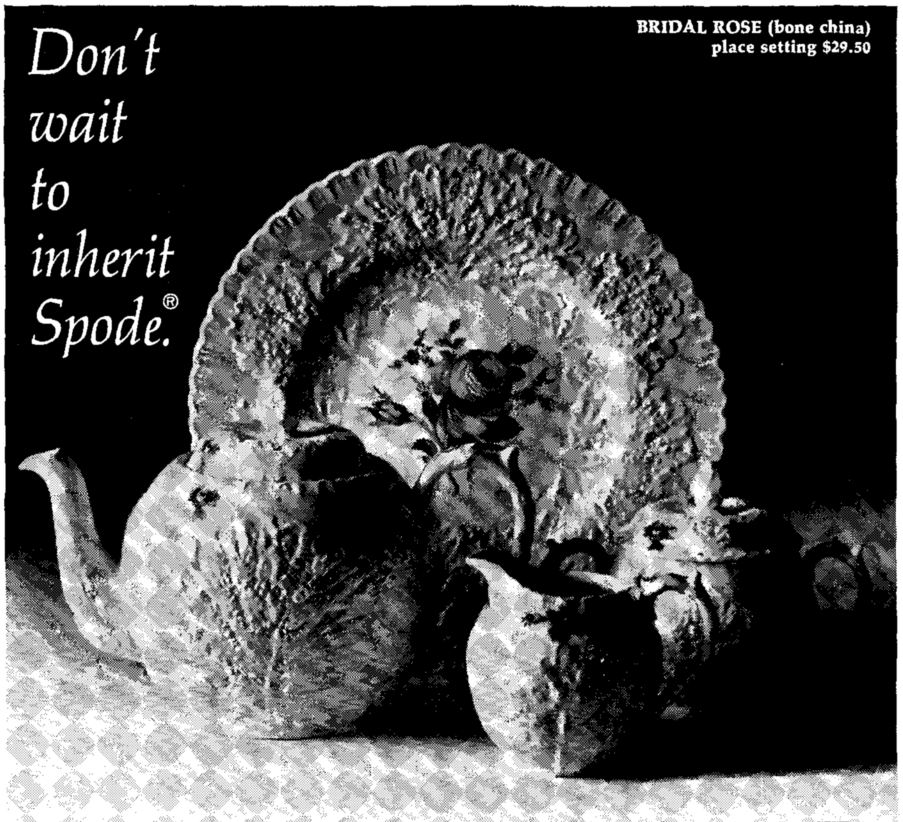
©1967, A. T. CROSS COMPANY, LINCOLN, R. I. 02865

Once you had to inherit it



Today you can find the beloved form of Fiddle Shell in Frank Smith Sterling

Schwarzschild Bros., Richmond; Julius Goldstein & Son, Mobile; E. J. Scheer Inc., Rochester; Maier & Berkele, Atlanta; Lafayette Galleries, Lexington; The Carlton House, Houston; Zell Bros., Portland; George Watts & Son, Milwaukee.
The Webster Company, creators of Frank Smith Sterling, North Attleboro, Mass. Silversmiths since 1896.


Don't wait to inherit Spode®
BRIDAL ROSE (bone china) place setting $29.50

"One perfect rose" is all the adornment required of this famous Spode pattern. Nestled amid an embossed cluster of French savoy leaves, the delicate rose, designed by William Billingsley about 1800, is fashionably suited to all settings, all occasions. Write for Booklet 57.

Spode THE FINE ENGLISH DINNERWARE

wholesale distributors • COPELAND & THOMPSON, INC. / 206 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10010

ern design, three chairs, and a television set. The floor was bare except for a small tiger-skin-print rug. Scattered around were two pots of artificial flowers and a big stuffed toy elephant—I took these to be presents to Twiggy from admirers—along with copies of *Teen* and *Hot Rod Magazine*, a portable record-player, and a few rock-'n'-roll records. Shortly after we all entered the apartment, Twiggy took off her shoes and coat, turned on the television set—"the tellay"—and settled back on the sofa to watch a long series of commercials interspersed with sections of an old movie. De Villeneuve sat beside her. Teddy the Monk, who had disappeared into one of the apartment's two kitchens, emerged with a broom, took off his jacket and hung it on the aluminum lamp ("Justin tells me not to"), and began to do a bit of housekeeping, which consisted mostly of sweeping dust off the small tiger-skin rug. Then a pretty teen-age girl entered the apartment and was welcomed enthusiastically by Twiggy. Her name was Betsy Lipman, and she lived in the apartment building. The day before, she had interviewed Twiggy for her high-school paper, and the two girls had become friendly. Betsy had presented Twiggy with a live Easter duckling, and now Twiggy, with a blissful air, had the duckling snuggled in a V made by her neck and one shoulder, and was stroking the yellow fuzz with a single, thin finger. Bert Stern's camera crew was circling around, cable-connected, in an effort to make the most of the scene.

A little later, Betsy and the camera crew departed, and I asked de Villeneuve how things had gone at the Easter Seal lunch. (I hadn't attended that.) De Villeneuve said that it had been all right but that he and Twiggy hadn't felt very comfortable. "It was the smart thing to be nice to Twiggy, rather than *being* nice," he said.

Twiggy seemed to agree. She said, "There was this woman on a stage giving us prizes and we were supposed to give them out, and everything got mixed up, and I was giving this bottle of whiskey to this little boy, and, *oh*, those Easter 'ats!" Twiggy's hands shot up, flattened out into slanting planes at either side of the top of her head, and jerked slightly downward to secure huge invisible brims. "And it was like a nightmare, 'orrible, those old women looking at you as though they were 'alf blind." And, with the invisible hat held firmly down, Twiggy, assuming a sudden bug-eyed, unfocussed stare, thrust her head forward to with-

What will the English think of next?

The Chesterfield Coat. A favourite with men of good taste the world over. Like glorious Gordon's Gin. Exceptionally dry and cool in a martini. Created in England in 1769.

The Liverpool Sound. Vibrant and rollicking. The sound of today. Just as Gordon's is the gin of today. At its briskest in a Gin and Tonic.

Gordon's Gin

Biggest selling gin in England, America, the world.

100% NEUTRAL SPIRITS DISTILLED FROM GRAIN. 90 PROOF. GORDON'S DRY GIN CO. LTD., LINDEN, N.J. **PRODUCT OF U.S.A.**

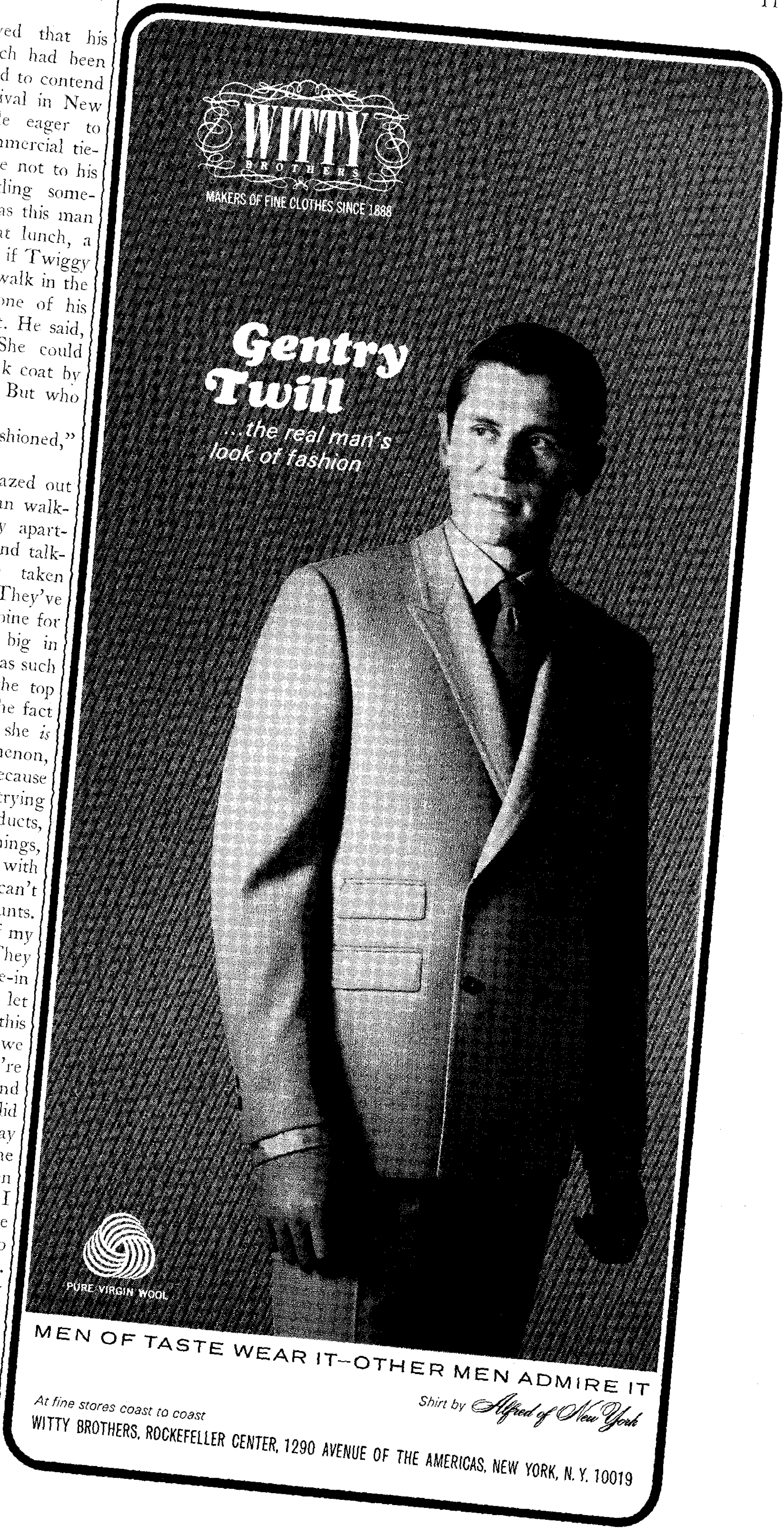
A well groomed gentleman has a certain distinctive elegance. He insists on originality such as found in our Historical collection shown here . . . fashioned of finely woven silk and embellished by an elegant medallion motif of kaleidoscopic effect. By Liebert, of course. At fine retail establishments.
A Liebert Cravat bespeaks Elegance

in three inches of de Villeneuve's comprehending face.

De Villeneuve observed that his chief problem at the lunch had been the same one that he'd had to contend with steadily since his arrival in New York—fending off people eager to make various kinds of commercial tie-ins with Twiggy that were not to his liking. "Everybody's hustling something," he said. "There was this man sitting near Twiggy at that lunch, a big furrier, and he said that if Twiggy would just walk up that catwalk in the fashion parade and wear one of his mink coats, she could keep it. He said, 'Anything you like, kid.' She could have walked out with a mink coat by wearing it for two minutes. But who wants mink?"

"Mink is styled so old-fashioned," Twiggy said.

De Villeneuve stood up, gazed out of the window, and then began walking around the mostly empty apartment, his hands behind him, and talking. "The Americans have taken Twiggy up," he told me. "They've made her into the universal heroine for teen-agers. She's always been big in Europe, but here she's emerged as such a big personality. And she *is* the top model in the world, in spite of the fact that she's only seventeen. And she *is* the best, she *is* a natural phenomenon, and I've got to watch things, because everybody's trying to hustle me, trying to get Twiggy to endorse products, stationery, all sorts of gimmicky things, and trying to set up p.r. stunts with Pop stars and people like that. I can't bear it when people set up stunts. They're something that gets out of my control. People trying to do deals. They say this is the person to make a tie-in with, this is the Pop star you should let Twiggy pose with, if you make this appearance it's good for you. But we don't want it. It's such a drag. We're here to sell Twiggy as a model, and we're all booked, you see—booked solid with modelling work. And when I say no, that makes us hard to get, and the desire to get Twiggy becomes even greater. I *never* answer the phone. I always have Teddy do it, or someone else. Some people, if they can't get to me, try to approach Twiggy directly. When that happens, I automatically turn down whatever offers they make. Everybody's hustling something all the time, and the situation is getting bigger and bigger. Twiggy isn't a monster, and I'm not a monster, but perhaps the situation is." He paused, and added, "Twiggy and I came here quite innocent. We came over to do six weeks



WITTY BROTHERS
MAKERS OF FINE CLOTHES SINCE 1888

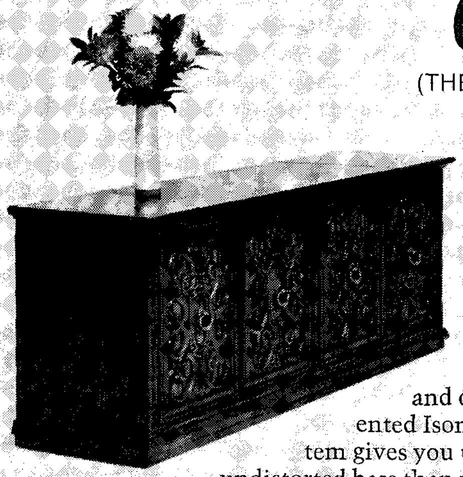
Gentry Twill
...the real man's look of fashion

PURE VIRGIN WOOL

MEN OF TASTE WEAR IT—OTHER MEN ADMIRE IT

At fine stores coast to coast
Shirt by Alfred of New York
WITTY BROTHERS, ROCKEFELLER CENTER, 1290 AVENUE OF THE AMERICAS, NEW YORK, N. Y. 10019

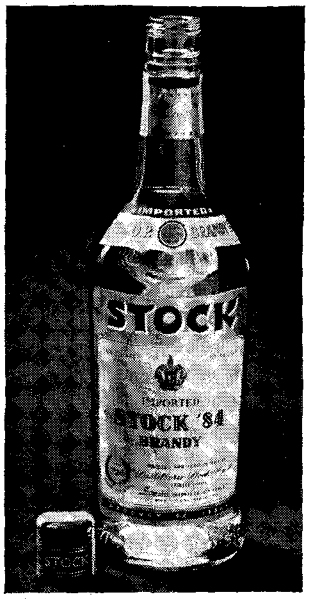
Scott components in a stereo console?
(THERE'S A SOUND REASON)



The only way to achieve truly professional stereo performance is through the use of separate components. And beneath the hand-rubbed lid of this superb cabinet is a powerful Scott component system . . . AM/FM/FM stereo, phono, and optional tape. Scott's patented Isomount® suspension system gives you two more octaves of deep undistorted bass than possible from any other console. And, you can connect extra speakers, microphone, guitar, earphones, organ . . . even the sound from your TV! Prices range from $499 to $2195. Write for your free copy of Scott's 1968 console guide.

Scott...where innovation is a tradition
SCOTT®
©1967, H.H. Scott, Inc.
H.H. Scott, Inc., Maynard, Mass. 01754, Dept. 128-11, Export: Scott Intl, Maynard, Mass.

This brandy's not for burning!



Smooth, light Stock '84 brandy was born to be savoured in a glass. A snifter, cocktail, sour, old-fashioned, or with soda.

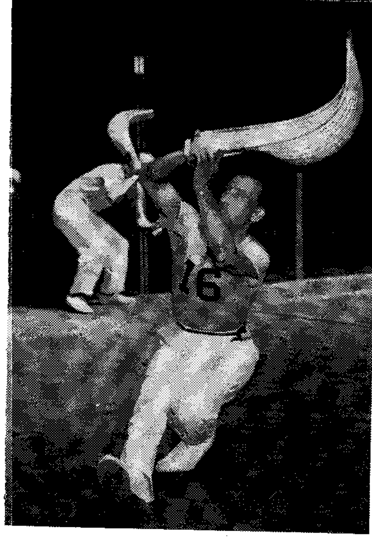
Flambé away, if you must. But it does seem a shame to have 10 years of aging and a century of breeding go up in smoke.

IMPORTED
STOCK
The world's largest-selling brandy

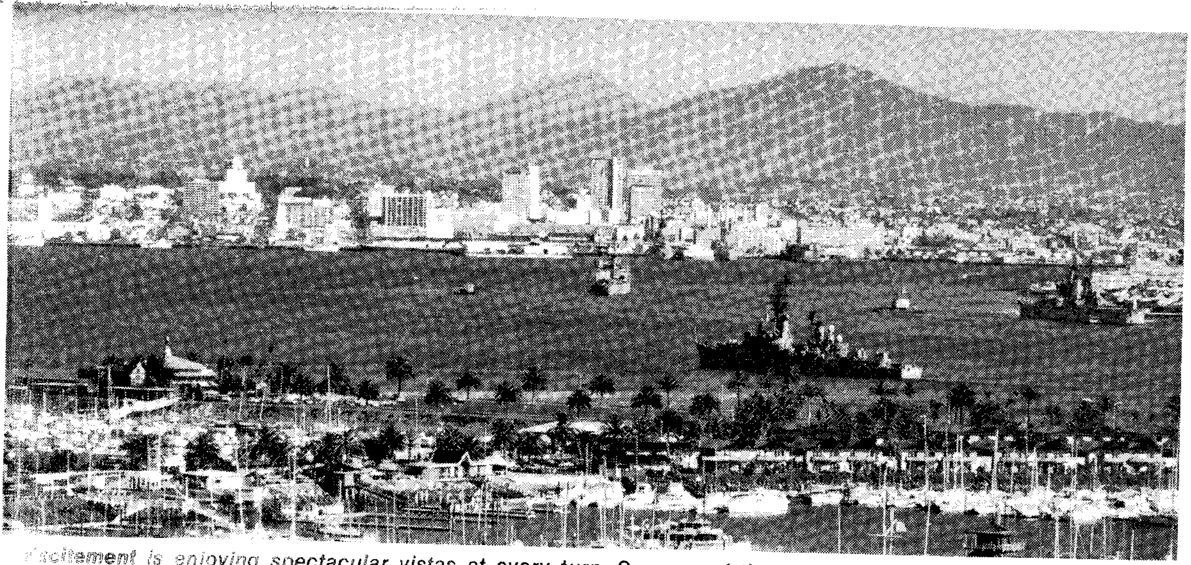
EIGHTY PROOF • © SCHENLEY IMPORTS CO., NEW YORK, NEW YORK

of work, and a lot of jiggery-pokery seems to be going on."

I asked de Villeneuve what specific forms of jiggery-pokery he felt were afoot, besides the kind of press-agentry he had mentioned, and he then told me about one of his current problems. It arose out of the fact that Bert Stern, through Sylvester L. Weaver, Jr., the former head of the National Broadcasting Company, who is now a consultant in the television business and also has some connection with the advertising agency of Wells, Rich, Greene, had approached the American Broadcasting Company and was negotiating the sale to A.B.C., for a quarter of a million dollars, of three documentary films he was making. (I was already aware of this, having by chance run into Weaver shortly before Easter. "Bert came to *me with the idea of selling his documentary* to television, and I spun into action with A.B.C.," Weaver had told me, and he had gone on to say, speaking in a non-stop-communicator style that is unique to him, "I wound up talking to Tom Moore, the president of A.B.C., who himself had been doing some thinking about some sort of short documentary about Twiggy. I thought the subject worthy of bigger activity: a series of documentary-type shows consisting of something that would serve to magnetize not only the teen-age audience but—because it *is* fashion that automatically says all women, not just the new-model *femme fatale*—you have the matrons and that crosses the demographic lines you normally have to contend with on TV and the demographic lines are what holds TV in its straitjacket. And so when I learned more about Twiggy's own personality I could see that this could be very unusual, and I laid out the capability that Bert had of delivering things, and I wound up in A.B.C. with a firm proposition. And if it works out I think I can sell it, for example, to Bristol-Myers for Clairol, and we can make a terrible big amount of money. And I've talked to agency guys who say they've got other clients, including a cosmetic house, who are ready. It's straight, it's explosive, it's now, and we'll gamble it won't collapse on us.") What bothered de Villeneuve was not Bert Stern's negotiations to sell his films on Twiggy for a quarter of a million dollars; in fact, that was a development that de Villeneuve considered, in principle, "super," for de Villeneuve had made a comfortable little deal with Stern whereby, in return for his having made Twiggy accessible to Stern's documentary cam-

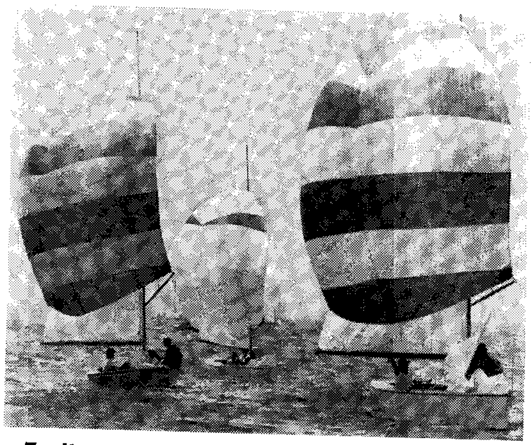


Excitement is jai alai, world's fastest game! Thrilling action—15 minutes away in old Mexico.



Excitement is enjoying spectacular vistas at every turn. See one of the world's great harbors, alive with shipping, palm-dotted islands, the growing skyline of the West's third largest city. Valleys, pine-clad mountains and sunny deserts are all within easy reach. Fine restaurants, entertainment and accommodations.

excitement!



Excitement is unlimited water fun! Sail, swim, go deep-sea fishing, sun along 70 miles of beaches and beautiful 4600-acre Mission Bay.

Come, enjoy it all . . . the best of California, crowded with the color of two countries, an unlimited variety of things to see and do! Visit colorful nearby Mexico. Enjoy the mountains and deserts of San Diego County. Relax on the islands—Shelter Island and Coronado. Sun, swim, fish, play golf, enjoy water sports unlimited. Fine restaurants, hotels, motels. All this, and more, in America's best climate. Free vacation kit—things to do, places to stay—write San Diego Convention & Visitors Bureau, Dept. NY-1167, 330 A St., San Diego, California 92101.

san diego

Celebrating 200th anniversary in 1969

Excitement is the world-famous San Diego Zoo. 5000 wild animals in tropical setting . . . guided bus tour . . . and Children's Zoo.

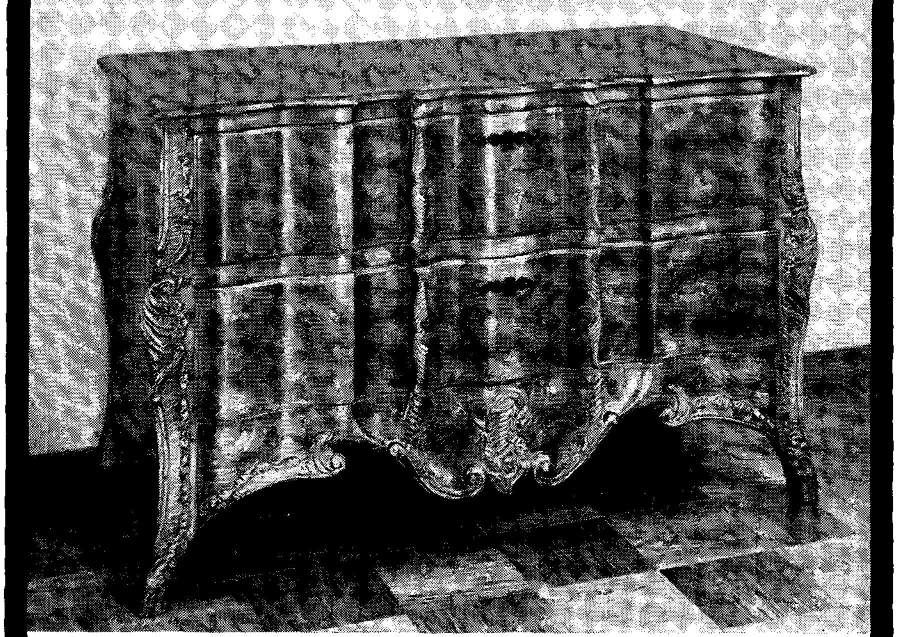
Excitement is golfing any day in near-perfect weather on one of 64 courses, green fairways all year.

Excitement is Sea World's killer whale, dolphins, pearl divers!

Excitement is thoroughbred racing, year-round at Caliente, summer-fall at Del Mar.

eras, he and Twiggy would in effect become co-owners of the film and would take for themselves forty per cent of whatever profits it realized. What bothered de Villeneuve was the conditions that, he said, A.B.C. was attempting to impose on him. "A.B.C. said that if they buy the film, one of the sponsors they have in mind would insist that Twiggy not pose in any other company's cosmetic ads for six months," he said. "I told them, 'I'm sorry, not interested.' Six months! I might want to tie up with another cosmetic company while I'm over here, mightn't I? In fact, I'm thinking about it already. And now A.B.C. is trying to cover itself by sending an A.B.C. camera crew around after Twiggy to do its own documentary on her, *if* they can get away with that, *if* I let them. And, on top of this, Mel Sokolsky, who's supposed to be photographing Twiggy for Monsanto, thinks he's going to make *his* own documentary on Twiggy. But not for commercial release, he says. Not for commercial release if *I* have anything to say about it. No jiggery-pokery! I'm forming a corporation for the film with Bert Stern, and I'm going to fly my accountant over here from London this week to work on that and on this contract with A.B.C. And my man in London is very expensive, you know. Of course, I don't bother Twiggy with all these problems. She leaves it all to me."

THE following morning, Twiggy was hard at work again with Sokolsky, this time at the Museum of Modern Art. I met her, de Villeneuve, and Teddy the Monk in the lobby of the Museum before the official opening hour. De Villeneuve was looking with interest at a large mural. "That's a Joan Miró. It's gorgeous, i'nit?" he said to me. Somehow, de Villeneuve looked especially Mod that morning, with his mop of hair, which seemed to have taken on a rather aerated puffiness, and a side-vented pin-striped blue suit. ("From Blades, in Dover Street. I think they're the best tailors in the West End, actually, for the man-about-town.") Twiggy, looking as fresh as ever, had a large entourage. Not only were Sokolsky and his still-camera assistants there but Sokolsky also had on hand a movie-camera crew, a director, and some sort of communications director—a man armed with a walkie-talkie, through which orders could be relayed to deploy the cameramen around Twiggy. On top of that, Bert Stern was there with two cameramen. Then, there were all the sound



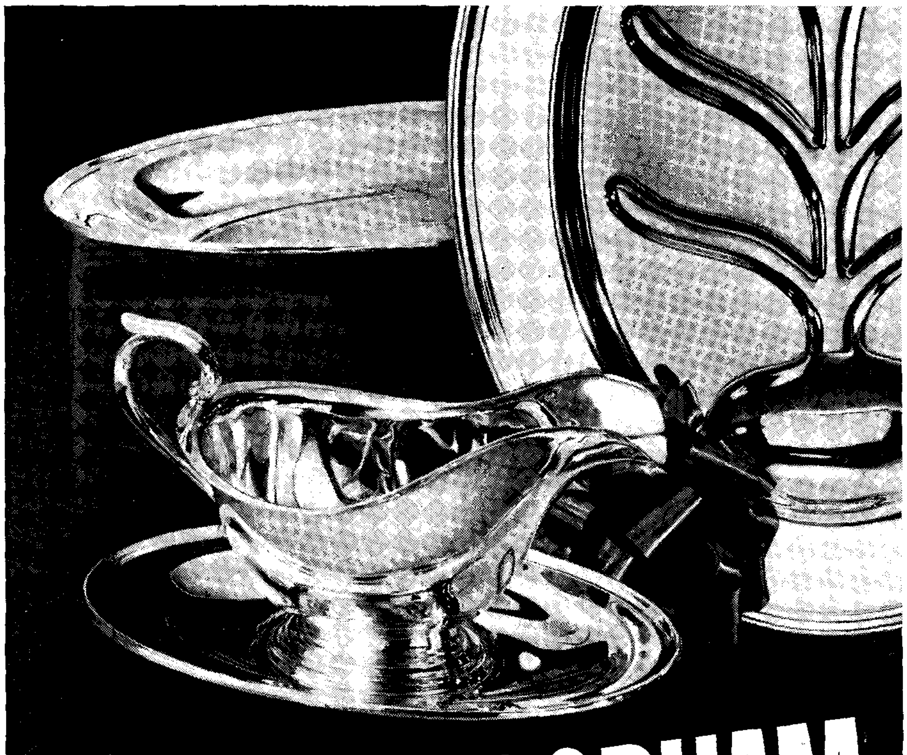
john Widdicomb
Makers of fine furniture for more than a century

A John Widdicomb reproduction of a brilliant, unique commode probably made in Flanders ca. 1720.

Shaped front with two long, deep drawers. Center portion set slightly forward, undercut and carved with a fluted design. Apron and legs also carved in harmony with the foliate carving of the posts. First edition limited to 36.

See it at any John Widdicomb showroom through your dealer or decorator.

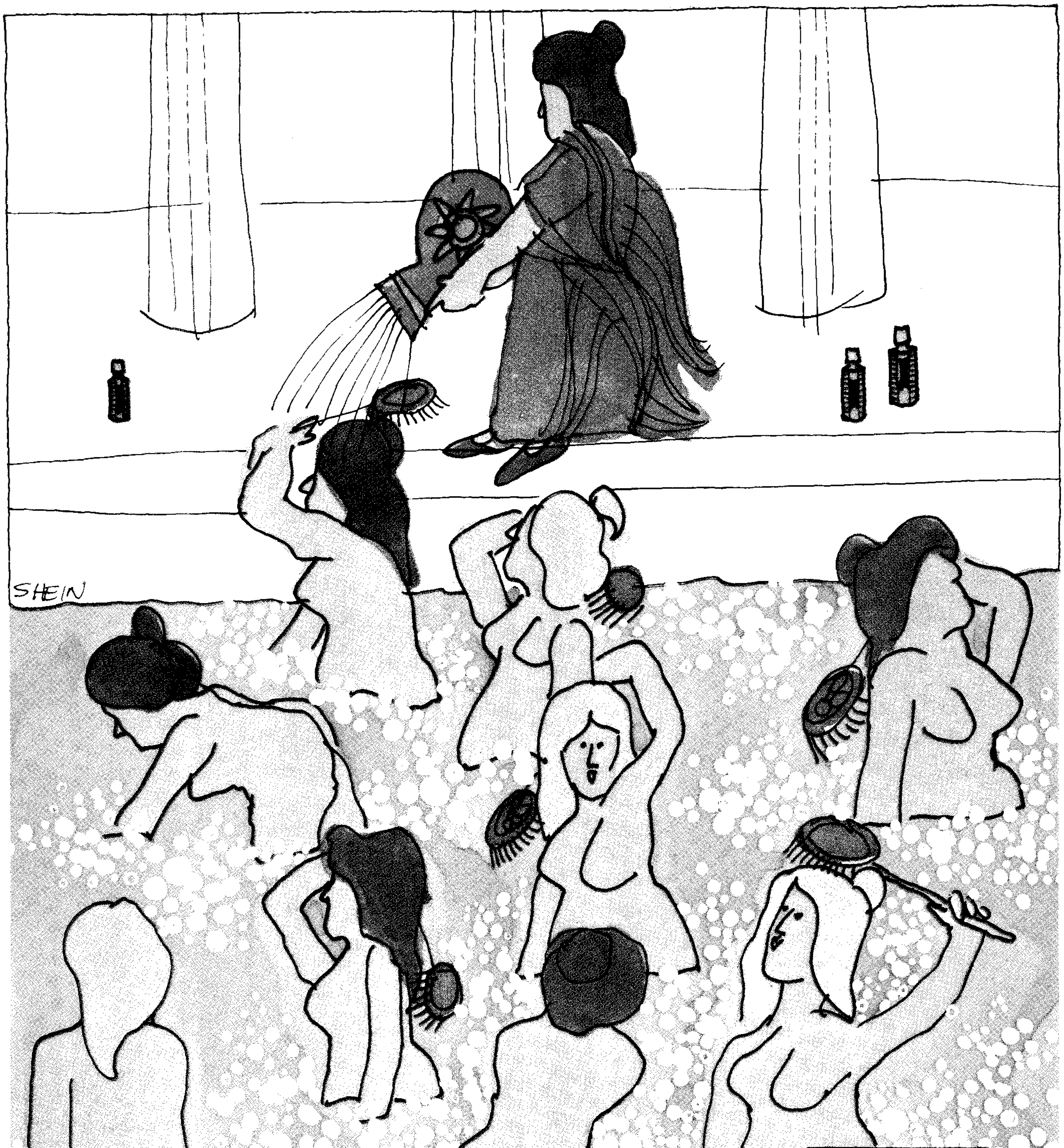
NEW YORK, 205 EAST 58TH ST. • PHILADELPHIA, 2301 CHESTNUT ST. • BOSTON, 90 BERKELEY ST. • GRAND RAPIDS, EXHIBITORS BLDG.
Chicago • Cincinnati • Cleveland • Dallas • Denver • Houston • Indianapolis • Pittsburgh • St. Louis • Los Angeles • San Francisco



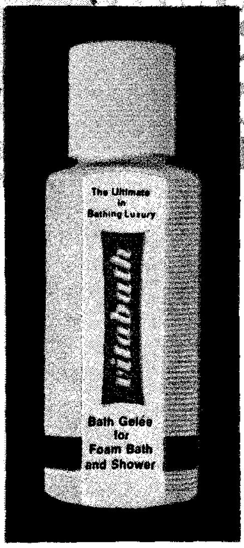
All Gorham Originals. From a collection of classic serving pieces in the Colonial tradition. Crafted by Gorham in heavy *silverplate*. Gravy boat with attached tray, $19.95. Well-and-tree platter, $42.50. Bread tray, $10.95. At finest jewelry stores and silverware departments.

THE GORHAM COMPANY, PROVIDENCE, RHODE ISLAND

GORHAM
Do you own a Gorham Original?



You'll never take an ordinary bath or shower again.


The Ultimate in Bathing Luxury
vitabath
Bath Gelée for Foam Bath and Shower

Once you discover the ecstasy of bathing with Vitabath you'll never use a soap or bath oil again. This miracle gelée, imported from the Continent (it's called Badedas there) does wild things to water and to you. Its frothy foam keeps your skin looking younger than you are because there's nothing in Vitabath to clog your pores or irritate your skin. It's just pure delight! Featured at all fine drug and department stores.

Send 25¢ for a generous sample, including new Vitabath "Pink."

Vitabath Inc., a subsidiary of D. Kaltman Co., 425 Park Ave., New York, N.Y. 10022

THE FOG'S LEEDS OR HER DALTON WITH LINER ABOUT $60.00 EACH
WITHOUT LINER THE MALLORY OR PEMBROOKE ABOUT $42.50 EACH
SLIGHTLY HIGHER WEST OF THE ROCKIES
©1967, LONDONTOWN®, BALTIMORE, MARYLAND

THE SWINGING AFFAIR. In one foul swoop, the dissident military clique would demolish the Governor's palace, make a nervous wreck of his daughter, and a total wreck of The Fog. His patience starting to wear thin, The Fog pulled the old Yo-Yo Trick. That is, he nudged the wrecking ball off the platform. Which swung the ball around the boom, unwound it back with tremendous velocity, yo-yoed two stooges off the platform, tipped the boom onto a jeep carrying the revolting officers (breaking the back of the coup attempt), and plunked The Fog into the river. The rest was easy.

A LONDON FOG® PRODUCTION

"Let there be no climate where Evil may flourish."

men and all the admen, and my attention was called to a new addition to the Twiggy entourage—a young man with a bulging chest and shoulder structure, whom Sokolsky had hired as an extra bodyguard. His name was Harold Poole; he was a professional bodybuilder and a former Mr. America and Mr. Universe. The whole caravan trailed out to the Sculpture Garden of the Museum, and there Sokolsky set to work arranging Twiggy, who was dressed in clothes made of Acrilan, in poses that had her examining a Reg Butler sculpture, while in the background several young miniskirted and chain-belted Museum employees looked on, wearing Twiggy masks. And Sokolsky's cameramen were photographing Sokolsky photographing Twiggy, and Stern's cameramen were photographing everybody, and possibly each other, too. While these activities were going on, de Villeneuve, between suspicious looks at Sokolsky's circling film crew, talked to me about the line of clothes that was to be sold in this country under Twiggy's name. "Now, this is one of the big reasons for our being here at this time, and I think it's something I've done well," he said. "The garments are made in England and are very nice, and Eugenia Sheppard has already written some very favorable things about the dresses that Twiggy brought over with her. These aren't just clothes that somebody else made and Twiggy endorsed. These clothes are my own brand, and they've been produced by designers I chose myself. I'd been approached quite a while ago by a big dress house in England to have Twiggy's name on a line of dresses, but we didn't quite see eye to eye. They just wanted Twiggy to give her name, but I wanted control over the designs, you see, and when they didn't want to give me control I said I wasn't interested. So, just a little more than a couple of months ago, I got together with a couple of dress manufacturers in London and we agreed to put out a Twiggy line, and this time I had the control I wanted. I brought in my own designers—friends of Twiggy's from the Royal College of Art—and we had the clothes made the way we wanted them. We had a showing of the collection in London, with Twiggy and two professional models doing the modelling, and it was a great success. The Twiggy clothes are being sold in all the major London shops, where there are little Twiggy Departments, and they're super." For these efforts, suitable royalties have been flowing from the manufacturers into a corporation

Will you ever watch the sun rise on the "world's most beautiful lake"—ATITLÁN?

. . . OR JOIN THE MARKET-DAY THRONGS IN 16th CENTURY CHICHICASTENANGO?

Around the mile-high lake called Atitlán you can visit twelve villages named for the Apostles, where the proud descendants of the Maya Indians still live as they did when the Spaniards first came. Will you ever be there to sightsee, or water ski, or just sit on the hotel terrace and watch the sun set behind the three great volcanic peaks that rim the lakeshore?

Or will it be Chichicastenango for one of the fabulous market-days? While you bargain for handwoven fabrics and pottery, pagan rites are practiced on the steps of the four-hundred-year-old church of Santo Tomás.

And there's much more waiting for you in unspoiled Guatemala—where Spring seems to last all year and the faces are those of *amigos*... Just two non-stop jet hours away from Miami, New Orleans, or Mexico City. Four and a half hours from Los Angeles. Excellent connections from most other cities. Or you can drive the Inter-American Highway.

Ask your Travel Agent or write us.

DISCOVER THE "GEMS" OF CENTRAL AMERICA THROUGH THE GATEWAY OF

Guatemala

GUATEMALA TOURIST COMMISSION

870 MARKET ST., SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF. 94102 • 6A. AVE. 5-34, ZONA 1, GUATEMALA CITY, GUATEMALA

The Man's Shop

Lord & Taylor

Stop-short robe—

ultra-soft, washable Viyella® (wool-and-cotton) tailored with a notched collar. Conservative red or blue paisley print in short or regular lengths—by State-O-Maine, S, M, L, XL, 37.50

Street Floor, Lord & Taylor, Fifth Avenue at 39th Street—and all ten suburban stores

that de Villeneuve set up, which is called Twiggy Enterprises, and of which he and Twiggy's father, who is a carpenter by trade, are directors; Twiggy's father is also the formal trustee for Twiggy's affairs. Then de Villeneuve told me that the manufacturers had just arrived over here to show the Twiggy dresses to American buyers, and that in the early afternoon, when Twiggy would still be busy with Sokolsky, he was going to drop in on the manufacturers at their hotel.

After lunch at the Museum, de Villeneuve set off in a cab on this errand, and I went along. "Twiggy and I approved the designs of these clothes at every stage," de Villeneuve told me as we rode around the block and headed east. "You know, you might not think so, but it's very hard for anyone to put Twiggy on. She's very bright, she's very cute, Twiggy is. There are thirty-five models in the collection, and before we showed it in London, Twiggy spotted the one error that had been made in the design. It was the shape of the neckline of one dress; it didn't balance, and she knew it right away. She's only seventeen, but she's not just the dumb girl some people imagine she is. She's emotional and sensitive—very nervous. I've told her off in the middle of the road for being late, and she's started sobbing and refused to budge from the middle of the road. You know about that little Easter duckling that Betsy Lipman gave Twiggy. Well, there's been an accident. When we weren't around, somebody stepped on the duck and killed it. Twiggy sobbed half the night. She really loved that little duck. In a way, the duck's death is the only real thing that has happened to her since she came to America."

The manufacturers were staying in a suite of the Doral Park Avenue Hotel, and when de Villeneuve arrived, the place was jammed with buyers and with models dressed in Twiggy clothes. The manufacturers, whose names were Leonard Bloomberg and Sidney Ellis, greeted de Villeneuve as a hero. "Justin, in my wildest dreams I never imagined we'd have such a success as this!" Ellis said. He picked up a large appointment book and thrust it at de Villeneuve. "Just look at this. We have appointments from seven each morning until eight each evening, and we're having to turn buyers away. When we got here, there were absolute stacks of phone messages waiting for us from all the big stores. Altman's had been on the phone three times. And Mrs. Gillies, the assistant merchandising manager for Altman's junior clothes, came right over yesterday—on Easter Sunday, mind you, Justin—to take a look at the stuff. Cold on the rail—not modelled, or anything. And of the thirty-five numbers Altman's placed quantity orders for thirty-one." With that, Ellis excused himself and hurried off to a part of the suite where a group of buyers from Kirby Block & Co., a wholesale buying organization for about a hundred and fifty stores throughout the country, were sitting around a table looking at Twiggy clothes being modelled by young, slim, pretty girls. As I approached this area, one of the buyers, a woman, was saying, with a gesture that caused a number of bracelets she was wearing to clink, "Twenty-one dollars—is that *landed*?"

"Yes, those are delivered store prices," an American salesman who was on hand to help the manufacturers said.

Ellis, standing nearby, nodded in confirmation. He told the buyers, "We can promise we can start shipping from London by air in two weeks' time. We started shipping goods out for the English market two weeks ago. We started the shipping on a Monday, and by Tuesday in London repeats were coming in. Girls saw the windows being dressed in the shops, and before the window dressing was finished they were coming in and asking for the merchandise. I've seen nothing like it in my experience."

"Or in mine," the Kirby Block buyer said. "This is instant fashion. Two weeks' delivery would be great."

"I think we can sell in a week what we have in production," Ellis said. "We don't want to swamp the market here. We're selling these very well on Fifth Avenue, and it would be silly to invite price-cutting. Most of the department stores are creating Twiggy Boutiques, which would be—let's face it—just a corner with a few posters, and that's well worth while. There's no point in having Twiggy dresses among other stuff. You don't want to lose that two million dollars' worth of publicity that's lying around."

Another model came out in another Twiggy dress, and the buyer made a note of its style number. "Notice how it's elegant and away from that extreme Mod look, but it has that miniskirt quality," the salesman said.

"Yes, it has the short skirt, it has ease, and Twiggy is the added handle. We're watching the miniskirt development, and along comes a Twiggy that's being promoted," the buyer said.

"There are thirty million girls in this age group in this country," the salesman said.

"And they're followers," the buyer said.

"And they *could* be like Twiggy. It's within their reach. Most of them have nice figures. This Twiggy thing will have a tremendous impact. The power of the press will do it," Ellis said.

I went back to where I had left de Villeneuve. He was still there, fiddling with a window-shade pull and watching everything from a distance. "You see!" he said to me. "These manufacturers had the courage to let me run things my way. On the basis of what I say goes. They trusted me. And they're very astute businessmen, you know. And look how I've paid them off!"

A moment later, de Villeneuve introduced me to Mr. Bloomberg, the other man he had paid off. Bloomberg appeared very much pleased. "You know, Sidney and I have been brought up in a hard school," he told me. "Justin's prophecies came true in a way that surpassed anything we could imagine. I've learned more from Justin methodwise in nine weeks than I learned in thirty years of business—I mean in the art of *when*. I've been brought up in a school where, if you want to sell a thousand garments, the normal approach is you go out and work to sell fifteen hundred. But with Justin around, things have worked out so differently. Delayed action versus the forceful approach. Keeping the customers *clinging*, keeping them on— on *tenterhooks*. A thing completely foreign to someone like me, who's made a living selling. It used to be that we didn't get much attention in the press. Some little mention in the trade papers—blah, blah, blah—then two weeks later they want a trade advert. And now we have to keep a book on how many magazines have taken sample dresses away for photographing! And as for TV—well, our Twiggy collection was on the B.B.C. for twenty minutes. The publicity value could not even be assessed. I couldn't even give it a figure!"

De Villeneuve took his leave, and I left with him. He, too, appeared very much pleased. "You see what happened when they gave me control and did it *my* way?" he said. "And all these jokers on Madison Avenue and in the networks trying to con me! You know, I had a terrible row with an A.B.C.

FOR 150 YEARS
OLD BUSHMILLS
IRISH WHISKEY
A BLEND
100% IRISH WHISKIES
EST^D 1784
The Old Bushmills Distillery Co.
LIMITED
BUSHMILLS
IRELAND
CONTENTS 4/5 QUART 86° PROOF
OLD BUSHMILLS
BOTTLED IN IRELAND
OLD BUSHMILLS
IRISH WHISKEY
9 YEARS OLD

Wouldn't you know "the world's oldest whiskey" makes one of the world's finest Christmas gifts.

Isn't it just like the Irish to provide us with a really welcome note of cheer this holiday season? An exceptionally smooth, *light*-bodied whiskey, Old Bushmills is aged nine full years and bottled in Ireland. Give Old Bushmills, it's been warming hearts for hundreds of years!

Genuine Old Bushmills.

A blend of 100% Irish Whiskies. 86 proof. Jos. Garneau Co., Inc., New York, N.Y.

LET US BE YOUR INVESTMENT INFORMATION CENTER

18 reasons why Merrill Lynch is uncommonly qualified to be your Investment Information Center

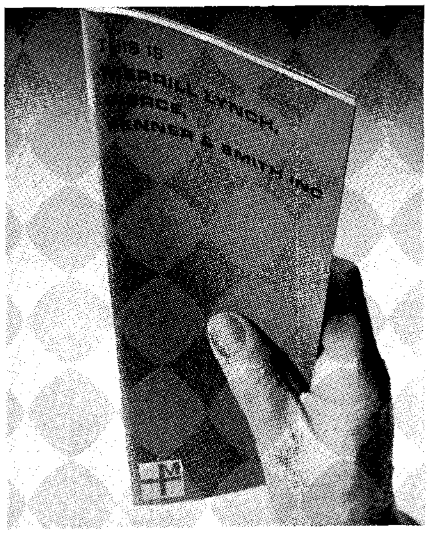
The principal secret of success in investing today is information. That's why Merrill Lynch spends more than $5 *million* a year to collect, analyze, and distribute it. Scan these 18 reasons why people invest through Merrill Lynch — the sum of which, we believe, makes us superbly qualified to be *your* Investment Information Center. Then clip the coupon for our free 40-page booklet with *all* the reasons why more people use Merrill Lynch than any other broker in the world.

1. Merrill Lynch has the biggest Research Department of any brokerage firm—a staff of 300, including specialists and analysts covering all major industries. You can get our factual reports and buy-sell suggestions on thousands of companies. Free.

NOTE: Write for a copy of our revealing 46-page analysis of the *computer industry*—just off the press.

2. Merrill Lynch has 310,000 miles of private wire. It enables us to speed investment information to you from many parts of the world. And to handle your orders quickly. (Our monthly phone bill can run to a million dollars!)

3. Merrill Lynch operates its own newswire. It pumps out 60,000 words of investment information bulletins a day—news of dividends and new products, market action, latest Research findings. You can walk into any Merrill Lynch office and watch the news unfold, practically as it happens. Merrill Lynch also issues financial news reports four times daily to passengers of *nine* airlines.



Clip coupon for free 40-page booklet.

4. Merrill Lynch is the only broker able to give "instant" reports on 3,700 stocks. Your Merrill Lynch account executive has an amazing electronic network at his disposal. Called QRQ, it enables him to get you our up-to-date, 100-word research appraisals and opinions on stocks merely by pressing a few keys. Speed varies according to the load on the circuits. Fastest time: *9 seconds.* Ask to see how your favorite stock shapes up. You may break the record.

5. Merrill Lynch analyzes investment portfolios — free. This service is tailored to each investor's individual situation. Simply send our Research Department a list of your holdings, together with a brief statement of your financial circumstances and investment objectives.

You'll receive, without cost or obligation, a detailed analysis of your present securities, plus specific suggestions for any changes that may seem indicated.

6. Merrill Lynch makes no service charges. All information is offered *free.* If you like, Merrill Lynch will hold your securities in its vault, insuring them against fire and theft—*free.* We'll also clip your coupons, collect your dividends, and issue a monthly statement showing exactly how your account stands—*free.*

7. Merrill Lynch charges the lowest commissions allowed by any exchange. For example, the *minimum* commission permitted by the New York Stock Exchange on the purchase or sale of 100 shares of stocks worth $1,000 is $17. Merrill Lynch commission: $17. On over-the-counter transactions, Merrill Lynch charges no more than the equivalent of a *minimum* New York Stock Exchange commission.

8. Merrill Lynch's assets total more than $1 billion. As a matter of policy, the firm's capital position has always exceeded requirements of the New York Stock Exchange. Our present net capital—*over $185 million*—exceeds that of any other broker.

9. Merrill Lynch has more "men on the floor" than any other broker. Merrill Lynch has *fifteen* men to cover the nearly football-field-size floor of the New York Stock Exchange. They are strategically placed at *nine* locations so that no one man has to walk more than about 15 steps to execute orders.

Merrill Lynch is also able to channel orders from any of its 167 worldwide offices, electronically, *direct* to its floorbrokers' booth *nearest* the spot where your stock is traded.

This combined superiority of electronics and number of floorbrokers means that, on almost any active stock, Merrill Lynch can generally offer you *faster* executions than any other broker. Record time for filling a West Coast order: 14 seconds.

10. Merrill Lynch takes part, on average, in one out of every six trades on the Big Board—a far greater volume of business than any other broker. Since every Merrill Lynch floorbroker handles orders in only about 80 stocks, he has a good feel for the market in those stocks. Also, when he concludes a trade, there's little chance that anyone can guess whether he is representing one of a million private investors—or a billion-dollar corporation.

11. Merrill Lynch can often save investors money on over-the-counter transactions. When acting as your agent, Merrill Lynch always checks at least *three* other brokers to try to get you the best price. When Merrill Lynch is a principal, and you are buying *from* us or selling *to* us, we think you'll find our price quote as good as that of any other dealer, *in many cases better.*

12. Merrill Lynch offers its customers more stocks "commission-free to the buyer" than any other broker. Merrill Lynch handles more *exchange distributions* and sells more stocks in more registered *secondary offerings* than any other broker. When institutions use either of these two methods for selling large blocks of stocks, they pay all commission costs. So Merrill Lynch can offer these stocks to its customers *without commission charge!*

IMPORTANT: Merrill Lynch does not sell such stocks to its customers unless the stocks have Research approval—even though this has meant passing up millions of dollars in commissions!

13. Merrill Lynch operates openly "in a goldfish bowl" for all to see. For example, although not required by law, Merrill Lynch publishes and distributes its own annual report—the first brokerage house in history to do so. If Merrill Lynch or its officers have an interest in the securities of any company, this fact is disclosed in all published research reports on the company.

How to open an account at a Merrill Lynch Investment Information Center.

Opening an account with us is much like opening a charge account at a department store, assuming you are over 21.

Simply ask to see the office manager. Or, if you prefer, *write* us, giving your name and address, phone, citizenship, Social Security number, bank, and your (or your husband's) employer and position—plus your signature.

When your account has been accepted, you'll be able to place your orders anytime, anywhere, merely by picking up the phone.

Whether or not you have business to transact, you are always welcome to visit any Merrill Lynch office for investment information. Just walk in!

14. Merrill Lynch puts teeth in its policy: "The customer's interest must come first." Whenever the firm makes a public offering of stock, no officer or employee is permitted to buy for himself until all customer orders have been filled. When the Research Department issues a new report on a stock, no officer or employee may buy or sell the stock for his own account for a period of 48 hours. Merrill Lynch discourages all trading in risky "penny stocks"—and *refuses* to open accounts for the purpose of buying or selling them.

15. Merrill Lynch account executives are not paid a straight commission on sales. Merrill Lynch pays its account executives a *salary,* plus adjusted compensation twice a year. The amount of additional compensation each man receives depends not only on the value of business he generates, but also on his success in giving as much personal attention and service as each customer needs. *Seventy-five* percent of the account executives who started with the firm are still with it.

16. All new Merrill Lynch account men must pass a rigorous 7-month training program. Out of every 100 men who have applied for the course in the past decade, an average of 90 have been *rejected.* Some of the tougher subjects studied: *Money Markets, Commodity Trading Procedures, Securities Analysis.* Graduates of the program must pass a New York Stock Exchange test to qualify as account executives. As a group, Merrill Lynch trainees consistently rank among the highest scorers of all men taking the test.

17. Merrill Lynch has 167 offices, is a member of every major exchange. On these stock and commodity exchanges, and in the over-the-counter market, Merrill Lynch executes more orders for its customers than any other broker or dealer. The firm is also a principal factor in the buying and selling of U.S. Government securities and municipal bonds.

18. Merrill Lynch conducts the most ambitious public education program of any broker. Through speeches and seminars, forums and films, brochures, booklets and broadcasts, Merrill Lynch offers information on investments and the stock market to investors of every level of sophistication. Sample literature, available free: *How to Buy Stocks, How to Read a Financial Report, Investing for Tax-Exempt Income.*

Clip coupon for details of more Merrill Lynch services, policies and facilities.

Investigate—then invest.

MERRILL LYNCH,
PIERCE, FENNER & SMITH INC

FREE 40-PAGE BOOKLET NY11-1

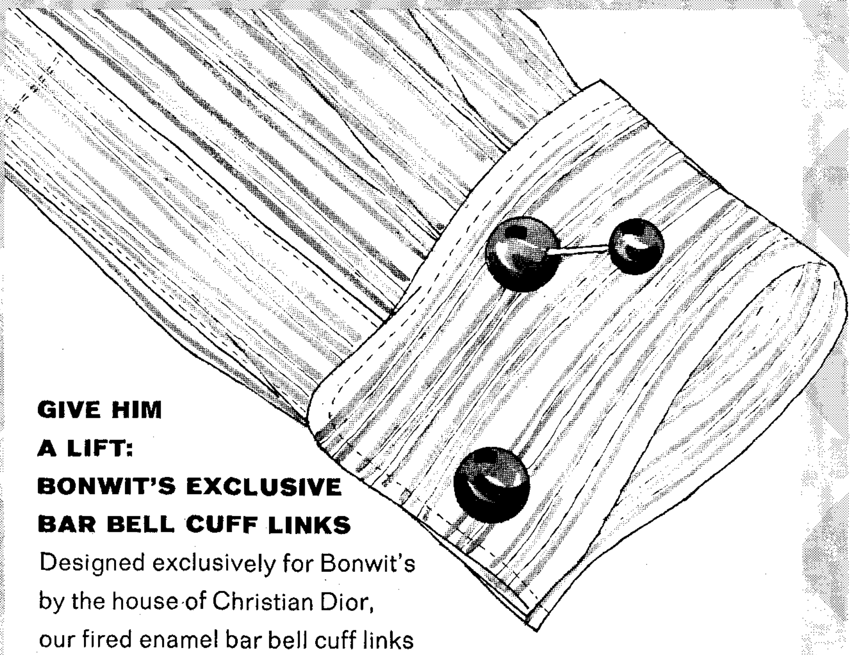
To: Merrill Lynch
70 Pine Street, New York, N. Y. 10005

Please send me a copy of your illustrated booklet "This is Merrill Lynch, Pierce, Fenner & Smith Inc.," with details of all your services, policies, and facilities.

NAME____________________PHONE__________

STREET______________________________

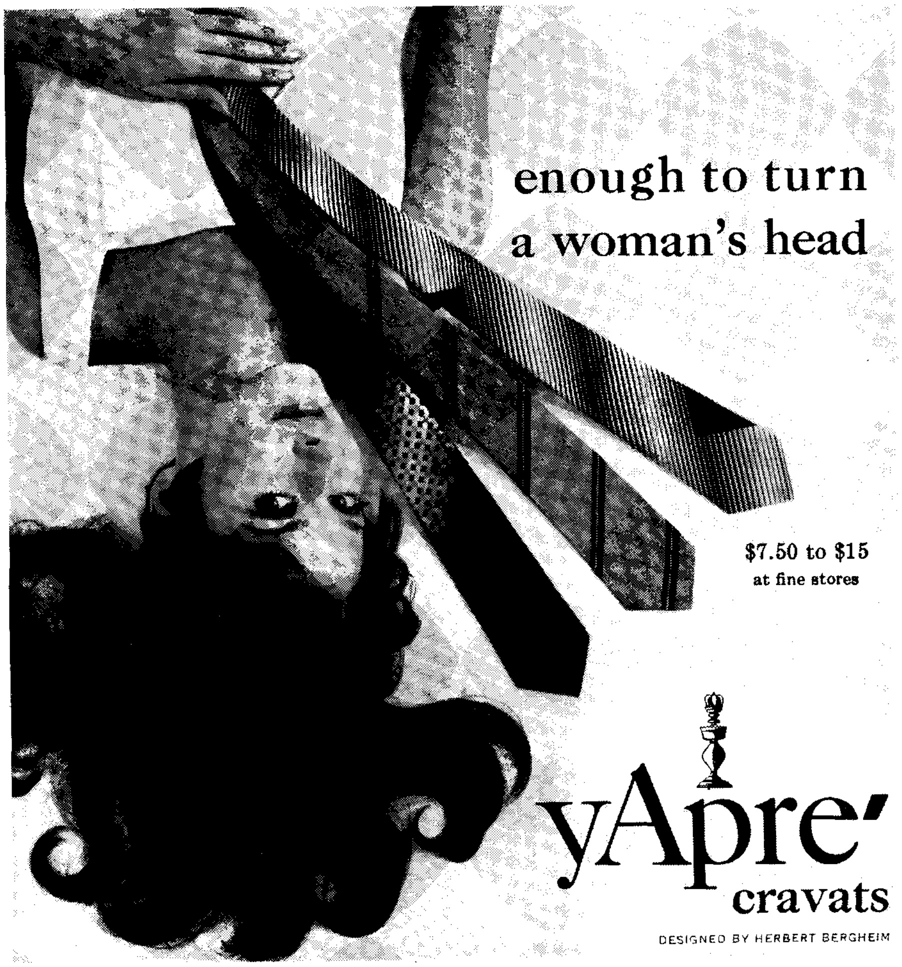
CITY________________STATE________ZIP________



GIVE HIM
A LIFT:
BONWIT'S EXCLUSIVE
BAR BELL CUFF LINKS
Designed exclusively for Bonwit's
by the house of Christian Dior,
our fired enamel bar bell cuff links
in uplifting colors of royal blue,
wine, black, coffee, hunter green
or white, 15.00 Mail and phone orders.

THE MEN'S SHOP
721 Fifth Avenue, New York
Also in Manhasset Westchester Philadelphia
Chicago Oakbrook Cleveland

BONWIT TELLER



99 Madison Avenue, New York 10016. In Montreal: 901 Bleury Street

lawyer who came to see me last night. I had *told* him I wanted a completely free hand for Twiggy to endorse any product we pleased, and wouldn't have any restrictions on Twiggy, and he had told me before the meeting that he'd boil down the pages of things that the network and the sponsors insisted on to a paragraph of four lines. And instead of four lines he gave me five pages. Five pages! I threw them at him." De Villeneuve made a contemptuous gesture of casting papers at his feet. "They must think I'm green," he said. "And I've got an office in London that's *twice* as big as that hotel room we were just in."

"Where is the office?" I asked.

"It's in the place where they make the Twiggy dresses. You see, I arranged to become a director of the dress house as well as a director of Twiggy Enterprises," de Villeneuve said.

From the Doral Park Avenue Hotel we took a taxi to Madison Avenue and Thirty-fifth Street, and went in at the Madison Avenue entrance of Altman's department store, where we expected to find Twiggy posing for more photographs by Sokolsky. It turned out, though, that the situation in the store hadn't been propitious for photographs; word of Twiggy's presence had spread, and so many teen-age girls had begun running through the place in search of Twiggy that the management had regretfully decided not to have the photographs taken inside the store, for fear things might get out of hand. However, Sokolsky had also planned to photograph Twiggy—and a number of bystanders wearing Twiggy masks—outside the store, near the Fifth Avenue entrance, and, accordingly, Twiggy, accompanied by de Villeneuve, Teddy the Monk, Bert Stern's camera crew, Mr. Universe, and some security men from Altman's, was led from an executive floor, where she had been sequestered, down to the crowded main floor and outside to the street. There, attracted by the sight of members of Sokolsky's movie-camera crew, who were waiting on top of a limousine drawn up at the curb to record Twiggy being photographed in a crowd by Sokolsky, a crowd of several thousand, most of them teen-age girls on Easter vacation, had gathered, and the moment Twiggy emerged from the store, she was engulfed not just by the kind of ominous agitation that had climaxed her participation in the Easter parade but by a yelping, shrieking, thrashing crowd wildly out of control. As the mob surged around her, Twiggy, terrified, cried out "*Juss-tinn!*" and burst into tears. It took the full strength of her protective force, which now included several city policemen, to bundle her into the waiting limousine, and she was driven off, sobbing. With the help of the police, the rest of the party made a getaway in other waiting limousines. There was only one casualty—a Doyle Dane Bernbach account executive, who was wounded in the leg by multiple kicks from teen-age girls. (The next day, Sokolsky hired eight additional bodyguards to serve as long as his assignment lasted.)

Frightened though Twiggy had been by the experience at Altman's, she recovered quickly. I saw her that night at Barbara Thorbahn's long-anticipated party, and she looked undistracted and as good-humored as usual. I also ran into Sylvester Weaver at the party, and asked him about de Villeneuve's progress with the A.B.C. contract.

"Justin seems to be still looking through the boiler plate," Weaver said.

A FEW days later, I telephoned de Villeneuve and inquired about the state of business. His difficulties with A.B.C., or A.B.C.'s difficulties with him, appeared to be unresolved, and de Villeneuve permitted himself a sardonic laugh when he referred to the subject. "You know what A.B.C.'s done?" he said. "They've committed themselves with sponsors for the film. But I haven't committed *my*self! When I came over here, it was 'Silly little Justin.' And now I've got the upper hand. Yes, I'm willing to do certain things, but by my rules, not theirs. I make my own rules, you see. And now I'm getting so many offers from companies that want to do business with us that Barbara doesn't even tell me about most of them. She just keeps saying no—I suppose it's good for her ego. The dress manufacturers have gone back to London. They had to stop after taking half a million dollars' worth of orders. To fulfill their obligations, they're going to have to get six more factories to work for them. Silly little Justin!"

A WEEK after the Twiggy riot outside Altman's, I joined de Villeneuve at Stewart Models. He had stopped in to see Miss Thorbahn on his way to the studio of a photographer named David McCabe, on West Thirty-seventh Street, where he was to pose with Twiggy for some photographs in a series being taken of her for *Mademoiselle*. I accompanied him. As we left Stewart Models, de Villeneuve let

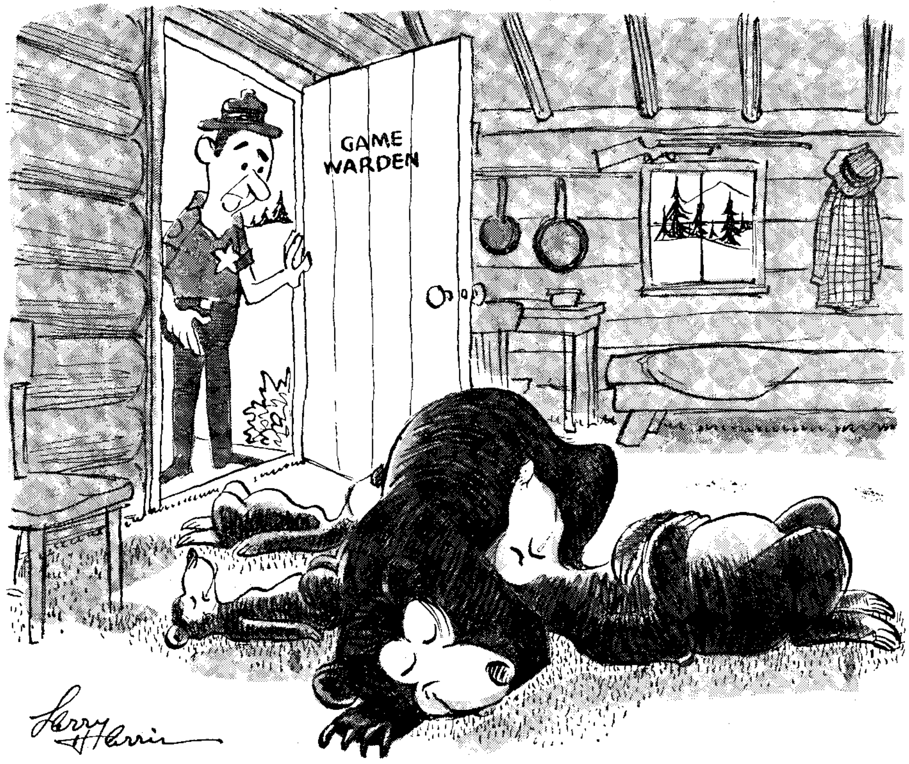
THE QUEEN'S AWARD TO INDUSTRY
Aquascutum
LTD. OF LONDON, ENGLAND
BY APPOINTMENT TO H.M. QUEEN ELIZABETH THE QUEEN MOTHER, MAKERS OF WEATHERPROOF GARMENTS AQUASCUTUM LONDON LIMITED

For the first time ever-
Wool cloth with the look of Buckskin

Years of creative planning and perfection have gone into producing the ultimate in luxury — a British Wool coat with the look of Buckskin. Nowhere will you find a coat that looks and feels so good whatever the occasion. As British as the Guards and every bit as elegant. It comes in a deep bronze and combines all the traditional British finesse that you expect from Aquascutum. After all, they have been making clothes long enough to know everything that's worth knowing about good tailoring. Fashioned in London by their own craftsmen, this is a coat to be proud of.

At 100 Regent Street, London, and fine stores throughout the U.S.A. Priced about $135.00. For the name of your nearest . . . write or phone: Aquascutum Ltd., 2 East 37 Street, New York 16, New York, Mu5-9570.

(*Advertisement*)



A title on the door...rates a Bigelow on the floor

You'll have even your most grizzled customers at your feet with a knockout of a carpet in your office. And your future successes on a Bigelow will bear this out. Bigelows are available in special designs, colors and textures. Write for our colorful free brochure on commercial carpets. Bigelow-Sanford, Inc. Dept. A, 140 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y. 10016. *People who know...buy* BIGELOW.

Halls
Kansas City

WHO'S WHO

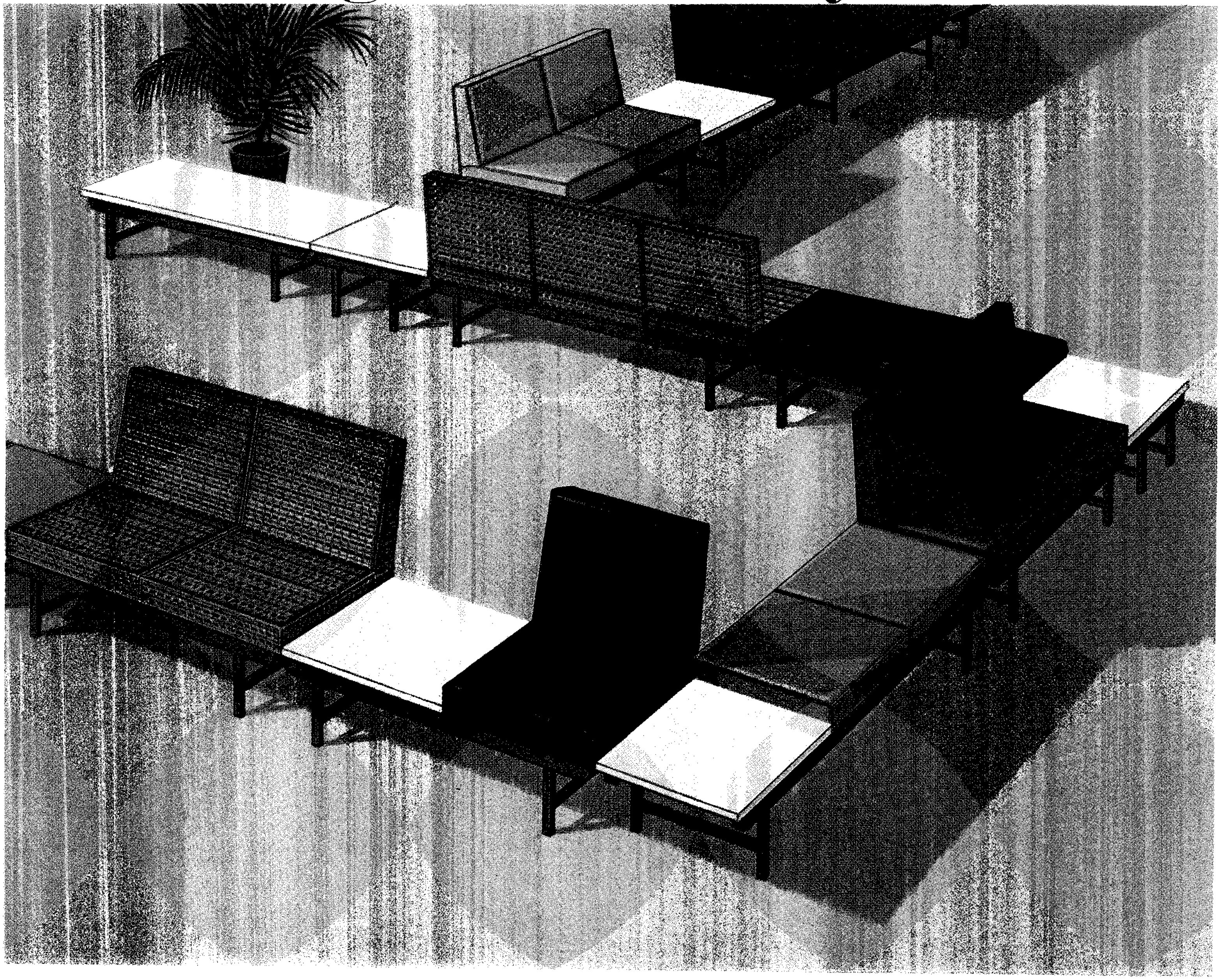
...and whoo's got a light – our happy owl cigarette lighter that's who. He is 2" tall, Florentine golden finish with mock turquoise eyes. Perfect for purse or table, with case, $4.50. Postage 35c. Fashion Accessories.

Halls 1114 Grand Avenue Kansas City, Missouri 64106

Ask for our gift catalog "An Adventure in Shopping."

me know that he was continuing to fend off A.B.C. and Coty, which had turned out to be one of the prospective sponsors of the Bert Stern programs on Twiggy, and what he considered their joint attempt to limit his freedom of action, and was going ahead and making a commercial tie-in with another cosmetic house, Yardley of London, for the promotion of Twiggy-approved cosmetics. "Yardley approached me a few days ago, and we had a meeting, the executive vice-president and I," de Villeneuve said. "What he wanted was to use Twiggy's face and name to endorse a Yardley product. I said 'Forget it.' Twiggy does not just endorse. They must make a product specially for her. I want my own products, you see. That's the way I do business. I want to pick my products carefully—the kind of things that are suited to Twiggy. The Yardley people saw the light. They realized that what I wanted made sense. Yardley is a mammoth concern. It's been taken over by the British-American Tobacco Company, which has assets of ten billion dollars. Yardley has changed its image. It used to sell things like lavender soap. Now its big line is the London Look, for teen-age girls, and it's tremendously successful. It's a natural for Yardley to connect the London Look and Twiggy. Yardley and I are making a deal over an exciting new eye-makeup kit, which would have Twiggy's name. A super new thing. It would sell very well irrespective of Twiggy, but with Twiggy—well, I mean, it's super. We would get royalties on sales of the product, and I'm asking for a stiff minimum guarantee. I like the whole thing. The image is good. The quality is good. Everything is well designed. And the Yardley people agree that everything they would do with the Twiggy eye kit would be with our approval. I would have complete approval of the packaging and the design of the product itself, and I would be free to pick my own photographers and my own commercial crew to shoot the commercials. You see, I want just the best. And I want control all the way. If I don't have control over these tie-ins, the whole business could get out of hand and burn itself out. I could give my name twenty times a day for a fast buck. The part that that Hollywood studio wanted to write in for Twiggy—they were willing to pay a lot of money, but if they put her in a film just because she's such a big personality, she could die a horrible death. I've got to be very careful." Running his words together, de Villeneuve repeated in a

How to arrange an orderly sit-in



Before you buy seating for your office reception area design, there's one thing you should do: Plan an orderly sit-in with modular seating from Myrtle Desk.

Our modular units can be arranged in almost any fashion. To stand as island units. Fit along straight walls. Around inside corners. Around outside corners.

In fact, the more irregular your office pattern, the more orderly we'll make your sit-ins.

Modular seating, or any seating, from Myrtle Desk is made especially to accommodate the greatest number of people in the greatest possible comfort. However, that might pose another problem: The more comfortable Myrtle furniture you have, the more sit-ins you're likely to have.

But we won't apologize for all the beauty and comfort we cause. Instead we offer a warning.

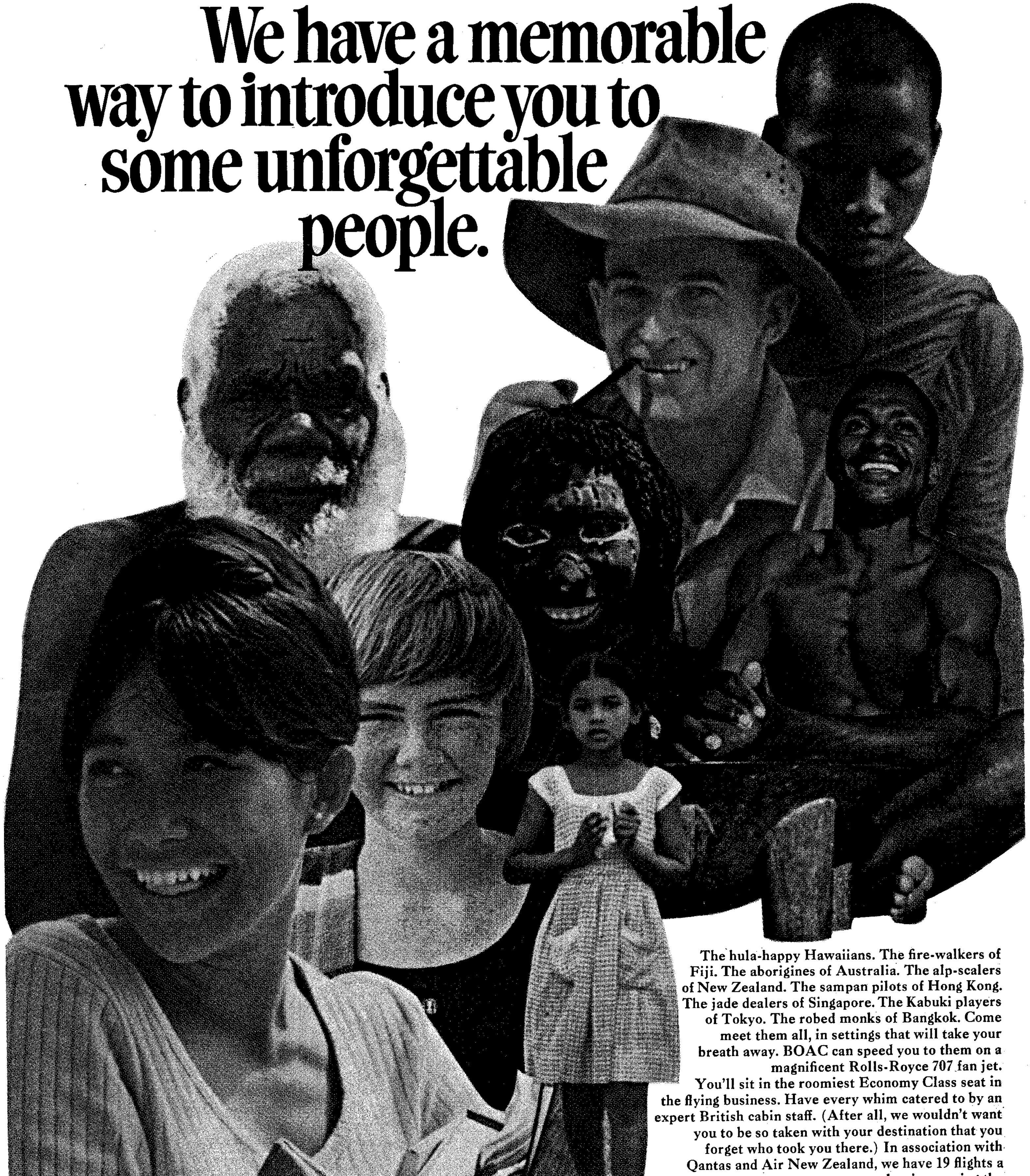
Get a "Standing Room Only" sign when you buy Myrtle seating.

MYRTLE DESK!

Modular Seating is available with wood or mirror chrome bases. Write for illustrated Seating Catalog and name of nearest office furniture dealer: Myrtle Desk Co., Dept. H, High Point, N. C. 27261.

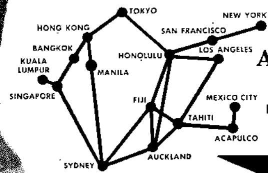
Showrooms: 1160-1163 Merchandise Mart, Chicago/High Point, North Carolina/Los Angeles/San Francisco/Seattle/Denver

We have a memorable way to introduce you to some unforgettable people.



The hula-happy Hawaiians. The fire-walkers of Fiji. The aborigines of Australia. The alp-scalers of New Zealand. The sampan pilots of Hong Kong. The jade dealers of Singapore. The Kabuki players of Tokyo. The robed monks of Bangkok. Come meet them all, in settings that will take your breath away. BOAC can speed you to them on a magnificent Rolls-Royce 707 fan jet.

You'll sit in the roomiest Economy Class seat in the flying business. Have every whim catered to by an expert British cabin staff. (After all, we wouldn't want you to be so taken with your destination that you forget who took you there.) In association with Qantas and Air New Zealand, we have 19 flights a week *crisscrossing* the Pacific Ocean. Your Travel Agent can introduce you to the BOAC way of doing things.


TOKYO
NEW YORK
HONG KONG
SAN FRANCISCO
BANGKOK
LOS ANGELES
HONOLULU
KUALA LUMPUR
MANILA
SINGAPORE
FIJI
MEXICO CITY
TAHITI
ACAPULCO
AUCKLAND
SYDNEY

BOAC, Air New Zealand and Qantas Pacific routes.

BOAC
TAKES GOOD CARE OF YOU

British Overseas Airways Corporation has offices in principal cities.

soft monotone, "Got-to-be-very-careful." He added, "There's never been anything like Twiggy. She's more than a model; she's the biggest teen-age-girl influence—the biggest teen-age-girl influence *ever*. The biggest in *history*. And if I steer clear of the fast buck, and don't overexpose her, and keep with quality companies like Yardley, things are less likely to get out of hand, and I think we can go on to bigger and better things."

De Villeneuve and I walked down Park Avenue in silence for half a block, and then he slowed up momentarily to point out a black Mercedes 220 sports convertible parked at the curb. "I want one like that," he said. He added, "The Ford people wanted Twiggy to appear at their stand at the Motor Show for half an hour the other day. I don't want Twiggy to exhibit herself on a stand. And all they were offering was for us to have the *use* of a Mustang while we're over here. Can you *imagine*? I can *hire* a Mustang over here! Over in London, the car manufacturers *give* Twiggy cars. They're *glad* of the publicity."

"Does Twiggy drive?" I asked.

"No," Justin said. "But I do. So it's the same thing. I'm always with her anyway, you see."

We hailed a cab to go to the photographer's studio. De Villeneuve got into the cab with a jump across the seat, as though he had been propelled by a spring—a neat trajectory that landed him, feet together, crimson-and-black cravat undisturbed, on the far side of the seat. As the cab started up, he told me that the latest issue of *Newsweek*, which was out that day, had the cover story on Twiggy, and that he hadn't yet seen a copy. We stopped by a newsstand and got one. The cover featured a color closeup of Twiggy taken by Bert Stern—a foreshortened view of her face, as though made with a telescopic lens, and with front lighting that gave the picture a quite Pop, two-dimensional effect. De Villeneuve began looking through the pages. "Oh, it's very nice," he said quietly. "It's a very big story." He gave a soft whistle. " 'She is a magic child of the media,' " he read aloud, and he added, for my benefit, "You couldn't buy that quality for a million dollars, could you? And such a large circulation. *Newsweek* knocked me a little bit when we arrived here, actually. They were a bit cheeky in their last article. Making remarks about my 'Edwardian cravats' and 'silky smile.' I don't have a silky smile."

While de Villeneuve was talking, the

SHIRT TAILS THIS MUCH LONGER

Any man who hates to have his shirt tails keep creeping out will pay $1 more for this Abercrombie Viyella Shirt.

Had a heated argument with Abercrombie & Fitch's president about this. This shirt costs about $1 more *than shirts that look* much like it.

I claim that a person would pay $1 more for the Abercrombie Viyella Shirt because I think that without any question, doubt, or scurrying, it's the world's most luxurious sport shirt. Warm, lush, not scratchy.

Single needle stitching wherever there's a stitch.

Special contoured collar that stays contoured even when you wash it.

Hand-turned—or put it another way—cuffs that are turned by hand, and double buttoned.

Deeper, take-more-fabric-to-do-it button pockets to hold the 100 meter cigarette packs.

All the plaids are *perfectly matched* — yoke and pockets line up splat on the *pattern*. Rich Viyella flannel blended of 55% Merino wool and 45% long staple cotton woven in England.

In two words — what we consider the most luxurious sport shirt in the world. (That's eleven words.) No *matter* — the president of Abercrombie & Fitch says it's the shirt tails that do it.

Claims that any man who hunts, golfs, rakes, or racquets steams right into the next county when his shirt tails keep creeping out.

"Make them put longer shirt tails on this shirt, so they won't keep pulling out every time you move. That's what makes this shirt worth $21."

Well—he's our president. And he's a sportsman. I still say that it's because you can't buy a more luxurious shirt. The Abercrombie Shirt of Viyella, S, M, L, XL — use the coupon below. Phone. Or visit any of our stores. $21 — a marvelously fine Christmas present.

Tartans: MacVanish (dark gray/maroon/gold). MacAlister (burnt orange/gray/gold). MacKnight (black/brown/tan/red). MacDavid (blue/gray/tan). Kilgour (muted olive/white). Black Watch (black/green/blue). Campbell Dress (green/white/blue). Royal Stuart (red/blue). $21

Solid colors: Copper glow, storm blue, autumn corn, Thames navy, peat green, winter white, sand, hunter red. $17

ABERCROMBIE
&
FITCH
A&F

N.Y.
Please send me the Abercrombie Viyella Shirt.

QUANTITY	SIZE	COLOR	PRICE

add sales tax where applicable TOTAL

NAME________________________

ADDRESS______________________

CITY________STATE________ZIP________

☐ CHARGE ☐ CHECK ENCLOSED ☐ C.O.D.

Abercrombie & Fitch
New York: Madison Ave. at 45th St., 10017
Chicago: 9 North Wabash Ave., 60602
San Francisco: 220 Post Street, 94108

cab had got caught in a traffic jam, and now the driver spoke up. "You drive this way, it's tough," he said.

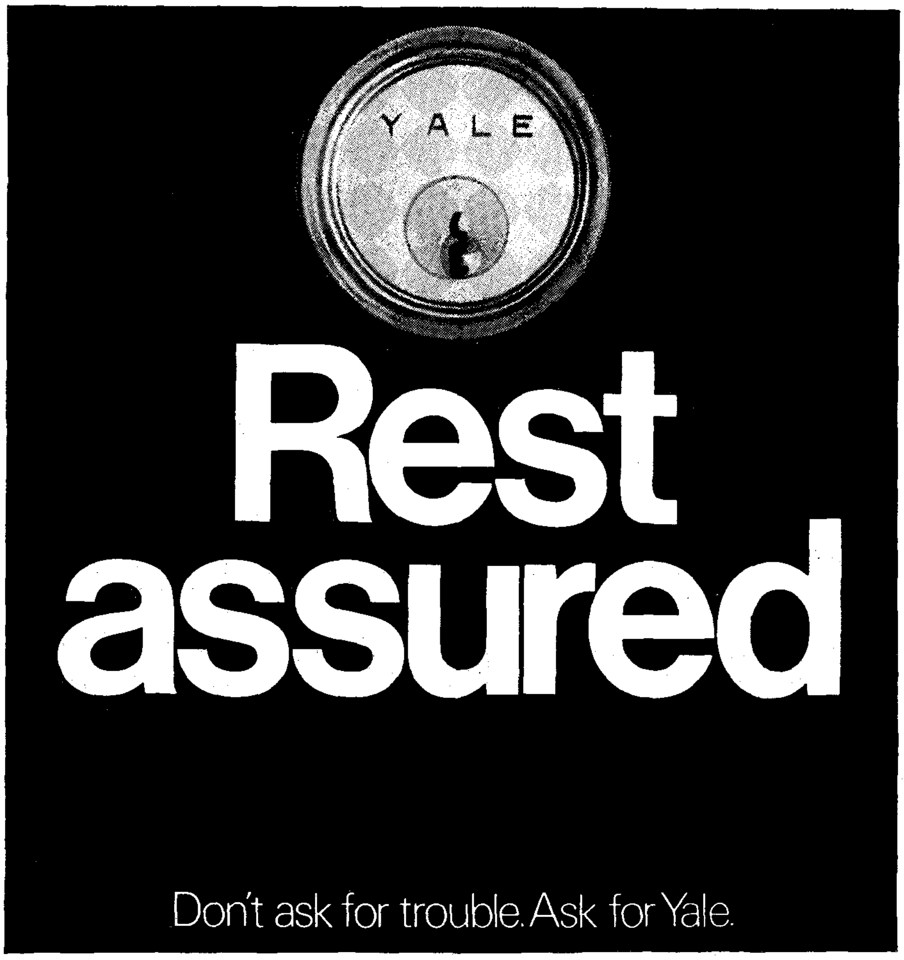
De Villeneuve, continuing his reading, said absently, "Makes you paranoiac, I would think." He went on, not looking up from *Newsweek*, "They say such nice things about her. Oh, these are good pictures that *Newsweek* took! And that's a nice picture of me, there. Oh, it's very nice. How many pages? One, two, three, four, five. Five pages. *And* the cover. Super!"

When we arrived at McCabe's studio, Twiggy was already there, and so were Teddy the Monk and Harold Poole and a number of editors from *Mademoiselle*. The studio was a huge, high-ceilinged place containing a small partitioned office area, on the walls of which some McCabe photographs, including striking portraits of the Beatles and of Julie Christie, were pinned. McCabe is a young Englishman with steel-rimmed glasses, a Midland accent, and a very pleasant manner, and he and Twiggy seemed to be on easy terms. After greeting de Villeneuve, McCabe strolled over to a phonograph at one side of the studio and asked Twiggy, "What would you like to work to? The Stones? Love?"

"I don't mind," Twiggy said amiably.

"O.K., I'll give you Love," McCabe said.

To the strong beat of the group called Love, Twiggy, dressed in an orange outfit and a white campaign hat, went to work posing against a white paper backdrop that had been prepared for her. She posed effortlessly, it seemed, and under so little direction that she, rather than the photographer, apparently had the dominant role in the process. Standing, legs apart, or with one foot on a plywood stool, she would slide every two or three seconds from one angular position to another—twisting her torso, moving her neck, arms, and hands, glancing up, down, or into the camera lens—in a sort of stop-motion fashion, and with each halt in the position of her body and limbs the photographer's strobe lights would flash, so that her movements were seen as though in the flickerings of a movie being projected in very slow motion. Her range of facial expressions before the camera was considerable, and her blue-gray eyes gave a remarkable impression of untroubled clarity. As I watched her, I was struck by a curious harmony between the spareness of her frame and the exaggerated angularity of her poses. Ob-



Rest assured

Don't ask for trouble. Ask for Yale.

✱ NEVER MISS A PHONE CALL AGAIN!

✱ CROWN TELEPHONE VALET automatically answers your phone, relates your pre-recorded message, feeds callers' messages into a tape recorder, then hangs up your phone. Simple to install, works with most tape recorders (companion CTR 9000 cassette recorder shown, under $75). Rich walnut finish, solid-state reliability. Priced under $100.

CROWN
QUALITY BACKED BY A FULL YEAR PARTS AND LABOR GUARANTEE

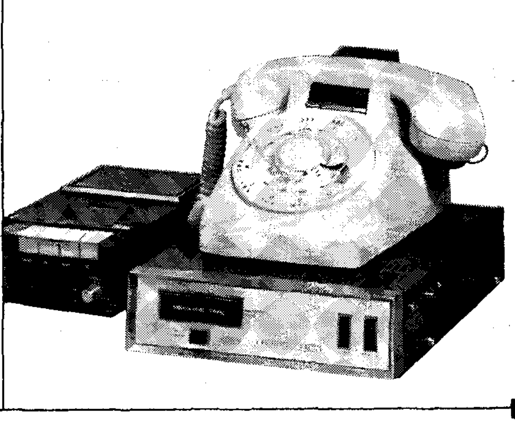
Now available at these and other fine stores

NEW YORK
R. H. MACY

PHILADELPHIA
LIT BROTHERS

LOS ANGELES
MAY COMPANY

SAN FRANCISCO
EMPORIUM-CAPWELLS



$1.00 or less

■ The rate of $1 or less now applies *all day Saturday as well as all day Sunday.* There's a new family time special for Long Distance. The low rate of $1 or less, plus tax, is in effect all day Saturday and Sunday, for a 3-minute, station-to-station interstate call anywhere in the continental U.S. (except Alaska). ■ The $1 rate goes into effect earlier every week-night, too. Now, starting at 7 p.m. every night, you can make a 3-minute, station-to-station interstate call anywhere in the continental U.S. (except Alaska) for $1 or less, plus tax. ■ There's a new rate that's in effect from 7 a.m. to 5 p.m., Monday through Friday. During these hours you can call for $1.75 or less*. ■ And on Monday through Friday, between the hours of 5 p.m. and 7 p.m., you can now make a Long Distance call for $1.25 or less*.

Now many interstate Long Distance calls cost you less.

Most Long Distance rates have just gone down, making calling a bigger bargain than ever. Rates for some interstate calls up to 24 miles will be increased 5¢. Overall, the new rates represent the twenty-second major reduction since coast-to-coast service began in 1915. They are a good example of how improvements in technology and operating economies have been passed on to you.

Here are the new Long Distance rates and hours. Clip and keep handy.

	MON.	TUES.	WED.	THURS.	FRI.	SAT.	SUN.
7 a.m.–5 p.m.	$1.75 OR LESS						
5 p.m.–7 p.m.	$1.25 OR LESS						
7 p.m.–7 a.m.	$1.00 OR LESS						
Midnight–7 a.m.	$ .75 OR LESS (ON CALLS YOU DIAL YOURSELF)						

*Maximum rates for a 3-minute, station-to-station interstate call, plus tax, anywhere in the continental U.S., except Alaska. The 75¢-or-less rate only applies to station-to-station calls dialed directly from midnight to 7 a.m.

BELL SYSTEM

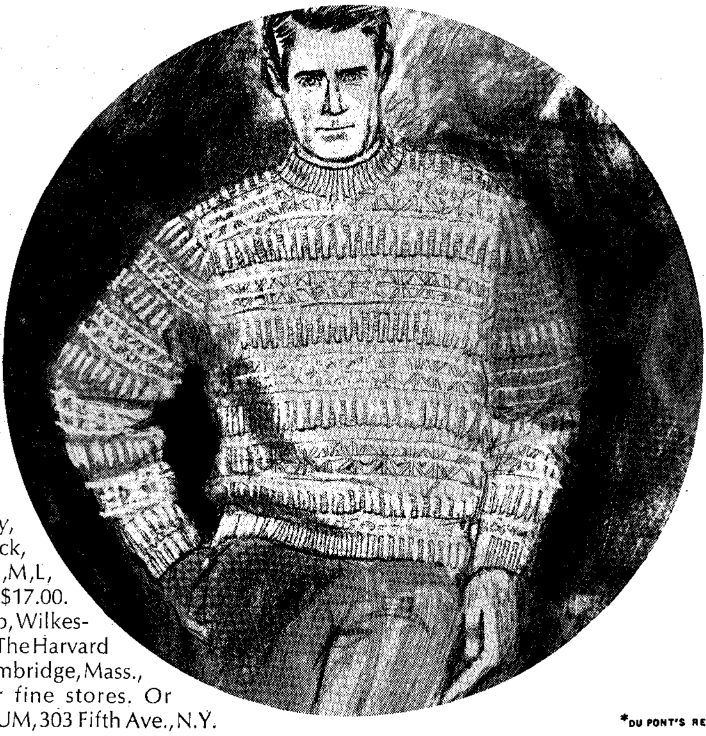
AT&T
and Associated Companies

For 75¢ you can dial your own coast-to-coast calls every night between midnight and 7 a.m. It's our new midnight-to-7 a.m. special. During these hours you can make a 3-minute, station-to-station interstate call anywhere in the continental U.S. (except Alaska) for 75¢ or less, plus tax. This rate only applies to station-to-station calls dialed directly.

75¢ or less

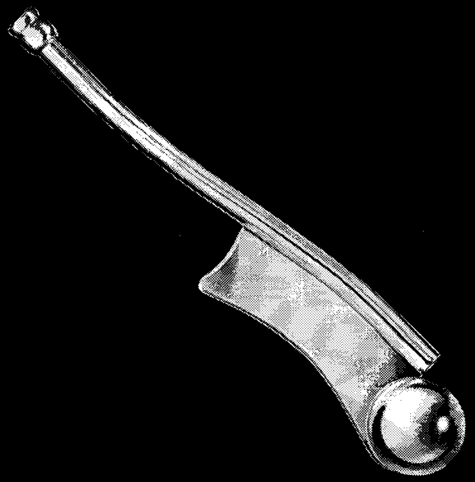
SALTY CREW...IN "WINTUK". A sweater as cheering to the nautically minded FORUM® man, as the sight of a mermaid on the starboard bow. One need not, however, be an expert on piscatorial affairs to appreciate its authentic fisherman-knit styling, with salty wide crewneck. Its soft but hefty "Wintuk" yarn of Orlon* acrylic. Happily, too, it comes in seven fresh colors. One for every port.

FORUM ®SPORTSWEAR



In Fire, Powder, Gold, Ivory, Grass, Black, Pacific, S,M,L, XL. About $17.00. At The Hub, Wilkes-Barre, Pa., The Harvard Co-op, Cambridge, Mass., and other fine stores. Or write FORUM, 303 Fifth Ave., N.Y.

*DU PONT'S REG. T.M.



Our Bosun's Whistle

For your favorite captain — in 14 kt. yellow gold, $65.
and for the first mate, the Bosun's Whistle Pin, $75.
Please add Mass. tax of 3% (and if delivered in Mass.)
Shown actual size.

SHREVE CRUMP & LOW CO.
330 BOYLSTON STREET
AREA CODE 617 267-9100
BOSTON 02116

serving her when she moved out of camera range in a break between groups of shots, I suddenly became aware that she seemed to possess a natural economy of movement. For all her slouching shoulders and rather splay-footed walk, she picked her way about with a certain delicacy, and even the way her hands hung limp at her sides had a peculiar grace. But however successfully a model may communicate her individual style in photographs, her function is to display clothes. I asked one of the editorial contingent from *Mademoiselle*—Nancy Benson, the accessories editor—for her opinion of Twiggy in this respect. Miss Benson said, "Some models don't know what they're wearing. Twiggy has a complete awareness of the clothes she has on. You can tell she's a good model just by the way she looks at herself in the mirror in the dressing room. Before she comes out to be photographed, she stands there, just fooling around with the clothes she's wearing, getting the feel, and when she comes in front of the camera, she has a very good idea of what to do."

De Villeneuve was standing nearby, but he didn't seem to hear what Miss Benson said. He was once more immersed in *Newsweek*.

SHORTLY after the appearance of the cover story in *Newsweek*, Twiggy's regular modelling fee shot up, with all the publicity and all the demand for her services, to two hundred and forty dollars an hour—or, since she never worked more than eight hours, a maximum of nineteen hundred and twenty dollars a day. However, de Villeneuve told me he had turned down a great deal of commercial work that had been offered Twiggy—not only photographic modelling but lucrative personal appearances at department stores, and so on—in favor of a long series of sittings in which Twiggy would be photographed for *Vogue* by Richard Avedon. "The money is nothing—*Vogue* is only paying us a hundred dollars a day—but I don't mind," de Villeneuve told me. "One of the reasons we came to America was to have the chance of working with Richard Avedon. Avedon is the greatest. He captures something—I can't fathom it out. And there's something about Twiggy that no photographer has caught yet. Something about her—I don't know what exactly—that I've seen in certain positions, and no photographer has got it yet. And I think Avedon will see it, and this can make a big difference to us. Because up

THE PREMIUM LONDON DRY GIN
SIR ROBERT BURNETT'S
WHITE SATIN
ESTD 1770
THE CELEBRATED
4/5 QUART
90 PROOF
DISTILLED
LONDON
DRY GIN
Made according to the Original Formula
Distilled and Bottled by
THE SIR ROBERT BURNETT CO.
BALTIMORE, MD
DISTILLED FROM GRAIN

The "best of both worlds" Gin.

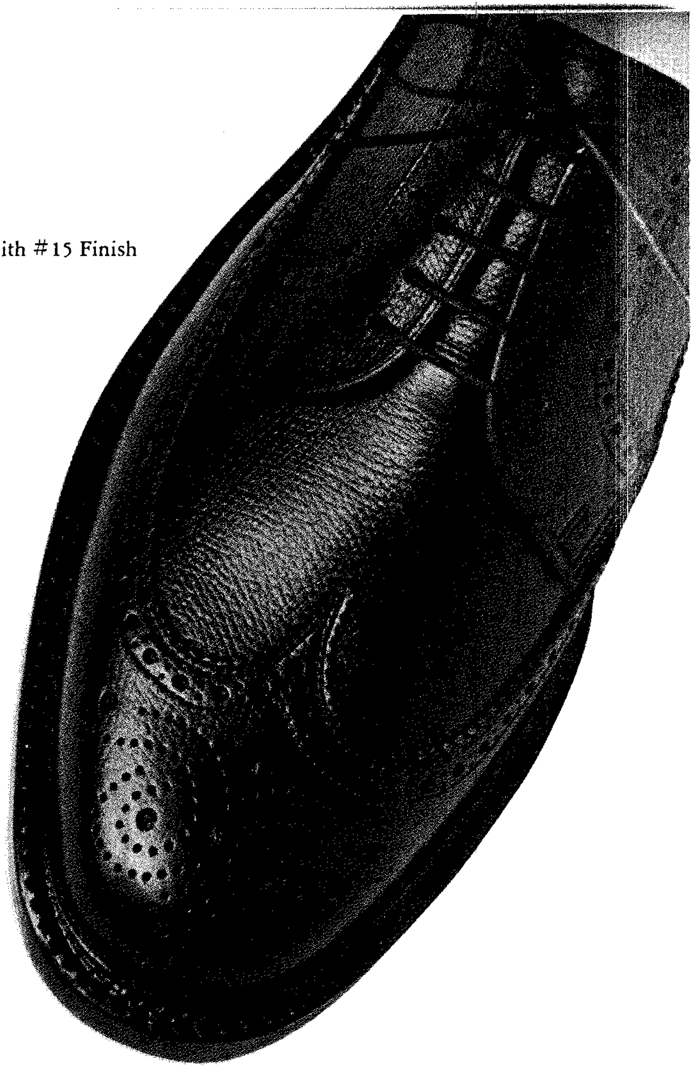
British tradition and American skill make White Satin just about the best gin you can buy.

You can't beat the British when it comes to formulating a gin. So we didn't try. Instead, we took the secret of Sir Robert Burnett's White Satin, a gin that's been a favorite in London for almost two hundred years.

And then, because you can't beat the Americans at quality production, we produced it here. With the aid of the best equipment and greatest technical knowledge in existence.

By taking the best qualities of each, we came up with a gin that's better than either. Which is kind of like having your cake and eating it too.

WHITE SATIN
by Sir Robert Burnett


Antique Black with #15 Finish

Phi Bates Imperial Classics with Custom Bootmaker Finish, $29

Antique Brown with #11 Finish

BATES SHOE COMPANY · WEBSTER, MASSACHUSETTS to now Twiggy, even though she's so very big, has been something of a joke among some people. But I think that Twiggy being photographed by Avedon can change that. I think he'll take stunning photographs of her. And then she won't be a joke anymore."

In the meantime, the commercial aspects of Twiggy seemed to be steadily expanding, and de Villeneuve grew busier and busier, always on the move around town "doing deals," as he put it. Considering the increasingly high amounts of money at stake in de Villeneuve's deals over Twiggy and the commercial power of the people with whom he was principally dealing, such as the network brass, high-geared Madison Avenue agency types, and the top management at Yardley, his existence during this period—the elusive movements, the encampment in the near-empty apartment, the appearances at executive offices with Teddy the Monk in attendance—had a strangely nomadic quality. Everybody in town might be after Twiggy and de Villeneuve, and eager to entertain them, but though they would often dine at places like The Four Seasons and La Côte Basque as guests of corporate or advertising executives, they were just as likely to stay in their apartment and fend for themselves on odds and ends. When I telephoned Teddy the Monk at the apartment around dinnertime one day, he told me, "I'm just frying dinner for Twiggy and Justin and me. Sausages and bacon. You can smell 'em, I expect." Another time, I was present at the apartment when, after a day of high negotiations, de Villeneuve and Teddy, with Twiggy listening in, went into a huddle over a large steak lying in the refrigerator, which, Teddy told me, "somebody gave us about a week ago."

"Bit black, ain't it?" Teddy said.

"Think it's still all right?" Twiggy asked me.

"Well . . ." I said.

"Throw it out!" de Villeneuve said.

Teddy's hand tilted the platter and obediently entombed the dark slab of meat, still clinging to the pink-tinged waxed paper on which it had lain, in a nearby wastepaper basket. And the three of them went out to dinner at some restaurant that had been begging for their patronage. "In New York, if we feel like going out, we never have to pay for a meal," de Villeneuve explained to me. "We can go to the best restaurants and never pick up a bill, because they *want* the publicity." Neither Twiggy nor Teddy the Monk drank alcohol at all, and de Villeneuve

from Ireland...a Bally Fawn tweed of pure virgin wool—woven in Donegal County and superbly rendered here by Hart Schaffner & Marx in a hacking jacket with traced body lines, deep side vents and an added ticket pocket. Very sporting and wonderfully comfortable in the wearing. The quality Wool Mark labels each one. At all fifteen Wallachs stores. 75.00.

PURE VIRGIN WOOL

wallachs

IN MANHATTAN AT: 46th & 5th, 33rd & 5th, 253 Broadway, 53 Broadway
AND in Brooklyn, Flushing, Jamaica, Fordham, Cross County, White Plains
Roosevelt Field, Huntington, Newark, Paramus, Menlo Park

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a most pleasant experience

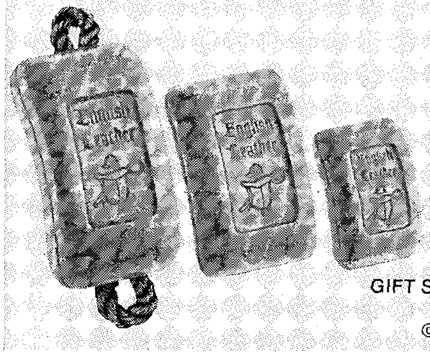
English Leather®

after shave...
after shower...
after hours...

...the ALL-PURPOSE MEN'S LOTION, packaged in redwood. $2.00, $3.50, $6.50, $10.00.

Be sure your "fragrance wardrobe" includes ENGLISH LEATHER®...it's the one you'll reach for again and again.

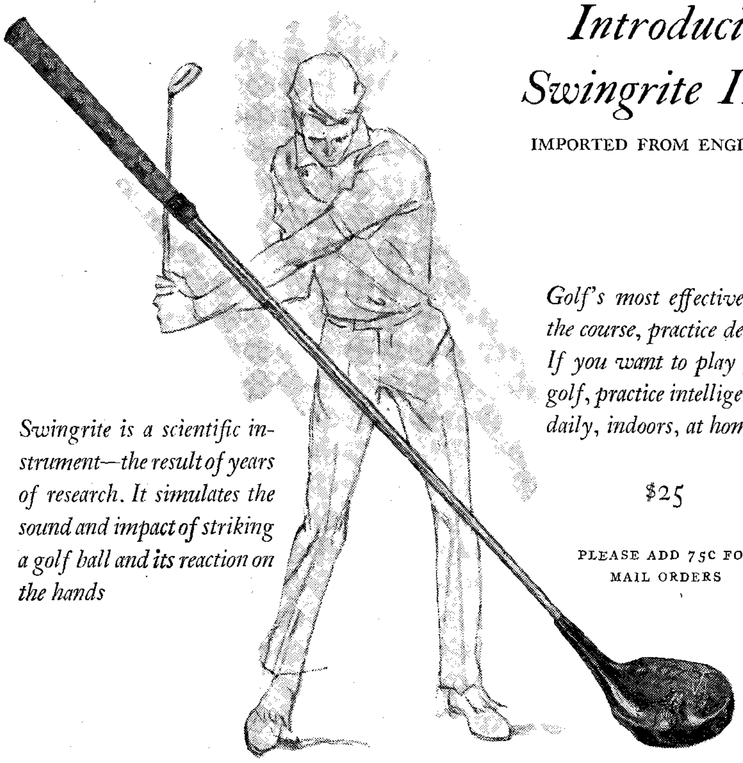
English Leather ®
ALL-PURPOSE
LOTION
MEM COMPANY INC.
NEW YORK
CONT. 8 FL. OZS.
©
MADE IN U.S.A.



A complete line of men's toiletries including...
...the SHOWER SOAP ON CORD, $2.00
...the BATH SOAP (3 cakes), $3.00
...the TRAVEL SOAP (4 cakes), $2.50
GIFT SETS in authentic redwood boxes, $3.00 to $10.00

© MEM COMPANY, INC., NORTHVALE, N.J.

Introducing
Swingrite III
IMPORTED FROM ENGLAND



Golf's most effective, off the course, practice device. If you want to play good golf, practice intelligently, daily, indoors, at home

$25

PLEASE ADD 75¢ FOR MAIL ORDERS

Swingrite is a scientific instrument—the result of years of research. It simulates the sound and impact of striking a golf ball and its reaction on the hands

F.R. TRIPLER & CO.
Clothing · Hats · Haberdashery · Shoes
MADISON AVENUE AT 46TH STREET · NEW YORK 10017

seemed to do so only in social circumstances, such as when he was being lavishly dined by corporation executives, and then he would order, in his soft, polite voice, and perfectly seriously, "a Martini, but without any gin in it." Apart from that, the three of them stuck pretty much to Coke.

While Twiggy went on with her modelling, de Villeneuve was considering, among many other proposals, one made by editors of the New American Library, who wanted his coöperation in preparing an illustrated paperback book on Twiggy, to be issued in a first edition of a hundred thousand. This proposal was contained in a blue-bound presentation entitled "Twiggy's Book," which was full of paragraph headings like "The Market and the Image" ("As we see it, Twiggy's appeal . . . in our market lies in the contrast between the glamour of her job and her disarming innocence . . ."). De Villeneuve told me that the idea sounded super, and that he would think about it.

De Villeneuve also let me know at one point that he was seriously negotiating with a man named Stanley A. Weston, the president of the Weston Merchandising Corporation, which is a company that specializes in arranging commercial tie-ins between manufacturers and popular fads of one kind or another. It seemed that Weston had made de Villeneuve an offer to act as an agent in bringing in business from companies eager to have Twiggy's name on their products. De Villeneuve seemed to be impressed by the possibilities. Later on, Weston gave me an idea of what had taken place. "I'd been watching the publicity about Twiggy since last fall," he told me at his office, on East Fifty-second Street. "I'm always on the lookout for trends in the product-development field. I saw the trend toward superheroes looming eight months before 'Batman' came on television, and I made a deal that resulted in the production of Captain Action, which is a best-selling superhero toy. I recognized the potentialities of 'The Man from U.N.C.L.E.' before it went on TV, and we've licensed the manufacture of scores of products, including guns, games, paperbacks, and shirts, under the Man from U.N.C.L.E. name. I kept thinking about the possibilities of Twiggy. Frankly, I had made a mistake with the Beatles before they first came over here, and I've never forgotten it. I had heard about the Beatles, and when I heard that they were to come to this country I put in a call

Soop DeJur

SUPER EIGHT

We call our new Electra® 600 the Soop. It's the best Super 8 camera DeJur has ever made. Which means it's the best you can get.

It has a 6-to-1 power-driven zoom lens, a CdS electric eye, slow motion and through-the-lens exposure and focusing. So you can make your next home movie look like a Hollywood spectacular.

Most important, it has DeJur's 45 years of integrity behind it. (You might find one of our early models in your attic. And it would probably still take fine movies.)

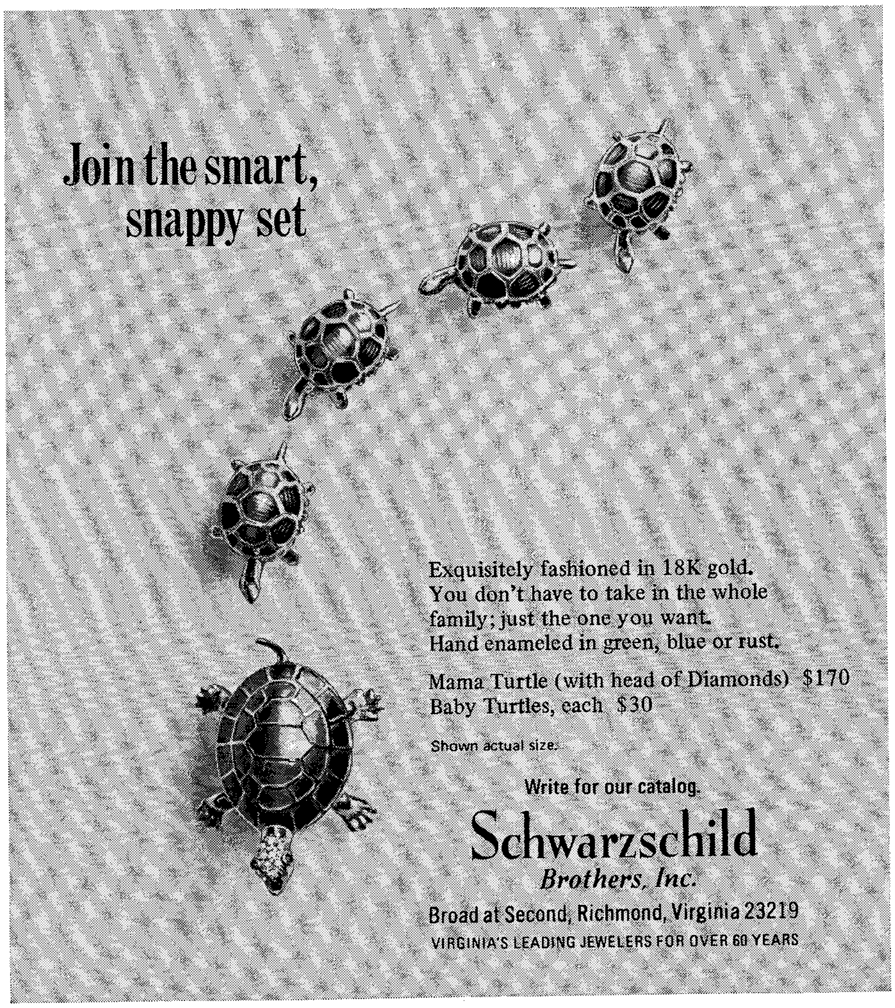
The Electra 600 costs under $230. We have a complete line of Super 8 cameras and dual 8 projectors ranging in price from under $70. But we hope you'll eventually buy yourself a Soop. It's an experience we'd hate you to miss.

DeJur-Amsco Corporation · Manufacturers of precision photographic, electronic, business equipment for over 45 years.

DeJur Sooper 8

dare to
dare...

TUVARÁ BY TUVACHÉ



Exquisitely fashioned in 18K gold.
You don't have to take in the whole family; just the one you want.
Hand enameled in green, blue or rust.

Mama Turtle (with head of Diamonds) $170
Baby Turtles, each $30

Shown actual size.

Write for our catalog.

Schwarzschild
Brothers, Inc.
Broad at Second, Richmond, Virginia 23219
VIRGINIA'S LEADING JEWELERS FOR OVER 60 YEARS

to their manager in London to make a deal for a product-licensing arrangement. Then I saw a picture of them. Frankly, their appearance revolted me. I personally couldn't see them. So I cancelled my call to London. That was a lesson that I will never forget. When Twiggy came over here, I was ready. So many large manufacturers are now looking to the youth market, and, specifically, the teen-age-girl market. Up to now, the teen-age girls have gone after the Elvis Presleys, the Beatles, and the Monkees, and now Twiggy comes on their scene and establishes a rapport with them that has never been equalled—it's the first time that a young girl has had this appeal for the great teen-age market. So I made contact with Justin through Barbara Thorbahn, and I had lunch with him and this Teddy the Monk. I told Justin that there would be lots of people out for a quick dollar trying to cash in on Twiggy, and that was not my approach. I believe that this set off a sympathetic chord in this man's body—a couple of things I noticed later indicated that this guy was sincerely interested in protecting Twiggy from quick-buck artists. We had other meetings. Justin told me that we were just at the beginning of an era. I outlined what I thought we might do for Twiggy. I asked him if Twiggy would be available for toys, games, publications, sunglasses, shoes, sweaters, pens, soft drinks, TV sets, phonographs, cameras—in all, some eighty-six categories of merchandise applicable to the teen-age-girl market in America. Roughly, the arrangement between us would call for a royalty of five per cent on Twiggy merchandise, which my firm, as the licensing agent, would split with Justin and Twiggy. Justin said that he would give it consideration, but that if he went along with us he would insist on complete product approval, including the advertising 'image' that the licensee would control, and packaging." De Villeneuve put forward another demand as well—a flat minimum guarantee of future royalties from Twiggy merchandise, which, according to Weston, was "bigger than anything in the history of the commercial-tie-in field." Weston said he had agreed to de Villeneuve's terms.

To help him with the technical aspects of his various negotiations, de Villeneuve had available, briefly, the services of his English accountant, a short, taciturn man who flew in from London, wearing a bowler hat and carrying a furled umbrella, for a series of conferences, and, after a few days,

Just Suppose:

You were the first visitor to earth from outer space, and were suddenly appointed media director for the Wills, Dayle, Garsteller, Totem & Baird Agency.

You would begin your job with no preconceived notions about frequency or format, or method of reproduction, or colors, or size.

You would realize that your chief mission is to provide your client with the best access to the best concentrations of prospective buyers for his product or service.

You would be especially interested in publications best capable of delivering at the lowest cost per order, not just lowest cost per exposure.

You would give top attention to the medium that by reader incomes, positions and responsibilities (and demonstrated proof!) can deliver a better proportion of sales probabilities and not just sales possibilities.

You would be puzzled by the word "audience"... because you would be seeking not a mere audience but a market.

And, if your client sells to business, you would give highest priority to the one publication that gets the highest priority from more of the kind of readers your client wants most as customers.

The Wall Street Journal: An influential audience of purchasing decision-makers

Upper Management Audience With Individual Income of $15,000 and Over, Involved in Purchasing Decision Last Year

Total U.S.	677,000	100%
The Wall Street Journal	489,000	72%

Source: W. R. Simmons & Associates, Inc., 1967

THE WALL STREET JOURNAL
What's News—
Washington Wire

BASIC TO BUSINESS ADVERTISING

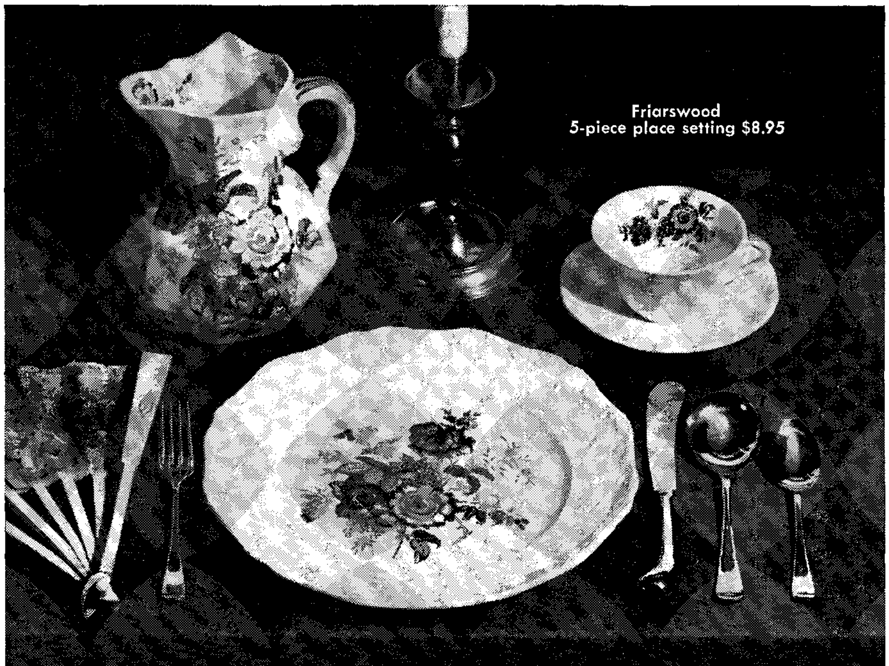
BECAUSE IT'S **BASIC** TO BUSINESS THINKING

©1967 Dow Jones & Co., Inc.

Nogent mint bowl combines clear crystal above four satin-finish finches at its base. A signed piece. 5½" across. 3" high. $48. For name of nearest dealer and illustrated brochure write: Lalique, 225 Fifth Avenue, New York 10010.

The noblest names in crystal are French

LALIQUE



Friarswood
5-piece place setting $8.95

Beau Brummel might have dined here with the lovely Lady Caroline.

The irresistible charm of a table set with Mason's Ironstone long ago can still be yours. English tradition at its finest, Friarswood is only one of thirteen early Mason designs now at better stores. Suit your fancy. Mason's Ironstone, patented in 1813, is priced from $6.95 to $24.95 the place setting.

MASON'S PATENT IRONSTONE

Imported from Hanley, Stoke-on-Trent, England by Minton, Inc., 11 East 26th Street, New York, New York 10010.

flew back. Then de Villeneuve carried on with Teddy the Monk at his side, as usual. He seemed to be very much pleased with his progress. "I've got things settled at A.B.C.," he told me at one point. "Their five pages of fine print are now one page. And they *still* don't have me all tied up in what I want to do. I wouldn't let them tie me up, you see. Their restrictions are worn down to nothing. They've never had a contract with anyone like me before." As for the negotiations with Yardley, he said that these were coming along very well, and he also let me know that as a result of his talks with Stan Weston he was considering a proposal that a miniature doll bearing Twiggy's name and likeness be manufactured, jointly, under license by two major toy manufacturers, one of them being Mattel, Inc., manufacturers of the best-selling Barbie doll. "I feel very favorable toward having a Twiggy doll put out by such a big manufacturer," he told me. "This will be a tremendous project. There's a lot of money in it, and it's super for our image."

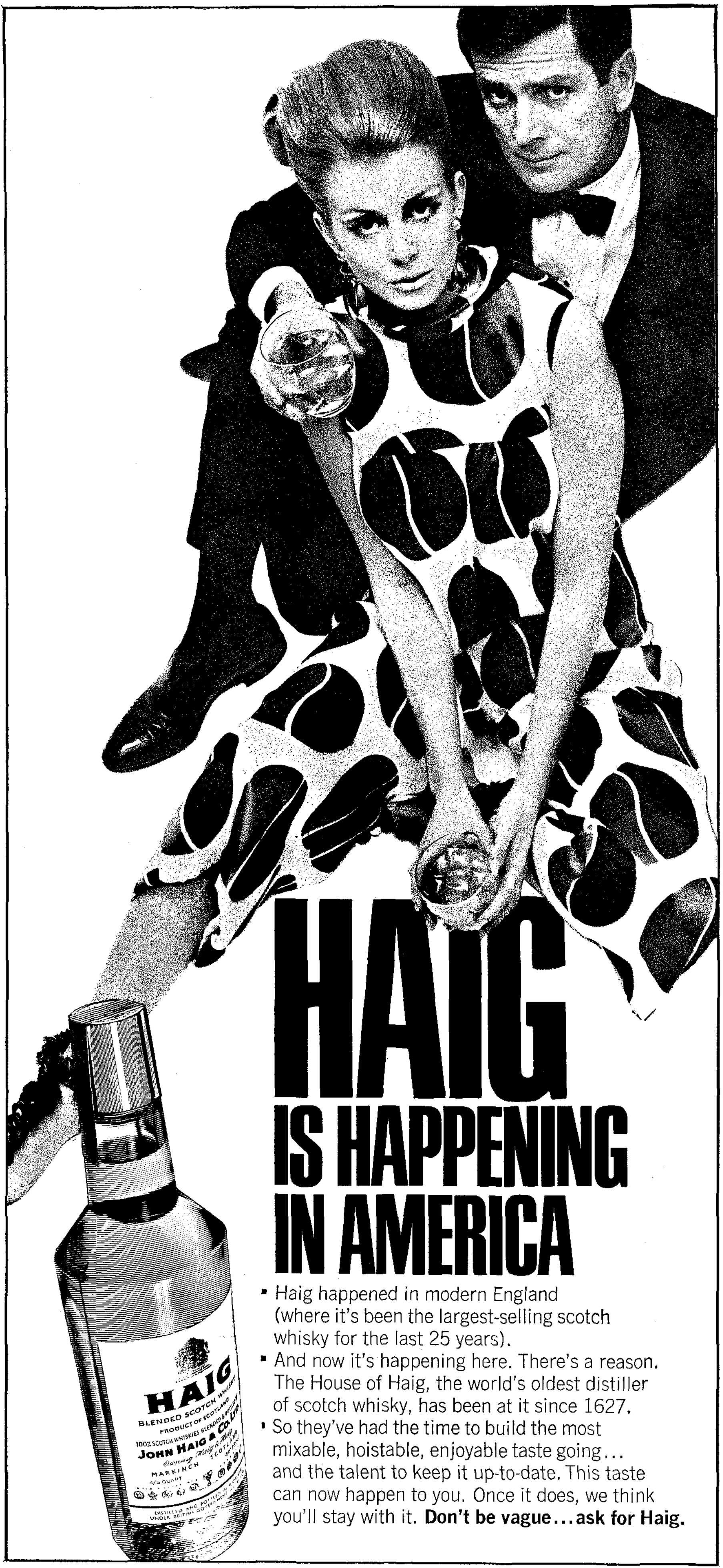
I asked what the latest developments were on the New American Library proposal for the illustrated Twiggy book.

"Oh, yes," de Villeneuve said. "The publishers were phoning me twenty times a day. I turned them down. I decided that the quality of a fifty-cent book is not good for the image. It might prevent me from doing a more expensively produced Twiggy book, a book that I would really like, a *beautiful* Twiggy book. A fifty-cent book would be a flash in the pan."

A couple of days later, I was with de Villeneuve and Teddy the Monk at the office of a lawyer whose services de Villeneuve had retained in connection with his contracts. From there, he was supposed to go on to a lunch with an account executive for the agency handling Yardley's advertising, but, on checking, he found out that the account executive, expressing regrets, had cancelled the appointment. De Villeneuve was displeased. "My time costs money," he said. "That's the last meeting he makes with me! From now on, I deal only with the very *top* at Yardley." He added that he had just received a formal letter confirming an arrangement for the production of a new Yardley line of Twiggy eyelashes. Continuing to discuss the subject of admen he had encountered since his arrival here, he observed, "These Madison Avenue people, they all think I'm the big creator of Twiggy, so they respect me and listen to me. I talk to some Madison Avenue big shot, and he thinks somehow I've got teams of secretaries, and I've only got Teddy, really. And he can hardly write. Though you ought to see him with figures—he's like lightning. And these Madison Avenue people keep coming up with all these schemes and jiggery-pokery. And telling me, 'Justin, where did you get the inspiration of inventing the name Twiggy? It's fantastic,' and all that rubbish. Oh, they all listen very carefully to what I say, and they think I'm a genius. Whereas in actual fact all I want is to do business with the right people and to have complete control at all times, without any p.r. men distorting things. They're carried away by the Queen of the Mod thing, and they oversell instead of letting the situation carry on, whatever it is, and, after all, the image is there and it couldn't be any bigger, could it? They're used to *making* situations. But, you see, Twiggy and I *are* a situation. We've got everything they look for. Front-page news. TV coverage all the time. Mass worship. But they want to adapt all this to their own ends, these wise boys, and the way they think it's done is by thinking up gimmicks. They just can't restrain giving their version of what they'd like to see: 'If only you could do *this*,' and 'If only you could fix it *that* way.' I've just closed my brain to them, and when I hear them I just let them go on a little and then I give Teddy the signal to interrupt. What in London we call a 'chuckadummy.' Without them realizing it. I used to have that mentality when I was seventeen or eighteen. I would have been a failure if I'd carried on that way. I'd have been taken in. But, you see, we've been up to jiggery-pokery, Teddy and I, in our time, and we know something about it. Talking people into various kinds of gerrymandering. We come from a very poor, tough background."

I said I'd be interested in hearing something about that.

Teddy then told me that he himself had been brought up in a series of orphanages and "approved" (that is, reform) schools in London. "Four personal friends of mine—chrrr!" A horizontal gesture across his throat. "I've seen some villainous strokes in my time. Five of my friends were involved in the Great Train Robbery, and three of them worked for me in my flower pitch in the streets. One of them was a very nice boy. Crying shame he got what he did. You know, a chap just begins to look at things the wrong



HAIG IS HAPPENING IN AMERICA

- Haig happened in modern England (where it's been the largest-selling scotch whisky for the last 25 years).
- And now it's happening here. There's a reason. The House of Haig, the world's oldest distiller of scotch whisky, has been at it since 1627.
- So they've had the time to build the most mixable, hoistable, enjoyable taste going... and the talent to keep it up-to-date. This taste can now happen to you. Once it does, we think you'll stay with it. **Don't be vague...ask for Haig.**

BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY, 86 PROOF • RENFIELD IMPORTERS, LTD., N.Y.

There is a certain kind of woman who wrote her memoirs when she was eight. For this woman, there is a certain kind of store: Peck & Peck.

A stand-up collar and hi-rise belt make this dress indisputably new. Yet the antiqued buttons and buckle give it a wonderful old-fashioned touch. Shetland wool. Vanilla or bright yellow. 5 to 13, 40.00

Fifth Avenue, New York/Boston/St. Louis
Pittsburgh/Akron/Cleveland/Rochester/Baltimore
Chicago/Providence/Philadelphia/Buffalo
Kansas City/Hartford/Detroit/Washington, D. C.
Atlanta/Twin Cities/Indianapolis

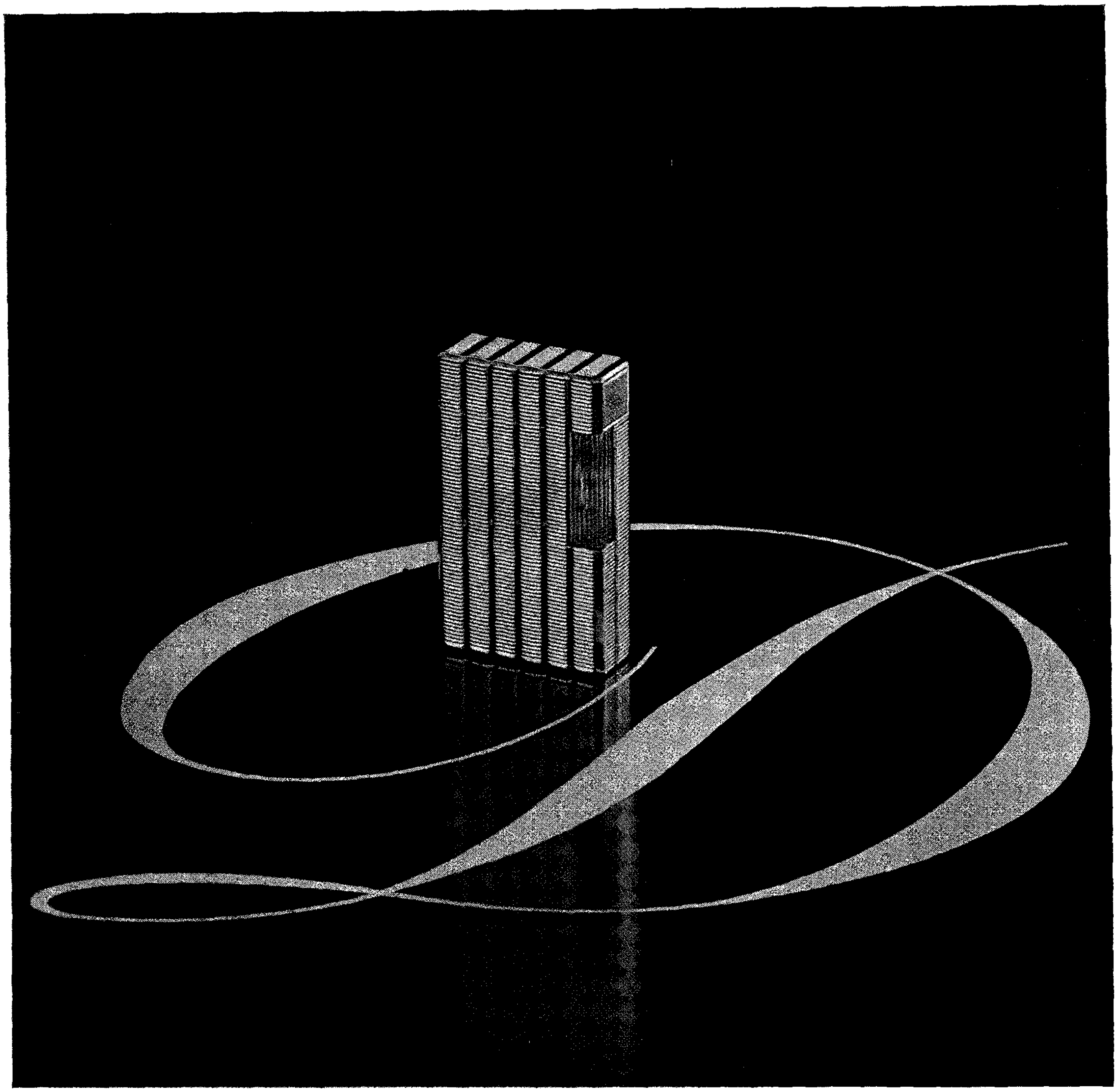
way. And before 'e knows it— Know what I mean?"

De Villeneuve told me that his father was a bricklayer and that his family lived in north London, in Edmonton. "I was brought up by J. B. Priestley in Herefordshire," he said. "Well, not by him *personally*. I was evacuated to his house in the country during the war when I was a child. It was a beautiful house. We had a nanny. There were thirty of us. It was a very posh place. J. B. Priestley had a super wife—charming. This nanny spoke very well. So, you see, I came back from the country with quite a posh accent, which wasn't the cool thing to have in my neighborhood, and I had to stand up to quite a bit of roughing up."

In London, in the period of austerity after the war, the barrow boy (that is, pushcart peddler) selling anything that was in short supply was in his heyday, and Teddy the Monk did very well. He had come by his nickname then, he told me, through successfully managing to vend souvenirs outside Buckingham Palace, an area forbidden to peddlers, by concealing most of his wares under a monk's cloak he flung on for the purpose. "I've sold almost anything you could imagine," Teddy said. "Newspapers, cars, houseboats, watches, tugboats—everything. And of course, flowers, which is my real pitch. The only thing that I couldn't sell was two ton of soot that I picked up cheap. I tell you, I felt defeated by that soot. And every time I touched it, I got all black. Finally, I had to pay a bloke thirty bob more than what I paid for it to take it away and dump it. I was, like, a general dealer. I used to be around the Portobello Road a lot, knew all sorts of people there. That's where I met Justin. He was working off a barrow, selling antiques—bric-a-brac, I'd call it, really. So after the time when I was fiddling about the Portobello Road Justin had a fling with the hairdressing and the decorating. The interior décor was becoming quite the thing in London, you know—that's how he came to change his name from Nigel Davies to Justin de Villeneuve. Every once in a while, when I was back at my old flower pitch outside the Knightsbridge station, I'd see him. 'E'd be on his way somewhere, looking for wallpaper to match some old lady's curtains. Or he'd pop around to my home for a cup of tea, often with a pretty girl, and once he brought around this young girl and said, 'Meet my friend Twiggy. She's going to do a bit of modelling.' He said she'd be a teen-age model. Well, to me a model's a model. I told him, 'You'd better fatten 'er up.' "

"That was in 1965," de Villeneuve said. "My brother introduced us. He was a hairdresser. I had been a hairdresser, too. I had worked for Vidal Sassoon. My brother worked in a hairdressing salon in Queensway, and Twiggy used to work there Saturdays, when she wasn't at school. She was my girl friend when she was fifteen. Her schoolmates used to tease her about her figure and call her Sticks, and I used to tell her she looked like a twig. Then I got into the habit of calling her Twig, and, after that, Twiggy. She was so beautiful, with her long hair. I looked after her like a big brother. She trusted me right from the start. I had no money. We spent most of our time travelling around London on buses. Mind, I wasn't so poor that I had my backside hanging out. I always had my suits from Savile Row, even if I didn't have the money to eat. I had tried all sorts of things besides hairdressing. I'd run a mail-order business, I'd had a go as a boxer at fun fairs, and, as Teddy says, I'd been on the Portobello Road. By the time I started going with Twiggy, I had a couple of stalls at the Chelsea antique market. Twiggy and I thought of opening a little boutique. We were going to call it Twiggy. But Twiggy also thought she would like to be a model, and I thought it was a good idea."

De Villeneuve went on to tell me the story that was familiar to me from newspaper and magazine articles: how he had agreed to manage Twiggy's professional career; how he had taken her to a friend of his, Mr. Leonard, the fashionable London hairdresser, and had him give her a short haircut; how Mr. Leonard had had her photograph taken for his window; how a fashion editor of the London *Daily Express* had seized upon the photograph and had it reproduced in her paper, under the caption "The New Face of 1966;" how demand for Twiggy then slowly grew; how, in the fall of 1966, he had taken Twiggy over to Paris to try to get work in connection with the collections then being shown; how Hélène Gordon-Lazareff, the editor of *Elle*, had immediately perceived Twiggy's unique qualities as a model and had put her on cover after cover of *Elle;* and how, from that point on, Twiggy's fame spread steadily through Europe. "I knew from the very beginning that she



From the Dupont Collection of Fine Jewellery Butane Lighters — reflecting an almost century-old tradition of superb craftsmanship. The ultimate accessory for men and women... exemplifying an apotheosis of elegance, supreme quality, and highest precision. In 18 carat solid gold, black lacquer, 20 micron gold, and 30 micron silver plate.

...that it lights cigarettes is almost incidental.

Lighters from $800 to $45

S. T. Dupont
OF PARIS

At Bergdorf Goodman, B. Altman & Co., Bonwit Teller, I. Magnin West Coast, Marshall Field, Neiman Marcus.
Other fine stores in 80 countries around the world. For store nearest you write: S. T. Dupont Corporation, 745 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022

"I was forced to learn a simpler way to care for my dry skin.
Perhaps my plan can help you win

The Skin Game.

"I'm sure most women with dry skin find The Skin Game is a losing battle! If you miss one day messing with moisturizers and creams your face crackles and crinkles worse than ever. But how much time can you take out of a busy day? How many bottles and jars can you cram into the bathroom drawer?

"One day I looked in the mirror and thought of the hours I'd wasted and the money I'd spent, and figured there must be a simpler way. So I went into business.

"That's how Total Turtle came about. It is a lineup of basic requirements for coping with dry skin. All based on precious Oil of the Turtle, which was the first thing that ever worked for me. And every moisturizer, cleanser, freshener, bath treatment, and concentrate does more than one job — and does it in a hurry. Maybe Oil of the Turtle in these new forms can help make life simpler for you, too. Then you can win *your* Skin Game."

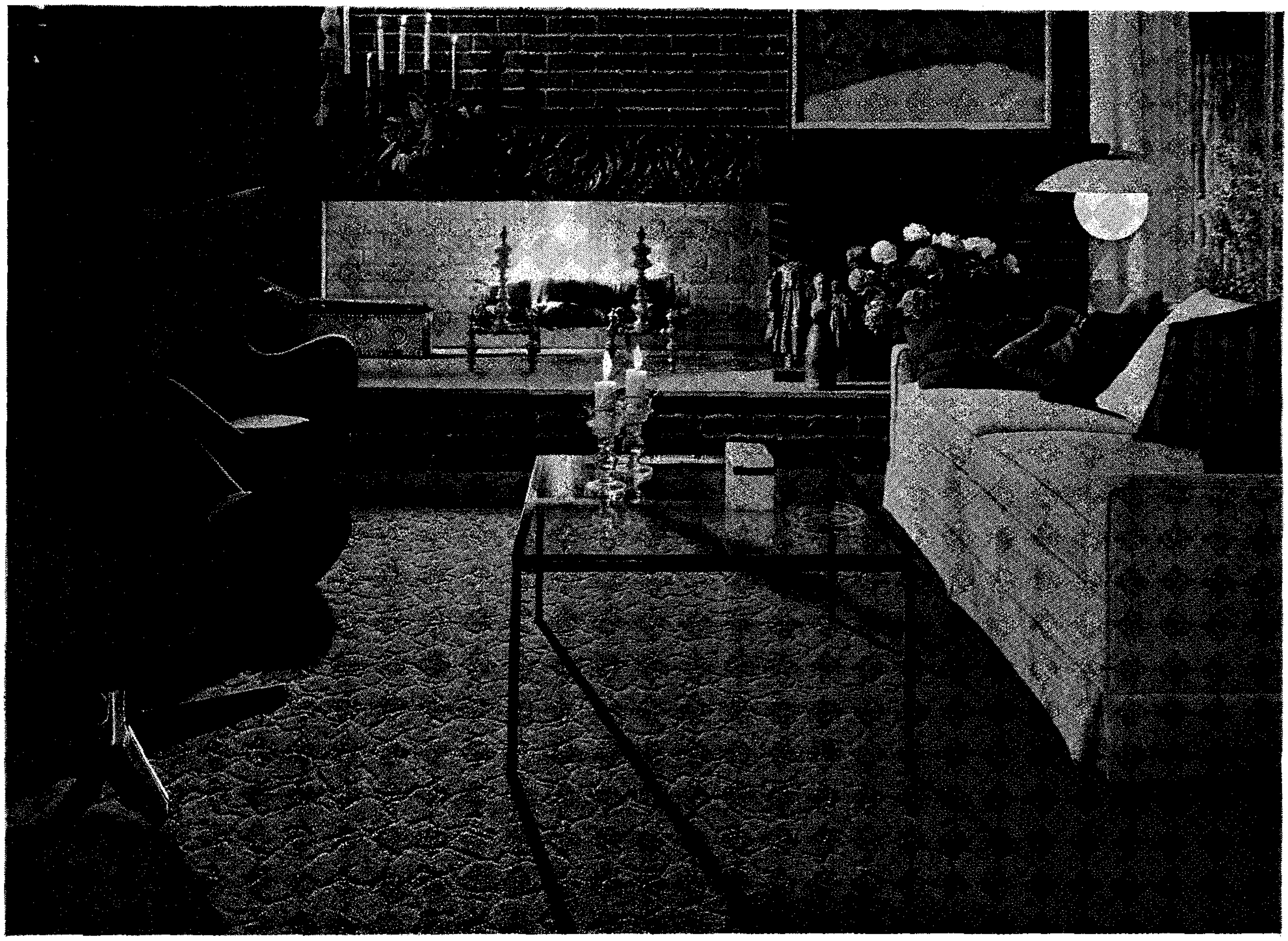
Polly Bergen

deep cleansing foam • freshener • moisturizer foam • cream moisturizer • night concentrate • scrub • deep sea bath treatment • deep sea soap

Oil of the Turtle

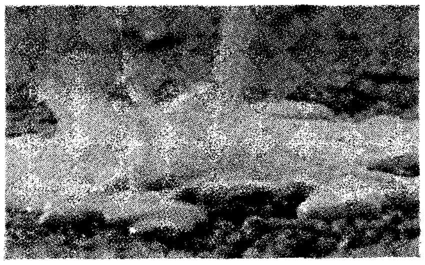
The Polly Bergen Company, 9255 Sunset Boulevard, Los Angeles, California 90069

© THE POLLY BERGEN COMPANY 1967



First, admire the beauty and luxury of new Masland "Viable" carpet made with Vectra fiber...

then relax and spill something on it!



It's a rare kind of carpet. New Masland "Viable" gives a room that very special elegance and charm that only a lush, random-sheared carpet can add. So luxurious, your first instinct is to pamper it. ☐ Don't. ☐ "Viable" is made with 100% Vectra® olefin fiber. So it can take the toughest wear and tear that kids and pets can dish out . . . and come back begging for more. And, most any stain you can think of wipes up easily with mild detergent and water. ☐ And Vectra fiber makes "Viable" completely mothproof and allergy free. ☐ Couple all this with 12 rich, deep colors . . . and you can see why new "Viable" carpet made with Vectra fiber is worth a special trip to your nearest Masland dealer. While you're there, ask to see "Vornay" and "Valjean", the other two colorful members of the Masland family made with Vectra fiber. Admire them all . . . then spill something on them. Your Masland dealer won't mind. ☐ In fact he'll even clean them up for you. Fast.

THE Vectra® COMPANY

Vectra® is the registered trademark of National Plastic Products Company, Inc., Odenton, Md. for its olefin fiber.

The Magic of Masland Carpets®

C. H. MASLAND & SONS • Carlisle, Pa.

was going to be so big," Justin said. "I could see it coming. They were looking for a new darling. A new look. And Twiggy was there. . . . A year ago, I was penniless, and even just a few months ago I wasn't so much better off than that. In London, a model doesn't get paid for three months after she's been photographed, you know. The magazines there pay on publication, which can make things very hard when you're short." Last fall, de Villeneuve told me, he had had a tempting offer from a New York modelling agency to bring Twiggy over to New York, and he had known she would make far more money here than she had in Europe. He said that the agent involved (it was not Barbara Thorbahn) had even offered to provide Twiggy with elocution lessons. But, Justin said, he had turned the tempting financial offer down, and the elocution lessons, too. "We weren't ready for New York," he said. "We needed to wait, to let things build." He added, "When we did actually get over here, with Barbara's agency, I was just about running even on expenses. As a matter of fact, I spent all but my last few pounds on the plane tickets from London to New York. But now, with all the deals we've done since we got here and those we're doing, Twiggy is going to be all right for the rest of her life, bless her. And so am I, to tell the truth. If I keep proper control over things, Twiggy will keep getting bigger for a long time. The royalties from Yardley alone will be enormous. I've just turned twenty-eight, and I know now that I'll be a millionaire by the time I'm thirty."

As we rose to leave, de Villeneuve said to me, "By the way, Twiggy is going to have her hair cut. I'm flying Mr. Leonard over from London specially to do it. He'll be here tomorrow."

EARLY the next morning, I received a telegram from the American Broadcasting Company inviting me to "COME SEE TWIGGY GET HER FIRST HAIRCUT IN AMERICA ON STAGE AT A.B.C.'s TV 15, ELYSEE THEATRE" at eleven o'clock—three or four hours off. The theatre is on West Fifty-eighth Street. When I arrived, the stage was crowded with reporters and with still and movie photographers, including one of Bert Stern's camera crews, and an A.B.C. television camera was being wheeled around on a big dolly. The focus of all this attention was a chair—unoccupied at the moment—that stood at the front of an area partly blocked off by lengths

STWG
EPNS
A1

The noble ancestors of Worcester English silverplate were quite at home in palaces and castles.

Today, the patterns speak their heritage.

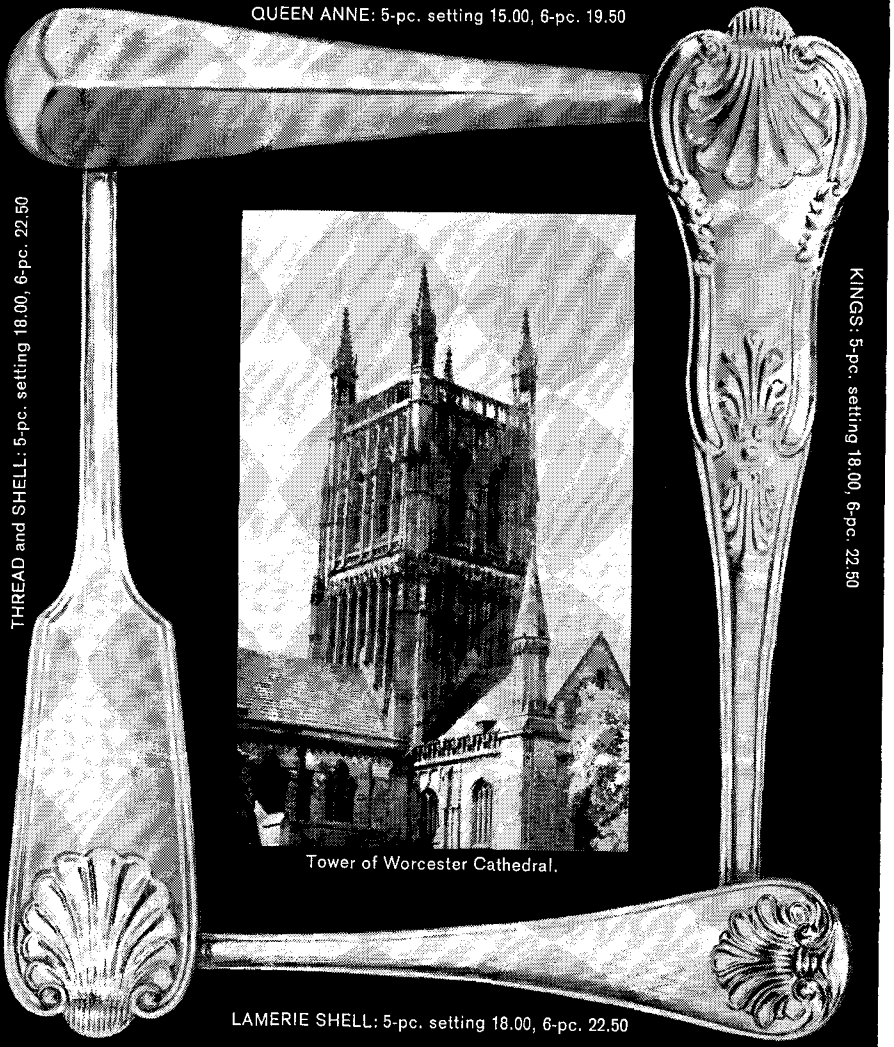
QUEEN ANNE...KINGS...LAMERIE SHELL...THREAD AND SHELL.

Aristocrats of silverplated tableware, wrought in what is believed to be the heaviest silver deposit of any silverplate today. Worcester silverplate is made in England by silversmiths long skilled in their art, and justly proud of their work.

Made in Sheffield

WORCESTER

The Aristocrat of Silverplate



QUEEN ANNE: 5-pc. setting 15.00, 6-pc. 19.50

THREAD and SHELL: 5-pc. setting 18.00, 6-pc. 22.50

KINGS: 5-pc. setting 18.00, 6-pc. 22.50

Tower of Worcester Cathedral.

LAMERIE SHELL: 5-pc. setting 18.00, 6-pc. 22.50

At your jewelers, or write
WORCESTER SILVER COMPANY, 11 East 26th Street, New York, N.Y. 10010.

Go with a Maupintour fun group!

Fiesta Holidays 'Round South America

New! Deluxe escorted holidays!

Thrill to scenic marvels beyond your dreams, delight in fabulous entertainments, visit seldom-seen Indian village markets . . . and all while enjoying a lazy travel pace and luxurious living in elite hotels.

- **CARNIVAL IN RIO** Depart Jan. 24th and 31st, 30 days, from $2583.
- **BAHIA CARNIVAL** The Grand Tour, 60 days, Feb. 2nd, $4253.
- **GREAT CITIES** Monthly departures, 21 days, from $1648.
- **GRAND HIGHLIGHTS** Monthly departures, 30 days, from $2473.
- **COLOMBIA, ECUADOR** Plus Panama. In depth! Monthly departures, 24 days, $1298.
- **GRAND AMAZON** Adventure supreme, deluxe style! June 19th departure, 59 days, $4071.

Write for Maupintour's colorful 28-page SOUTH AMERICA brochure: Maupintour, 270 Park Avenue, New York, New York 10017. See your Travel Agent for reservations.

Other Maupintour Escorted Holidays: Scandinavia, Western Europe, British Isles, Spain/Portugal, Morocco, Canary Isles, Madeira, Eastern Europe, Balkans, Mediterranean, Central Asia. Ask for folders.

Maupintour
world-wide standard of travel excellence

ASTA SATO

of rope covered in red plastic. Soon Bert Stern arrived on the stage and began giving orders to a number of press photographers to remove themselves from the area behind the plastic-covered rope. "No cameras, no cameras. Go on now, out of here. No cameras," he said, and told the still men to move to the front and sides of the unoccupied chair. During a pause in the instructions, I asked Stern about these operations. "This has turned into one of my complex deals," he said, and he went on to inform me that what he had done in connection with Twiggy's having her hair cut by Mr. Leonard was to convert the occasion, with the collaboration of A.B.C., de Villeneuve, Mr. Leonard, and representatives of the press, into a Happening—which he was going to record. As Stern went on clearing the area behind the plastic rope, Twiggy and de Villeneuve came onto the stage. Smiling, they acknowledged a flock of photographers and reporters rushing to surround them. On Twiggy's left there walked a tall, slim figure, who proved to be Mr. Leonard, of the House of Leonard, himself. Mr. Leonard had sideburns that ended at a point roughly on a line with the base of his ears, and he was wearing a greenish suit, a brown-and-white striped shirt, and a brown tie with black and white dots on it and with a huge knot.

Under hot studio lights, Twiggy sat down on the chair. Mr. Leonard, very coolly, and with an urbane smile, went to work on her hair, first with a brush and then with a pair of scissors. The press photographers began jostling and swearing at one another as they jockeyed for position, and then, yelling at Twiggy, photographed away; the A.B.C. television camera dollied and zoomed in; and Bert Stern, after holding his camera in his hands in a tentative fashion for a second or two, as though he were feeling its weight, began photographing the press photographers taking pictures of Twiggy, of Mr. Leonard, and of his own act of photographing them.

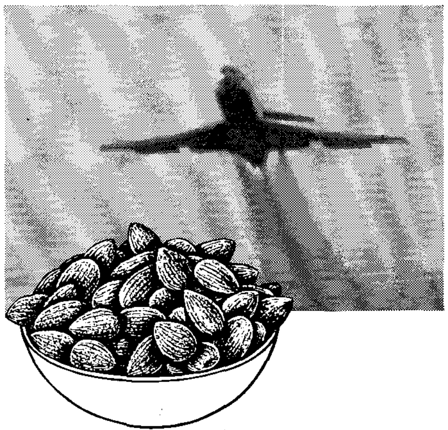
Finally, Stern announced, "That's enough," thereby ending the Happening. Mr. Leonard closed his scissors, and the Twiggy party adjourned to an upstairs dressing room, where a woman with a broad, handsome face came up to Stern, congratulated him on taking pictures that she was sure would work out well, and told him, "The whole thing was so penetratingly *immediate.*" This lady turned out to be Polly Mellen, one of *Vogue's* fashion editors, and in a moment or so Stern explained to me in a little more detail the workings of his

FOR WASHING

Poland Water
PS
NATURAL SPRING WATER

FOR DRINKING
POLAND WATER

B. ALTMAN & CO.



Here are the nuts you met on the jet

The same Smokehouse Almonds they served on your last jet flight are now available to enjoy at home. Crisp. Salty. Thoroughly irresistible. Look for them in vacuum tins with the Blue Diamond label at gourmet shops and other food stores. Please write direct if not available in your area.

Blue Diamond Smokehouse Almonds
California Almond Growers Exchange
P.O. Box 1768, Sacramento, California 95808

complex deal. “Since Twiggy was going to have her hair cut, I thought I’d photograph the haircutting for *Vogue*. *Vogue* said they’d think about it. Then I talked to Justin and A.B.C. about the haircut, and I thought that instead of just photographing the haircut for *Vogue* we’d have the whole press in for the haircut, and that we could take advantage of that to announce the Twiggy specials on A.B.C. Then Mrs. Vreeland flipped all of a sudden over the idea of my photographing the haircut. So we’ve done three things. We’ve announced the specials. The press has its pictures of the haircut and of me photographing it. And I’ve shot pictures for *Vogue* showing the press photographing the haircut.”

Next day, Twiggy, de Villeneuve, Mr. Leonard, Teddy the Monk, and Bert Stern went over to the editorial offices of *Vogue*. The occasion was a double one: Twiggy was to be fitted for the clothes in which she was to be photographed by Richard Avedon, and Stern was to discuss with Priscilla Peck, the art director of *Vogue*, any points that might arise in connection with the shots of Twiggy’s haircut. While Stern’s camera crew got to work shooting Twiggy being fitted in a room reserved for that purpose, Stern himself, accompanied by Mr. Leonard, went into Miss Peck’s office—empty just then—to look over some large blowups of uncropped still shots of the haircutting session. The blowups were spread all over the office floor. “They’re funny pictures,” Stern said. “I like funny pictures.” One of Miss Peck’s colleagues came into the office briefly, and Stern arranged with her for Mr. Leonard to come in the next morning and describe, into a tape recorder, the sequence of his haircutting motions in relation to the pictures.

Then Stern told Mr. Leonard he had a project that should interest him. “I’d like you to do Twiggy’s hair for a series of pictures that I want to shoot,” he said. “I’ve told Priscilla about it. A series illustrating fairy stories, in which Twiggy is dressed up as Cinderella, Little Red Riding Hood, and so on. I want to make a Pop thing out of fairy tales. Twiggy should *love* the Big Bad Wolf. Would you do it?”

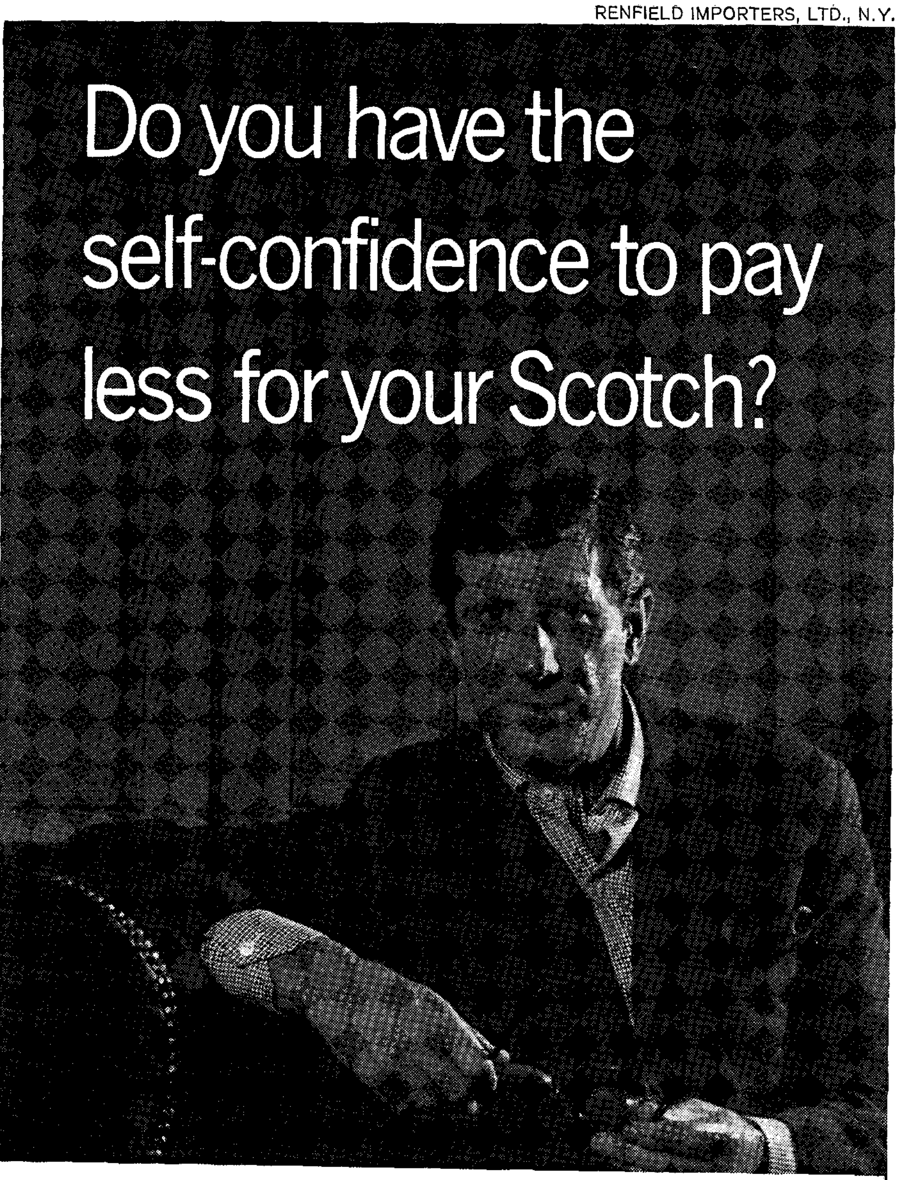
“Yes,” Mr. Leonard said.

“All right,” Stern said. “You’ll fly over from London again when I’m ready to shoot.”

At this moment, Miss Peck walked in—a stylish-looking woman wearing a gray tweed suit and smoking a cigarette in a very long holder.

“Leonard will fly over to do

RENFIELD IMPORTERS, LTD., N.Y.


Do you have the self-confidence to pay less for your Scotch?

KING WILLIAM IV

KING WILLIAM IV
VOP
BRAND
100% SCOTCH WHISKIES
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
JOHN GILLON & CO. LTD
RENFIELD IMPORTERS, LTD., NEWARK, N.J.

Some people don’t taste the Scotch. They taste the price. So they aren’t comfortable unless they spend seven or eight dollars a bottle.

When you try King William, forget that you’re getting **86 proof** Scotch at an upsettingly low price. Just savor the Scotch itself. Smooth and light. As good or better than the higher-priced Scotches. King William is one of Scotland’s oldest and most respected brands. Produced there by John Gillon & Co. since 1817. And enjoyed throughout the world.

Will King William impress your friends? That depends. On whether they’re Scotch drinkers—or money drinkers.

86 PROOF BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY

Twiggy's hair for the fairy tales," Stern said.

"It would be super," Mr. Leonard said.

De Villeneuve came in and said he'd like to introduce Mr. Leonard to Mrs. Vreeland. Mr. Leonard and de Villeneuve went out into a corridor to await her. As I stopped to take this in for a moment, a slim young man wearing a blue suit and a pale-blue polo sweater passed by. He was holding a leash, at the end of which was a little Pekingese. The Pekingese, instead of walking, was lying down and lazily allowing itself to coast as the leash pulled it along the smooth floor of the corridor. In a few moments, Mrs. Vreeland came sailing up—an indomitably elegant black-haired lady in a red suit. De Villeneuve, who had met her a couple of times before, presented her with a bouquet of flowers.

"How sweet," Mrs. Vreeland said. "Oh, thank you."

"And this," de Villeneuve said, "is Twiggy's hairdresser."

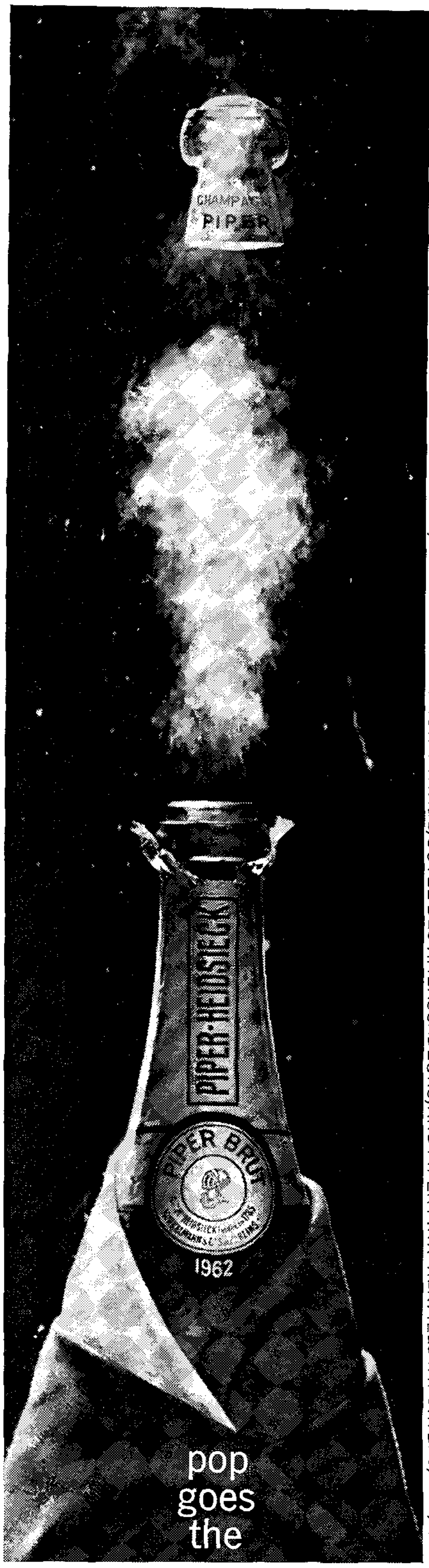
"Oh, yes. I'm *so* glad to meet you, and we have the most wonderful pictures of you inside cutting Twiggy's hair, and I understand you're coming in tomorrow for an interview," Mrs. Vreeland said to Mr. Leonard, and passed on.

A little later, I came upon de Villeneuve and Stern talking in another part of the corridor. De Villeneuve was quite agitated about Stern's idea of showing Twiggy in a series of pictures illustrating Pop fairy tales. "Twiggy has a pure, clean image, and anything that conflicts with that image—I won't have it," he said. "It would be fabulous with another model. But with Twiggy, no. No, I don't want it."

"Anything you say, Justin," Stern said hastily. "I'm sure you're right. There's enough to do as it is."

De Villeneuve walked off, and in a few minutes I found him talking to Mr. Leonard in a brooding tone about the notion of having Twiggy involved in such a project. "The whole idea of the wolf, the big bad wolf, and Twiggy—I don't like it. The idea has something erotic about it," he said. "I won't have sexual eroticism connected with Twiggy!" In the face of this fiat, there was nothing to be done. Mr. Leonard received the news with aplomb.

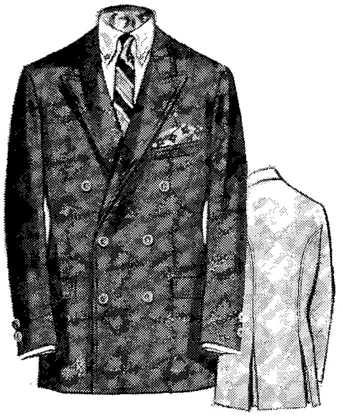
THE following day, Twiggy went for the first of her photographic sessions with Richard Avedon, for *Vogue*. The sessions went on day after day. Shortly after they started, I asked Twiggy how she liked working with

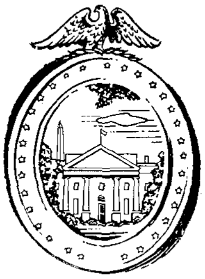

pop goes the

PIPER

PIPER-HEIDSIECK
CHAMPAGNE

CHAMPAGNE AVAILABLE IN PIPER BRUT 1962 VINTAGE, PIPER EXTRA DRY NON-VINTAGE, CUVEE DES AMBASSADEURS, AND PIPER PINK · RENFIELD IMPORTERS, LTD., N.Y.

Chipp
Clothiers Furnishers

OUR ITALIAN ACCENT
Inverted box pleat vents, military back, fitted waist and flared skirt—evidence that Italy has added a stimulating approach to our English outlook.
DOUBLE BREASTED BLAZER...$100.
Mediterranean Blue Wool Flannel, peak lapel, burnished Italian heraldic buttons, scarlet lining.
SINGLE BREASTED BLAZER... $95.
Burgundy and Camel Wool Flannel, notch lapel, burnished Italian heraldic buttons.
CORDUROY BLAZER... $75.
Natural Tan plush widewale cotton corduroy, notch lapel, foulard lining, slant pockets, leather buttons. Marching Odd Trousers available at $30. Tailored with ¼ top pockets and tunnel loops.
Brochure and Travelling Itinerary Available
14 E. 44th Street
NEW YORK, N.Y. 10017
CHIPP CHIPP CHIPP CHIPP CHIPP CHIPP CHIPP CHIPP
CHIPP CHIPP CHIPP CHIPP CHIPP CHIPP CHIPP CHIPP


If you want one of the finest hotels ... with elegant public and private rooms, the Manger Hay-Adams, located directly across Lafayette Park from the White House, is Washington's second best address. The service, both meaningful and courteous, is in the tradition of the most exclusive clubs. Pamper yourself when next in the capital at this truly fine hotel!

For information and reservations see your travel agent, or call: Boston, 267-1145; Chicago, 782-5835; Los Angeles, 627-2361; New York City, 265-2100; San Francisco, 986-2858

Hotel *Manger Hay-Adams*
Across the street from the White House
16th at H Street N.W. • Washington, D.C.
Telephone: (202) 638-2260

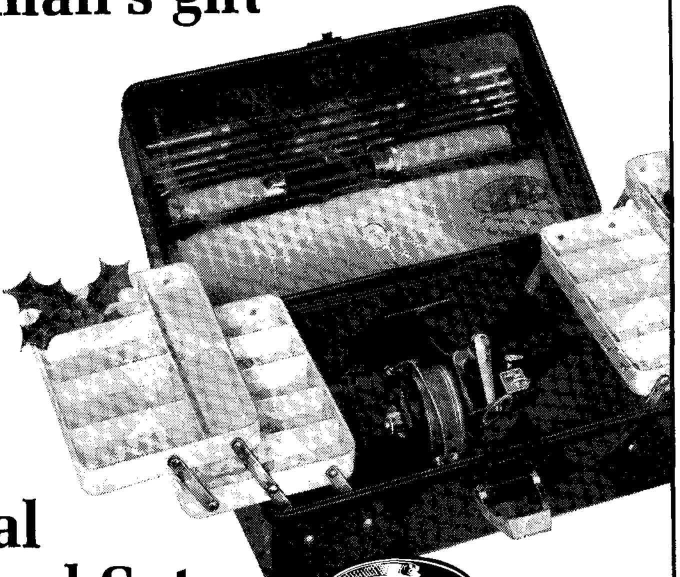
Avedon. "It's wonderful," Twiggy said. "Avedon makes you *feel* beautiful." I arranged to visit Avedon's studio while Twiggy was posing for him. His studio is on the top floor of a building on East Fifty-eighth Street, and when I arrived, I learned that Twiggy was already on the scene, and was getting herself ready in a dressing room. Avedon came out to greet me in a reception area—a slight, intense, alert-looking man who was wearing large horn-rimmed glasses and, over his shirt, a brown sweater. He led me from the reception area, the walls of which were adorned with blowups of Avedon candid shots of Charlie Chaplin and Rudolf Nureyev, along a corridor that was lined with an array of *Vogue's* paraphernalia—shoes, bangles, spangles, stockings, gloves, all jumbled together on tables as on the counter of a bargain store—and into an alcove containing a desk and some filing cabinets. We sat down and talked briefly.

"One thing you have to realize about Twiggy is that, relatively speaking, she has hardly been photographed," Avedon said. "After all, Jean Shrimpton had considerable experience—she had been on perhaps fifty magazine covers before anyone took much notice of her. Twiggy has really only been modelling for less than a year. I didn't know what to expect of her. But I found that the moment she was under the lights she performed as all the finest models do. For her to have developed that amount of control is extraordinary. At our first sitting, we spent three-quarters of the day making preparations—working with makeup, and so on, and I was trying to get used to her face—and then she went in front of the camera and it was as though we'd been working together for months. Lots of models come to the studio and do things they think the photographer wants. Twiggy presented herself quite honestly to the camera. Not that she doesn't have some faults—the occasionally vacant stare, the dead eye. But she has a quality that is small and very special, in which it's the slightest nuance that counts. The best pictures I've taken of Twiggy have been those in which she did the least. The less she did, the truer the pictures seemed to be—truer to herself, truer to my work. That's representative of the period. Women move in certain ways that convey an air of the time they live in, and Twiggy, when she's in front of lights, is bringing her generation in front of the camera. I think what's involved is the stripping away of certain affectations about what is beautiful. Twiggy is made for that. As

For people who panic at the thought of picking a fisherman's gift

Old Pal
Matched Sets

Matched sets of tackle boxes, rods and reels for your fisherman are now at leading sporting goods stores and departments. Pick one soon. Old Pal, Inc., Subsidiary of Woodstream Corporation, Lititz, Pa. 17543



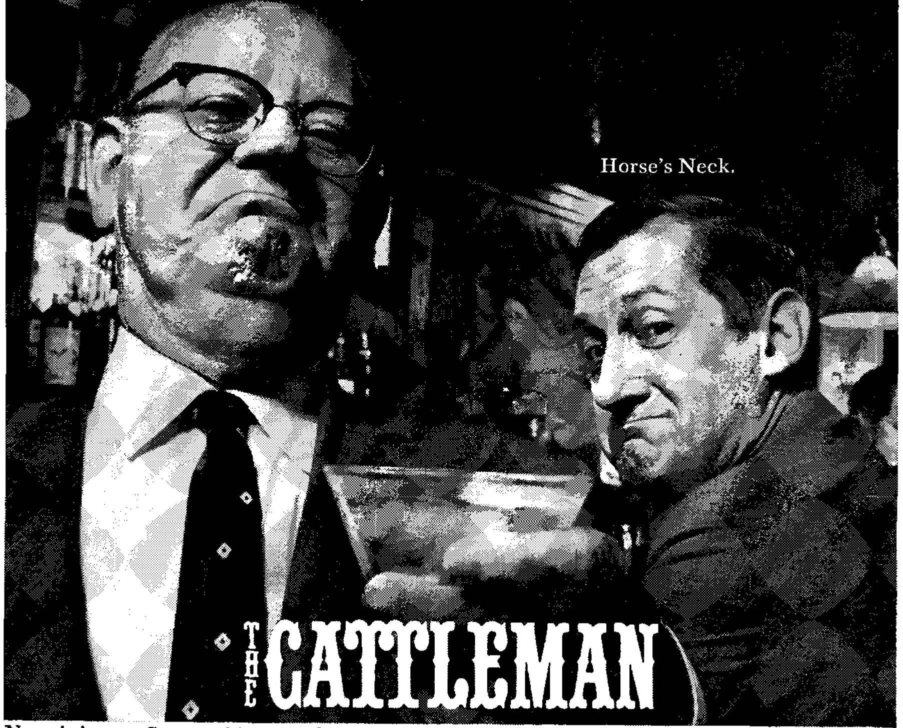
Big and little late appetites.

Rob Roy.
Chili, cowboy stew, macaroni, chicken wings.
Rob Roy. Rob Roy. Rob Roy.

Horse's Neck.

THE CATTLEMAN

No minimum. Supper 11 pm to 2 am except Sunday. 5 East 45th St., New York MO 1-1200.



MINDING OUR OWN BUSINESS
BACKSTAGE AT BUSINESS WEEK

PANEL SHOW.

Did you know that Business Week produces a quiz show in cities throughout the U.S.? It's BW's Visiting Panel of Editors, who put their knowledge on the firing line before businessmen eager for the chance to ask tough, timely, and topical questions.

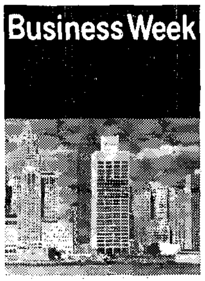
Since 1956, the Panel has been invited to Chicago, San Francisco, Boston, Pittsburgh, Minneapolis, and eighteen other cities. The last show was staged outside the U.S., at Montreal's Expo 67, where the Panel faced a capacity audience of 150 business-management leaders from Canada and around the world. They're already booked for eight appearances in '68.

But the favor isn't all one-sided. Sure, the Panel members supply the answers. But BW editors feel that the *questions* help them learn about the interests and concerns of businessmen all over America (oops, *and* Canada). What they're learning on the platform is reflected in the editorial pages of Business Week.

To date, the Panel estimates that they've been asked almost one *thousand* difficult questions. Is it hard work? Don't ask.

You advertise in Business Week to inform management

A McGraw-Hill Magazine



a photographer, I'm interested in young girls not because of knock-knees and tongues sticking out but because of what I can find about them that is beautiful. With Twiggy, I consider the shape of her head beautiful, and also the simplicity and gentleness of her gestures; even the narrowness of her leg is interesting." Avedon reached out to a pile of black-and-white contact prints and showed me a number of pictures he had taken of Twiggy, several of which he had circled with a red grease pencil. Some of the representations seemed pretty lush to me, considering the subject. However, in what I thought were the best, Twiggy's eyes had a more limpid and feminine quality than I had seen in any other pictures of her, and I noticed, too, that the excessive angularity I was used to in Twiggy's poses was absent. I was particularly struck by one photograph, showing Twiggy in profile from behind, in which the fashion photographer had concentrated on the contours of her arm and back in such a way as to accentuate a special manner in which her hand and wrist hung loosely—"almost African," Avedon called it.

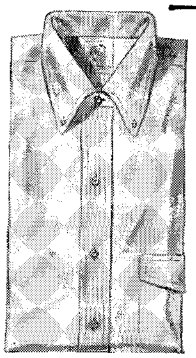
From the dressing room I heard the sound of Twiggy's laughter—the kind of two-syllable rising shriek that might be heard any morning over the wall of a northwest-London back yard. Avedon excused himself and walked off to see whether Twiggy was ready for the sitting. While he was away, I noticed on his desk a folded piece of paper bearing the words:

Office Memorandum
to: Mrs. Mellen from: Mrs. Vreeland
copy to: Mr. Avedon
Re: Twiggy

Having myself been in communication with Mrs. Vreeland on this subject a couple of days earlier, and having been impressed by her enthusiasm for Twiggy ("This little girl is not a Cockney phenomenon. For us at *Vogue*, she represents beauty, not Twiggery. We love her silky throat, her naturalness, her inner serenity"), I was interested in getting some more of her views on Twiggy, and when Avedon returned I asked him if I might have a look at the memorandum. Later, with Mrs. Vreeland's permission, he let me do so. It read:

Do not forget Twiggy is dreadfully swaybacked. . . . This form of weakness is easily righted by having her stand straight and sit up. She should be treated as a perfect flower with a straight stem and a bloom at the top and not like a half deformed teenager.

Also remember we do not want the hair to the side as it does nothing to bring out her beauty. Do remember her nose is



J. PRESS INC.
Oxford Button Down Shirts

J. PRESS SHIRTS follow a long nurtured program of recruiting the choicest shirting fabrics, standardizing cutting patterns proven for contour and comfort, and of strict adherence to faultless needlework.

COMBED COTTON OXFORD
Plain White....$8
Blue, Maize, Pink, Melon....$8.50

SUPER QUALITY LONG STAPLE COTTON OXFORD
White (Pima), Deep Blue (Delta)....$9

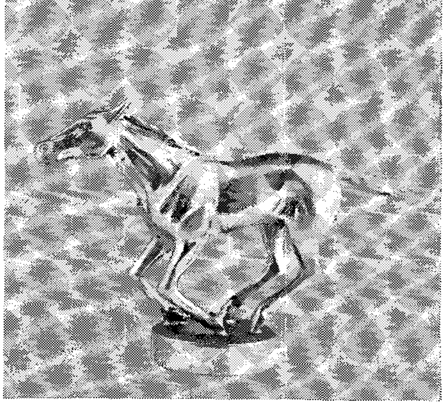
Our exclusive make with broad back pleat, button flap pocket and button cuffs.

J. PRESS INC.

CURRENT TRAVEL EXHIBITS:
Kansas City—Nov. 8 & 9 *Hotel Muehlebach*
Louisville—Nov. 6 & 7 *The Brown Hotel*
Nashville—Nov. 8 & 9 *Dinkler-Andrew Jackson*
St. Louis—Nov. 6 & 7 *Bel Air West*

16 E. 44th St., New York
82 Mt. Auburn St., Cambridge
Brochures: 262 York St., New Haven, Conn.

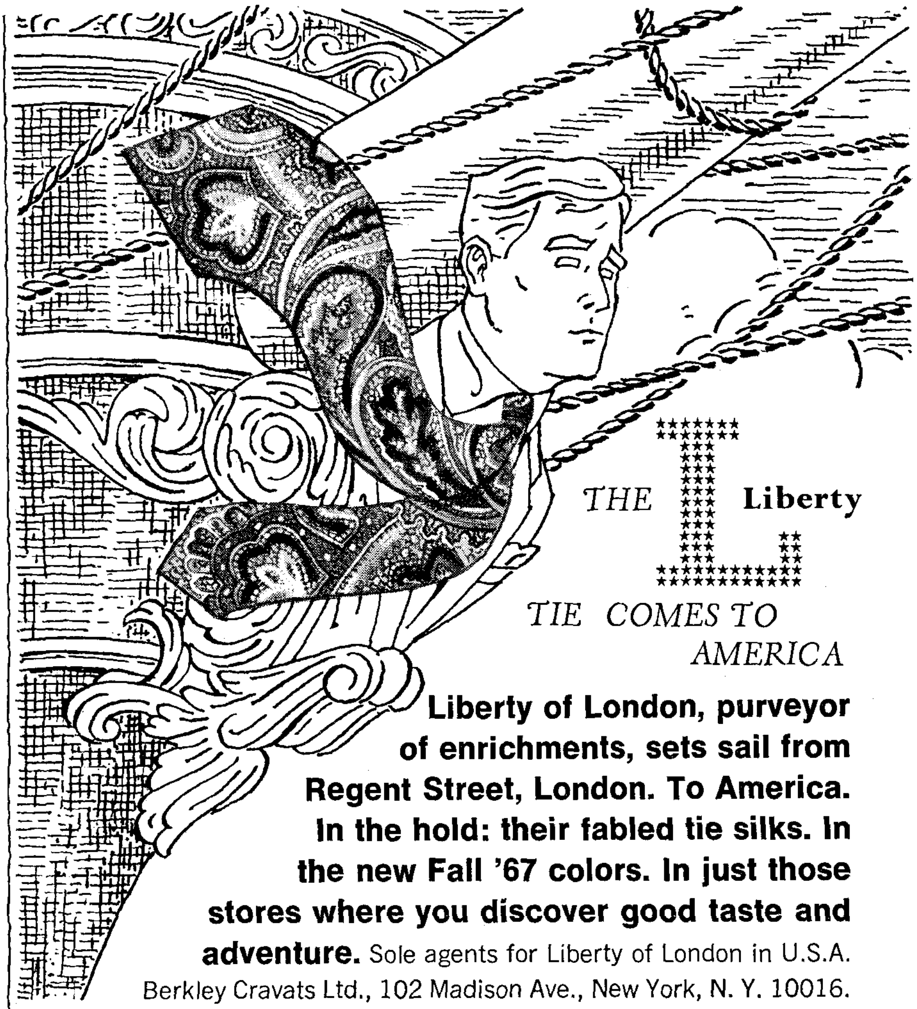
Hand-Wrought English Bronzes by MASCOTS
Collector's catalogue of over 200 pieces, $1.00 At fine stores.
MASCOTS, Oxford, New Jersey 07863



ENTERTAIN HANDSOMELY IN OUR
Victorian Suite
& VERSAILLES ROOM
An elegant atmosphere to welcome your social parties of ten to 175 guests for dinners, supper dances or receptions. Illustrious cuisine and rare vintages, of course. Call our Banquet Department, RH 4-1600.
HOTEL CARLYLE
MADISON AVE. AT 76th ST.

beautiful and her hair back from her face straight-curved from forehead reveals this. Ask her to pull in her behind and shoot up her spine and you will have a glorious girl and not an ill fed adolescent. Also she must smile with her eyes and be happy, as the "Elle" pix show her with sullen eyes and pouting lips and all this should not appear in Vogue. Let us handle her as a precious package. . . .

Shortly after Avedon returned, Twiggy emerged from the dressing room and Avedon led her onto the set. This consisted of a white paper backdrop, perhaps twelve feet wide, that was hanging from a long roll, in the manner of a huge paper towel, and that also curved to extend across the floor of the studio for some distance, concealing the line between the wall and the floor. At its forward edge, the paper was fixed flat to the floor by pieces of masking tape. On the paper, to one side and near the edge, there stood a single strobe light in a silvery umbrellalike reflector; it was mounted about six feet above the floor, and was pointed down toward a high, plain black stool that stood on the paper. Facing the backdrop was a camera tripod, and behind the tripod was a small wooden cabinet on casters, its sides painted white and its top covered with some sort of shiny black plastic, on which three Rolleiflexes were lined up, their chrome metalwork reflected in the shiny material. Behind the Rolleiflexes, perhaps a couple of dozen upended rolls of unused film were ranged, like columns. On the sides of the cabinet, various rolls of masking tape and cloth tape were neatly hung. Beside the left wall of the studio, there stood a phonograph. Twiggy had brought her own records for the session—numbers by the Supremes ("A Bit of Liverpool"), the Kinks ("The Kinks' Greatest Hits"), Wilson Pickett ("The Wicked Pickett"), and Tim Hardin ("Hang On to a Dream")—and now Avedon asked her what she wanted to hear while she worked. Twiggy chose the Kinks for a starter, and an assistant put the record on. Then, while another assistant mounted one of the Rolleiflexes on the empty tripod, Twiggy was asked by Avedon just to stand for a few moments so that he could look at her, and, when the few moments were up, took her place, at his request, on the plain black stool. Twiggy was wearing a simple black dress and black net stockings, and on her feet she had a pair of men's lamb's-wool slippers, belonging to Avedon, which he had lent her; they were going to be out of camera range. The strobe was switched on to what is known among photog-



THE L Liberty TIE COMES TO AMERICA

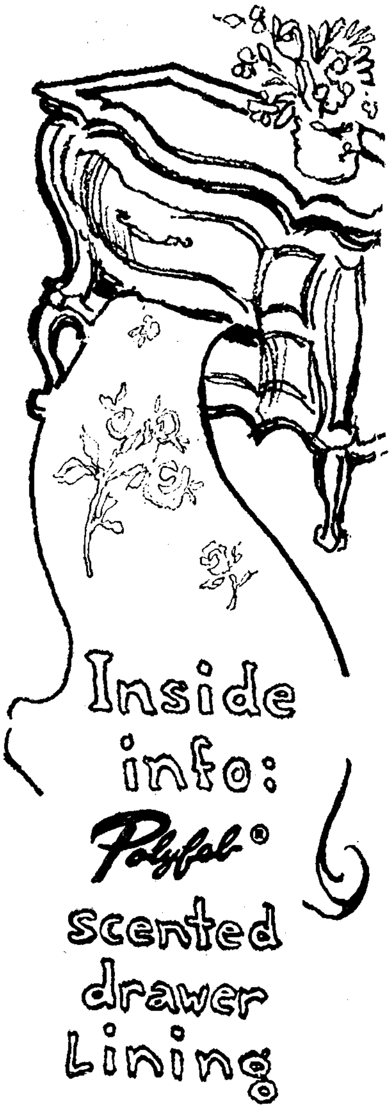
Liberty of London, purveyor of enrichments, sets sail from Regent Street, London. To America. In the hold: their fabled tie silks. In the new Fall '67 colors. In just those stores where you discover good taste and adventure. Sole agents for Liberty of London in U.S.A. Berkley Cravats Ltd., 102 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y. 10016.

A POSSE AD ESSE

Cavanagh

All there is to say about a hat... The Tiros Rexx, ideal all-weather hat crafted of lightweight nylon that retains its correct fashionable look regardless of the elements. The Tiros Rexx can be rolled or packed and retains its smart appearance. In black, natural, navy or olive. $8.00. At the fine Cavanagh Shop, 3 East 57th Street, New York. Write for the Cavanagh associate in your area.

CAVANAGH IS A DIVISION OF HAT CORPORATION OF AMERICA, 530 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK, NEW YORK 10036



Inside info: Polyfel® scented drawer Lining

breathes freshness. Shining face of roses wipes dust-free, it's plasticized. Deep, soft cotton base clings. Treasures lingerie, sweaters, linens. Roll 17½ in. by 11 feet lines several drawers, shelves, luggage pieces.

3.00

PRETTILY BOXED
MAKES CHARMING GIFT

For nearest store, write
Karen Carson Creations, Dayton Ohio

raphers as a "viewing light"; that is, a steady, non-flashing light that enables the photographer to view his subject under lighting conditions comparable to the ones that his camera will record when the stroboscopic flash is activated by the camera shutter.

Avedon went to work. The process was quite unlike that of any other photographer I had seen at work with Twiggy. Whereas in other studios I had seen Twiggy in a "leading" role, with the photographer pretty much content to record this or that split-second phase of a large variety of poses she freely adopted, Avedon exercised meticulous control over his model, almost as though he were working from a blueprint. Nearly half an hour of the time Twiggy spent sitting on the stool was devoted to adjusting a band of silvery material around her hair. Polly Mellen, who was the *Vogue* editor assigned to the sitting, assisted with that, while Avedon knelt over his Rolleiflex, its tripod having been shortened for a low viewing angle, and gave instructions for minute changes in the position of the band. Twiggy responded to the instructions patiently and with interest. "All right, now, very straight," Avedon would tell Twiggy, and she would sit up straight and gaze directly into the camera with very small variations of expression. Her face looked more elegant and more serious than I had seen it look in any other studio. Her lips were slightly parted, and that clarity of glance which I had noticed in the better pictures of her by other photographers seemed heightened. Detailed though Avedon's instructions were on the poses that Twiggy should adopt, he did not give her any specific instructions about her expression. But neither did he leave that entirely to Twiggy. When her expression was one that he wasn't interested in photographing, nothing would happen, but when a shift of pose or expression produced something that interested him, the strobe light would flash—with a peculiar dulled gonglike sound accompanying each high-voltage discharge—in a rapid series of three, four, five, six brilliant bursts. These bursts of strobe light seemed to serve as a sort of beat, so that photographer and model appeared to be in communication essentially through this wordless, staccato rhythm. The expert fashion photographer smiles upon his model with bolts of synthetic lightning.

Around lunchtime, de Villeneuve dropped by to see Twiggy. He was splendidly dressed in a brand-new suit. "That's a Prince of Wales check," he

Actual size detail from the 11" x 15" Currier & Ives print, "The Lakes of Killarney".

Anyone who's ever been to Ireland will tell you that you don't have to be Irish to love Ireland. Same goes for "Ireland of the Welcomes" magazine (a handsomely gathered offering of Irish poems, pictures and prose by people like Frank O'Connor, Brendan Behan and that renowned international Irishman, Art Buchwald). Our Christmas special to you and every Irish-hearted friend on your gift list is two years (12 issues) of "Ireland of the Welcomes" for only $4 ($1 off), mailed to you from Dublin. As a bonus, we'll add the Currier & Ives color print, "The Lakes of Killarney" (there's a bit of it above).

Address your check for $4.00 to:
Irish Tourist Board, Dept. NY
590 Fifth Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10036

Cozy Christmas

Repeated from its success last year—our no-iron 1967 version of the popular Whigg's his-and-hers nightshirts. An ideal gift for couples. Permanent-press Dacron/cotton Oxford. Buttondown collar, pullover style, button cuffs, breast pocket, back box pleat, hanger loop. Oxford blue. Send us your sex, height, weight; we'll send right size. $11 postpaid. Add 50¢ each letter for navy monogram on pocket. N.Y. residents add sales tax. Allow 2 weeks. Sorry, no COD's. Send for free gift catalog.

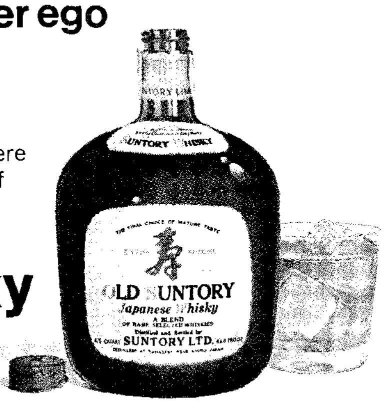
Whigg's

1133 Pleasantville Rd.
Briarcliff Manor, N.Y. 10510
also: Chappaqua, N.Y.

Satisfy the imaginative taste of your alter ego

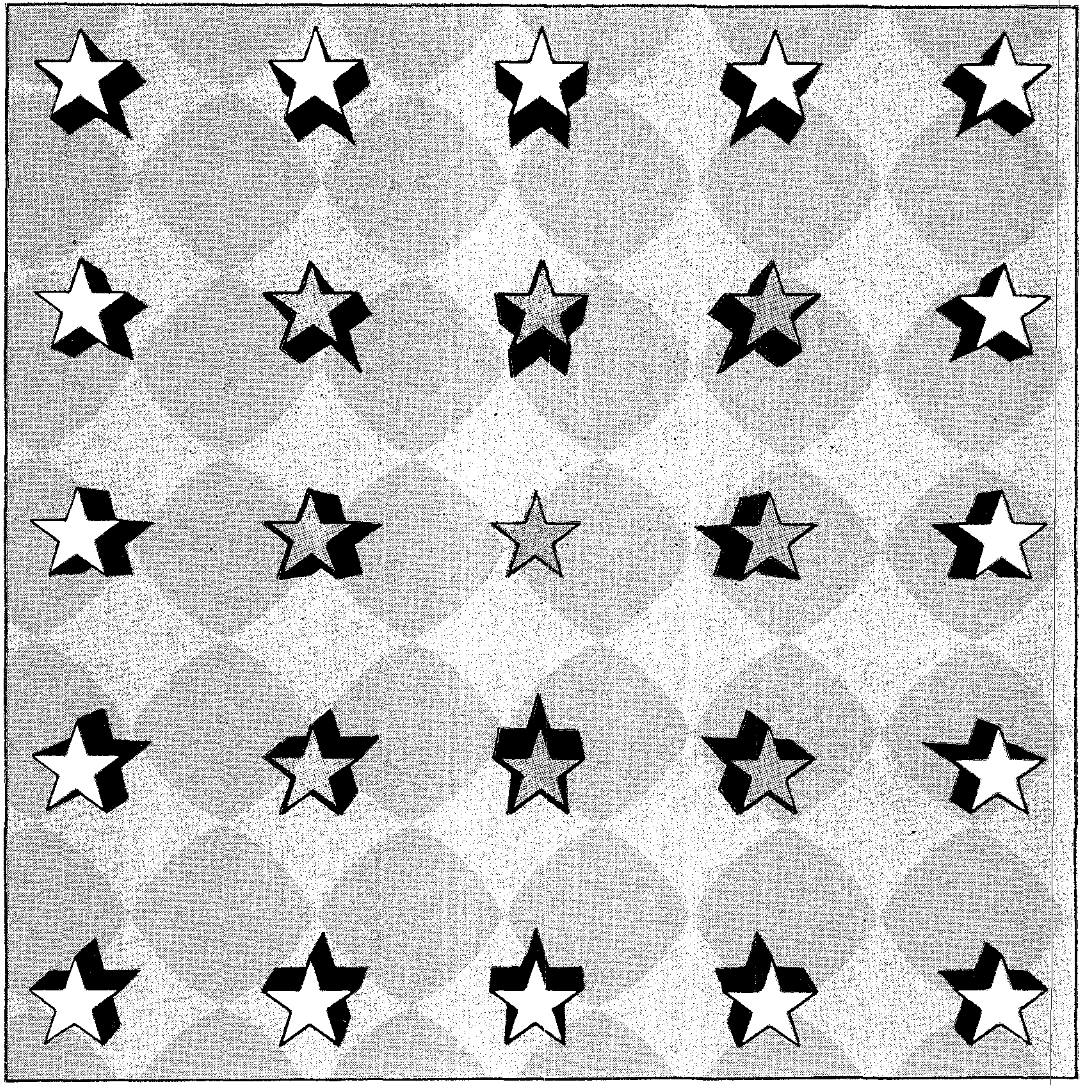
Heroic. That's Suntory Whisky. A taste that appeals to your imagination. Light. Smooth. Mellow. Reminiscent of some other great whiskies of the world. That's because Suntory is made exactly the same way. But there is something a bit more daring about the flavor. Could be we put some of our own lionhearted alter ego into the making of it. Look for it where fine whiskies are sold.

SUNTORY, the other whisky



86.8 Proof. A blend of rare, selected whiskies distilled and bottled near Kyoto, Japan. Suntory International, Los Angeles, California.

CAN YOU CONNECT 12 STARS TO FORM AN OUTLINE OF A CROSS LEAVING 5 STARS UNTOUCHED ON THE INSIDE AND 8 ON THE OUTSIDE?



It's all in how you look at it.

Sometimes there are no two ways about a problem. When we found the tin for our cans becoming harder to get... and more and more expensive for our customers...there was no question about it. We had to find a way to make a can without tin.

Easier said than done! A steel can has to be coated with tin, otherwise the soldering for the seam won't hold. Our solution was to make a can with a revolutionary new type of seam—overlapped sides, bonded with organic cement. It's stronger. Yet it's cheaper. Much cheaper. Plus it works with aluminum, too. We call this big breakthrough the MiraSeam can.

How do you get an answer like this? By hiring bright people—and holding on to them. Our top management men have been with us an average of 25 years—yet their average age is just 51!

They've helped us diversify to where we are today: container and packaging products, consumer products, service products, chemical products.

Take a tip from them. Be resourceful. Look at the problem from all angles. Sometimes the head-on approach isn't the answer.

American Can Company.
Creative products that shape your future.
100 Park Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10017

AMERICAN
CAN COMPANY

told me when I asked him about it. "I bought it in New York, at Young & Robbins. I took it back three times, until it was just right." We all had sandwiches, which Avedon's receptionist had ordered sent in from a restaurant, and then de Villeneuve told me that he had to push along, to "do a little deal." I went with him. He told a cab-driver to take us to West Forty-second Street, but it proved difficult to get there; traffic was being rerouted, because the big peace march from Central Park to the United Nations was being held that afternoon. At Forty-third street and Fifth Avenue, we got out of our cab and walked to Forty-second and Sixth. A great stream of peace marchers, with jogging signs and banners proclaiming opposition to the Vietnam war, was moving east along Forty-second Street. Looking at the parade, with all the slogans, all the beards, and all the Peruvian ponchos, de Villeneuve made no comment; evidently this just wasn't his scene. A gap between groups of marchers let us cross to the south side of Forty-second, and from there de Villeneuve led the way up to the top floor of a building between Sixth and Broadway, where a couple of photographers were waiting for him in a studio. The little deal that de Villeneuve wanted to do revolved around a proposal by the photographers that they issue in poster form a photograph they had taken of Twiggy in the course of a professional assignment for the magazine *Seventeen*, and that they sell the poster by advertising it in *Seventeen*. De Villeneuve liked the idea, and said yes without any ado. "You talk to Stan Weston about the details," he added. "I'll let him handle it. Our royalty will probably be ten per cent of the gross." De Villeneuve took a good look at the big blowup that the photographers wanted to issue as a poster. It showed Twiggy looking very boyish indeed in a pin-striped pants suit. "That's divine," de Villeneuve said, gazing at it. "The pants. The suit. The boy-girl thing. The whole Pop thing. I think they'll *all* love it. Super." Later, he said to me, "*Seventeen* isn't a bad image. The kids are loyal to it—that's the significant thing. I know it's exploiting, but there's no harm, and there's a bit of money in it. It's a nice photo and a nice promotion for us, and we're getting *paid*—we could make an extra few thousand dollars out of it."

TOWARD the end of the following week, Twiggy, de Villeneuve, and Teddy the Monk were to set off

Mason & Hamlin

response ability

Touch the keys of the Mason & Hamlin. The action is pure *reaction*—swift, smooth, sensitive. For *responsiveness* is part of Mason & Hamlin appeal. So is *tone*—unequaled by any other. And *style*. See it. Play it. Hear it. When you are looking for the finest, Mason & Hamlin will have the last word.

BROCHURE ON REQUEST

Mason & Hamlin, East Rochester, N.Y. Division of Aeolian Corporation

Can a lady wear a miniskirt in a reclining chair?

Only if it's the new BarcaLounger Omni-Chair, with the more modest action women prefer. It rocks and swivels, slightly leans back for reading or TV. Even tucks its own ottoman under the knees. But never gets your feet too far off the ground. The new *Omni-Chair*... everything a woman wants in a chair! BARCALOUNGER® ACTION FURNITURE

FOR STORE NEAREST YOU WRITE BARCALOUNGER, DEPT. N-4, ROCKY MOUNT, N. C. 27802

ACELE®: THE GLEAM IN THE NIGHT

MANNEQUIN's of-the-moment evening news: black is back, the belt is back, fit and flare are back. All this, and a smashy new fabric made of the new slub "Acele". For luxurious texture and a gleamier richness than ever before. It's 59% cotton, 30% Acele* acetate, 11% Du Pont nylon. Black, with white belt and rouleau edging. 5-15, 6-16. About $50. Slightly higher in the West. At Lord & Taylor, New York; Filene's, Boston; Robinson's, California; Carson Pirie Scott & Co., Chicago; Hudson's, Detroit. *Du Pont registered trademark. Du Pont makes fibers, not fabrics or fashions. Earrings by K.J.L.

DU PONT
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
Better things for better living...through chemistry

for California, accompanied by Bert Stern and his camera crews; Twiggy had said she would like to visit Disneyland, and Bert Stern had been talking about arranging Happenings on Hollywood movie sets in which Twiggy and de Villeneuve would participate, with Stern's camera crews recording the proceedings for a second documentary film for A.B.C. Shortly before Twiggy and de Villeneuve left, I saw them together for a few minutes at a café called Il Vagabondo, in the East Sixties. They were sitting around chatting with Bert Stern and some of his production people, and Teddy the Monk was there, too. Stern's people were having drinks, and, as usual, Twiggy, de Villeneuve, and Teddy were having Cokes. When I came in, Stern was talking about his first Twiggy film, which he had finished editing for showing on A.B.C. I soon gathered that although de Villeneuve had seen the film, Twiggy hadn't. Her face showed deep concern as she inquired about one episode that Stern's camera crews had recorded—Betsy Lipman presenting Twiggy with the Easter duckling.

"You're not going to put it in the film that the duck is dead, are you?" Twiggy asked Stern.

Stern looked nervous, and de Villeneuve fiddled with a spoon on the table.

"Well," Stern said eventually. "Something like that."

Twiggy's lip quivered. She glanced from Stern, who looked entirely noncommittal, to de Villeneuve, who seemed to be examining a point halfway up the wall opposite him. Then her eyes moved back to Stern.

"But you *can't*, you *caan't!*" she said. Her lower jaw went slack, her lower lip jutted, and she began biting the inside of her cheek. Under the triple layer of lashes, an unmistakable moistness appeared in her eyes. "You can't, don't you see? You *know* Betsy doesn't know the duck is dead. When Betsy sees the film, she'll be brokenhearted!" A solitary tear welled up in Twiggy's left eye, spilled over the doll's-eye markings of eyeliner radiating from her lower lid, and coursed down through the makeup on her cheek. "I know I'm a child, but you *caan't!*" Twiggy said. "*Can't* you take the duck out?"

"I can't," Stern said. "The film is already at the lab. It's out of our hands."

"I felt I couldn't ask Bert to take out the part about the duck's death," de Villeneuve told me later. "They'd

Sunny-O
beams black patent leather
from a white-ringed O—
it's our own, new Amalfi
sandal from Italy.
Also kidskin, all white,
yellow with orange ring,
green with lilac. 14.00
At all Lord & Taylor stores

For a whale of a good time
WHALE POINT CLUB
NORTH ELEUTHERA BAHAMAS
Enjoy North Eleuthera's most beautiful new resort hotel
Something for everyone... huge pool, tennis and all water sports. Beautiful guest rooms on 15 tropical acres and a perfect, white sand beach. Superb cuisine!
WALTER A. SCHUBERT, Gen. Mgr.
See any Travel Agent or call
LEONARD HICKS ORGANIZATION
NEW YORK
688-0123

CHANDLER'S
49E49STNYC
NEW YORK'S PRIME STEAK HOUSE... SUPERLATIVE STEAKS, CHOPS, ROAST BEEF, LUSCIOUS LIVE TROUT AND LOBSTER... ALL SERVED SEVEN DAYS A WEEK AT THE CONVENTIONAL HOURS AND AFTER-THEATRE, TOO. FOR RESERVATIONS, PHONE PL 1-1960.

been working hard to make the film. And it's a very important scene."

I HAD a last chat with de Villeneuve on the day before he and Twiggy returned to London. They had been in the United States a little less than seven weeks. De Villeneuve was back in the still almost bare apartment, with Teddy the Monk (Twiggy was out working at a studio), and they were packing their effects into trunks while a maid swept the living room. Teddy told me that he'd had a great time in America but that he was going to get right back to work selling flowers from his barrow outside Knightsbridge Underground; the barrow had been run in his absence by a man who "couldn't quite make a go of it," because he "didn't have the hang of dealing with the public," and then by another man, known as Porky, who had done better, but Teddy felt he should get back on the job. De Villeneuve was in a good mood. He told me that while they were in California he had seen a model of the Twiggy doll that Mattel was to manufacture under license, that it looked super, and that he had approved the whole project. He estimated on the basis of what he knew about the manufacturers' plans that the Twiggy doll, together with a number of Twiggy accessories for children—a Twiggy Mini-Purse; a Twiggy Treasure Box, to hold pictures, jewelry, and perfume, and to be closed with a lock and key; and a Twiggy Fashion Tote, "for shopping and surfing," as a Mattel executive expressed it—would bring in gross receipts at the wholesale level of between forty million and a hundred million dollars, and twice that at the retail level, within the next two years, which meant that the net royalties to Twiggy and de Villeneuve in the same period would total at least a million dollars and possibly three million. In addition, de Villeneuve reminded me, there was the Yardley deal, which, he estimated, could bring in a million dollars, and perhaps considerably more, over a five-year period. He had already got Yardley to commit itself to a minimum guarantee of two hundred thousand dollars in royalties, he said. And, as de Villeneuve didn't need to tell me, there were, already earned, the royalties on the half-million dollars' worth of Twiggy dresses that had been sold in five days in New York; de Villeneuve's and Twiggy's cut of the profits on the quarter-million-dollar Bert Stern specials on A.B.C. (more money was in prospect, I understood, if Stern could carry out

Say it with roses...
of coral and jade

What woman doesn't love to receive roses on special occasions . . . every occasion.

Rouge coral rose brooch with jade leaves, 14 karat gold mounting, 180.00

Two rouge coral rosebuds, jade leaves, 14 karat gold mounting, 180.00

Jewelry shown actual size.
Add 5% sales tax in California.

GUMP'S

250 POST STREET • SAN FRANCISCO • 94108

ROYALL LYME

A refreshing lotion for men and women...

Made from sweet oils hand pressed from plump West Indian limes and blended with rare refreshing essences, only permissible by means of an old and secret art of equelling—tangy, bracing and quite unobtrusive as both a cologne or aftershave. Matching soap is hard milled in England, available for both hand and bath.

Price from $3. to $12.

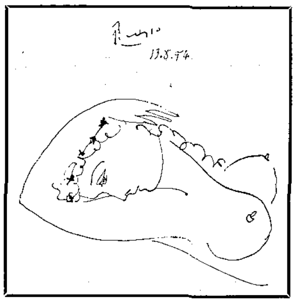
Beware of imitations. None genuine without this signature

Importer and Distributor Myron W. McIntyre, Ltd.
232 Madison Avenue, New York City

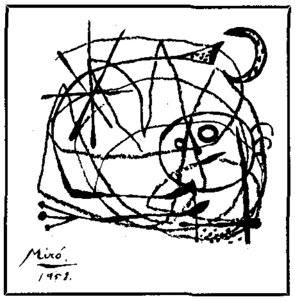
Available at these and other good stores

Norten Ditto - Houston **Georgetown University Shop - Georgetown, D.C.**
Joseph deV.Keefe, Inc. - Haverford **Tate-Brown's, Inc. Charlotte, N.C.**
House of Walsh, Amherst & Williams **Whiggs of Chappaqua**

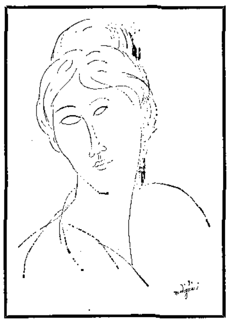
PICASSO MIRÓ MODIGLIANI



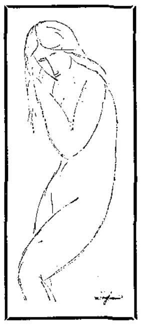
Picasso, "Peace-1954"
11 x 12 in. Edition of 650



Miró, "Petite Fille dans Les Etoiles"
(Black, red, and yellow) 8 x 8-½ in.
Edition of 300



Modigliani, "Femme au Chignon"
11 x 15 in. Edition of 300



Modigliani, "Standing Nude"
11 x 16 in. Edition of 300

LIMITED EDITION REPRODUCTIONS

of authenticated original works individually hand-numbered and registered with U.S. Office of Copyrights. Lithographed on white, double-weight art stock. Image area on all reproductions is same size as original work.

$20. each (Calif. residents add $1. sales tax)

Available exclusively through

THE ARIANE GALLERY

65 Hawthorne Avenue, Suite 1
Los Altos, California 94022

plans to reissue his material as a film for general theatrical release); and, of course, Twiggy's earnings as a photographer's model during her visit here, which probably amounted to about thirty-five thousand dollars. And this was by no means the end of the American deals. "Stan Weston is working on other products, too," de Villeneuve said. "There's a major company that wants to set up a line of footwear called Twiggies. There are a few other little things. You know, since I've been in America my attitude toward merchandising has changed considerably. I've decided, in spite of my earlier thinking about it, to give the O.K. for Twiggy sweatshirts to be sold under license. If someone had said before I came over here that I'd allow Twiggy sweatshirts to be put out, I'd have said, 'No, it's a bad image.' But I see now that the attitude toward these things is different here from what it is in England. Now I'm thinking about swim wear. Stan Weston has some Twiggy sleepwear lined up, but I've put a block on that. I don't want filmy Twiggy nightgowns around. It's not good for the image."

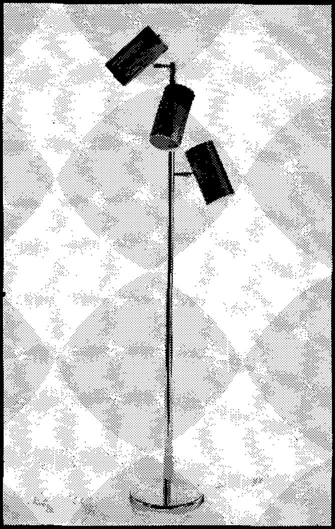
De Villeneuve went on to tell me that there were many things he just hadn't had time for in America. "All the networks have been at us, right through our visit here, and we've been invited over and over to come on those panel shows—'The Joey Bishop Show,' 'The Bob Hope Show,' 'What's My Line?,' and the rest of it," he said. "Barbara Thorbahn couldn't understand it. 'But, Justin, the publicity!' she kept saying. But I don't want to go on these shows, you see. Why should we sit around in front of the cameras with these people? They don't really *dig* with you. If they were groovy teenagers, it might be different. But they're on a different wavelength from all of us. All of them are. They all ask the same dumb questions." De Villeneuve rolled his eyes, as though following a trajectory of dumb questions. "They think we're a show-business team, Twiggy and I. They don't understand. We're *fashion*. The influence of fashion is getting to be bigger than the influence of show business. Show biz is way behind. I saw so many of those actresses in Hollywood. They're a big drag. With all those white mink coats, big busts, bleached hair, and flickups."

"Flickups?" I asked.

"A hairdressing term," de Villeneuve said. "That big turnup they give to the hair at the ends. And little bags with rhinestones. Hell, man, you'd think that would have gone out ten

FAMILY TREE.

How to keep the peace at home. A light for everyone, all-in-one. This 58" floor lamp is perfectly designed for a family of independents. The tree has three 4" x 7½" swivel-my-way walnut veneered metal cylinders, each taking a 3-way bulb up to 100 watts. The stem and 10" diameter base are polished chrome. Keep it in the family for $79.

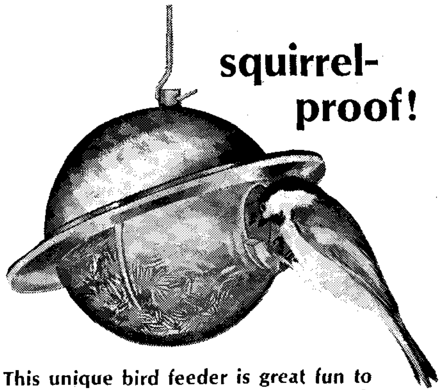


SEND 25c FOR OUR 1968 CATALOGUE.
Mail orders and browsers are cordially invited.

GEORGE KOVACS

Dept. N-81, 831 Madison Avenue · 69th Street,
New York 10021. UN 1-8955. Open Thurs. till 8.

PHOTO COURTESY OF DR. ARTHUR A. ALLEN



This unique bird feeder is great fun to watch. Satellite twirls when a chickadee, nuthatch or titmouse darts away. While it is still twirling, he'll dart in repeatedly for more seeds.

Weatherproof Lucite, stainless steel fittings. Seeds stay dry, can't blow out or spill. Approved by National Audubon Society. Comes ready to hang from trees, brackets . . . even from eaves! A wonderful gift! $8.95

Satellite Bird Feeder (PAT.)

At **Abercrombie & Fitch**, all stores; **Hammacher Schlemmer**, N.Y.; **Georg Jensen**, N.Y.; **F.A.O. Schwarz**, all stores; **Marshall Field**, all stores; or write **James R. Waite**, Box 78-N2, Manhasset, N.Y. 11030

The color portable for people who are still nervous about color.

We know just how you feel. There you are finally getting up the nerve to consider color, and here we are telling you not only to buy color—but buy portable color.

We have good reason for telling you this. You see we make the finest color portable around and we can prove it.

We're proud to say that our portable set is right up there with the heaviest.

This is not a drawback.

Every extra ounce is there for good reason. Our set has 63 Solid State devices. We use them instead of a lot of tubes that wear out, burn out, or cause you problems. So reliability goes up. The need for service goes down.

Panasonic also has something called a fourth IF stage.

Don't let the term scare you. It's just technical mumbo jumbo that means our set gives you more detail and clarity.

There's an extra electronic circuit that keeps airplanes, cars, electric razors and other things from bugging you.

There's even a little gizmo that tells you when color is being broadcast…so you don't jump out of your chair every time the picture turns black and white.

Plus automatic degaussing which gets rid of magnetic distortion that messes up your picture. You know…the kind of thing that probably made you nervous about color in the first place.

It's quite a set. It's called the Buckingham, model CT-61P. And it's all put together in a streamlined cabinet that's beautifully designed to fit in perfectly wherever you put it.

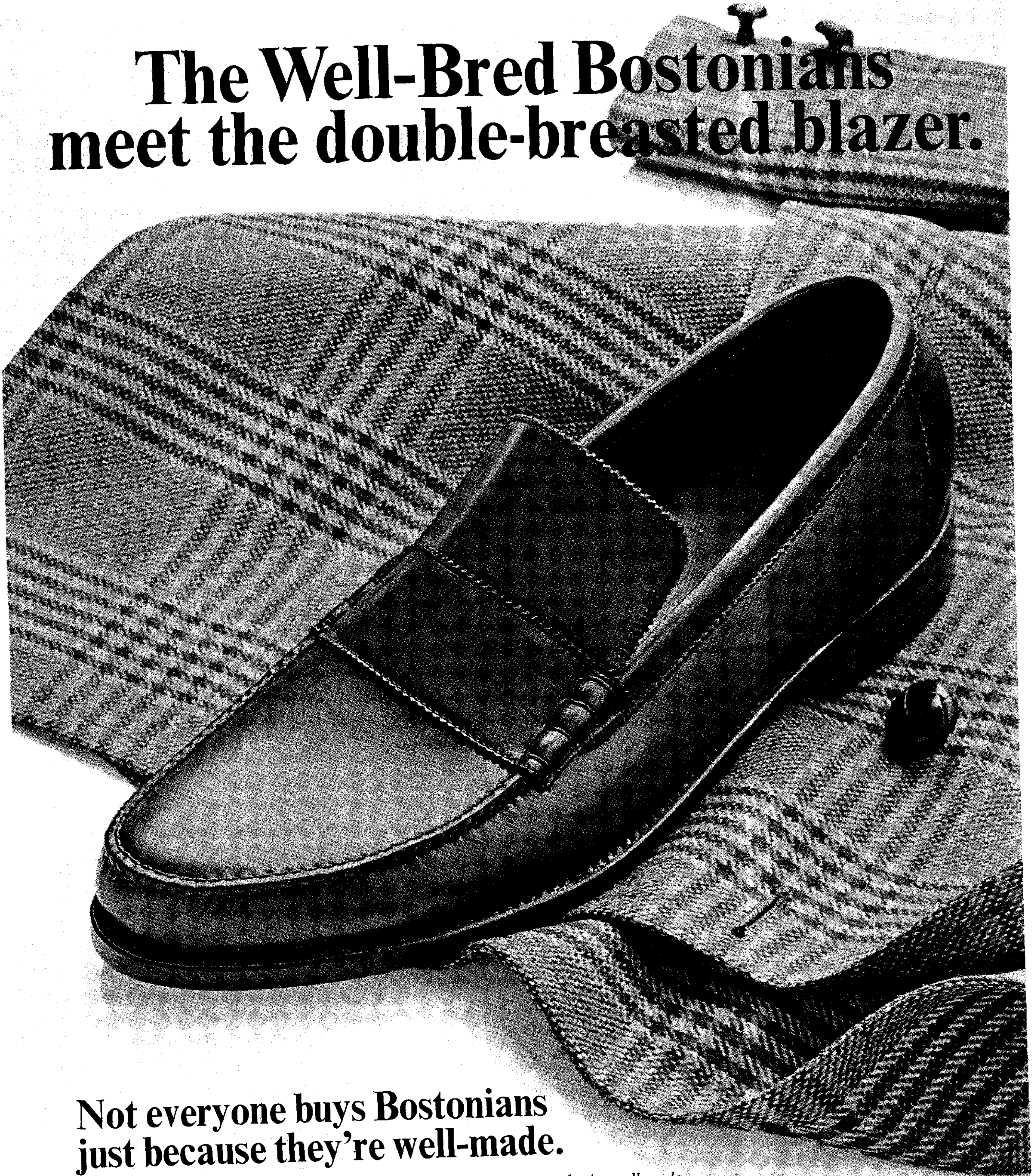
Sure you won't be able to lift it with your pinky, but you can lug it around pretty easily and when you put it down and turn it on you'll see the kind of beautiful color television that will calm your nerves for good.

PANA-COLOR
CHANNEL
COLOR
VHF
UHF
PANASONIC
EARPHONE

PANASONIC
200 PARK AVENUE, NEW YORK 10017

Picture simulated.

The Well-Bred Bostonians meet the double-breasted blazer.



Not everyone buys Bostonians just because they're well-made.

When you have temperamental craftsmen building the most impeccably constructed shoes in the business, you treat them gingerly. One wrong move and you have a mass creative tantrum.

Reason enough to have kept our secret all these years. But Bostonian fashion leadership is now common knowledge. So, rather than let our master craftsmen learn things second-hand, we gave them the facts. Quietly we announced that *not everyone had been buying Well-Bred Bostonians just because they're well-made.*

Their reaction was a unanimous display of approval. For minutes we heard nothing but hundreds of skilled hands clapping and the pounding of tools on benches. When the noise quieted we asked our oldest master, Harry Twig, what he thought of the news. Harry put down a Flex-O-Moc he was hand stitching and calmly informed us he'd known for years. Hadn't said anything for fear of upsetting the youngsters.

BOSTONIAN FLEX-O-MOCS

Every pair shows the care of the shoemaker's hand

(Featured) #8524, in Antiqued Gold Calfskin, (Lower Right) #8284, in Burnished Bronze Grain; (Lower Left) #8422, in Mulberry Grain Gluv. Most Bostonians $19.95 to $40.00. Authentic Moccasins from $15.95. (Slightly higher in the West.) Bostonians now available in Canada. Write for name of nearest Dealer, Bostonian Shoes, Whitman, Mass.

years ago. And all that talk about In places, like Arthur. We went to Arthur—Twiggy and I—but Twiggy didn't dance there. She knew that a camera crew was there to film her, and she wasn't having any. Such a draggy place. The dancers were so far behind. Arthur is four or five years behind clubs in England. You could go to Herefordshire and see clubs more swinging than that."

At this, Teddy the Monk cut in. "Yeah!" he said. "They've got *chemin de fer*, everything."

"Why talk at cross-purposes?" de Villeneuve said roughly to Teddy. He added, in a sharp voice, "I wouldn't put my nose in a gambling club. I hate gambling. It's pathetic. I want *control* over everything I do." After a moment, he continued, "All that talk about In places, and everybody worrying about how to get that extra column in the press. Trying for that extra column doesn't really do that much good. People forget so soon anyway. Well, this trip has been super. It's worked out well. I can go back to London, and I'll have my Ferrari, and the Mercedes, too, if I want, and my twenty-thousand-pound house in the country, and I think that perhaps I'll let other people take care of some of the things I've been doing, and I'll be able to go on to other things. You can't just do top modelling, you know. We can't stand still. The Beatles couldn't, and they didn't. We must go a step further. I don't really know what it will be. Maybe I'll go into film production. Someone has offered to put two million dollars into a bank account for me so that I can direct my own movie. I'll have a big company behind me, and I'll be independent, too."

"And Twiggy?" I asked.

"Twiggy will have her house, and she'll be comfortable, and she'll continue to be the top model in the world, and she'll go down in history," de Villeneuve said. "And when the time comes, I suppose, she'll go her way and I'll go mine."

—THOMAS WHITESIDE

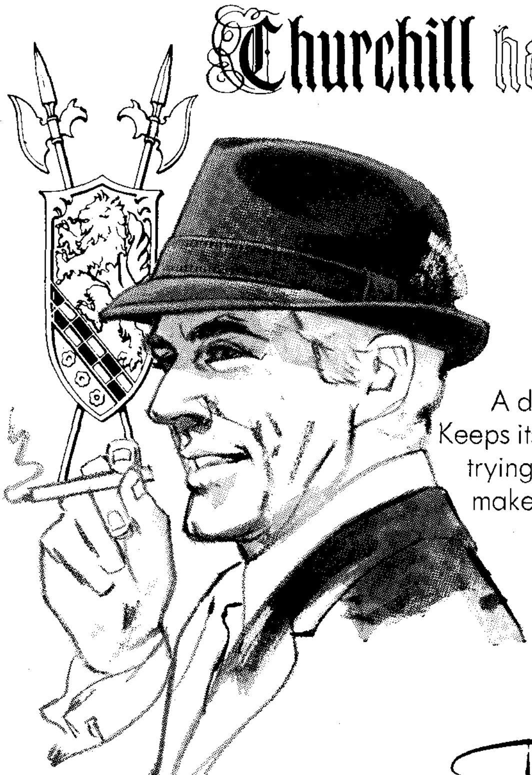
•

With his wife out of town, President Johnson spent a quiet Sunday at the White House preparing for a busy week ahead....

Mr. Johnson will present the White House Rose Garden to Marine Gunnery Sgt. Jimmie Howard of Burlington, Iowa, for "extraordinary courage" in battle.
—*Dayton (Ohio) Journal Herald.*

Lady Bird, Lady Bird, fly away home!

Churchill hats ltd.



A rugged hat with a can-take-it attitude. The Meredith.

A deep pile fur felt velour. Keeps its shape under the most trying circumstances. Which makes it ideal for travelling. In blue-grey. 25.00
Men's Hats,
New York and
Scarsdale.

De Pinna
NEW YORK FIFTH AVE. AT 52ND STREET
SCARSDALE WHITE PLAINS ROAD AT WILMONT FORT LAUDERDALE SUNRISE CENTER

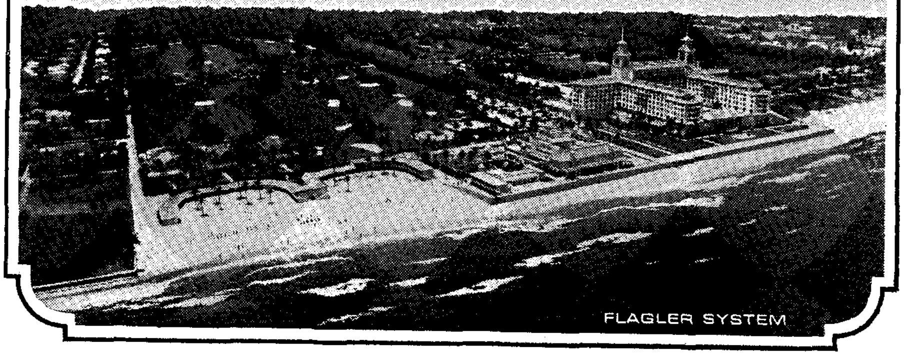
THE Breakers
PALM BEACH

. . . for you who demand the utmost

in comfort, convenience, cuisine, congenial company, gracious service.

It's here . . . This rare blend so necessary to assure truly delightful vacations for the discerning, surrounded by a palm-laced paradise of recreational pleasures . . . Florida's largest private beach, Cabana Club, giant Roman Pool and solarium, 2-acre putting green, lawn bowling, 18 holes of marvelous golf with superlative new clubhouse . . . *all virtually at your door.* There's loads more, too, for every age . . . Absolutely the most pleasant way to relax and enjoy golden hours of sunshine to the fullest.

Accommodations by advance reservation. For color brochure and information, please contact Frank Schuyler Dodge, Jr., Manager, The Breakers, Palm Beach, Florida 33480. Telephone 305/832-7511.



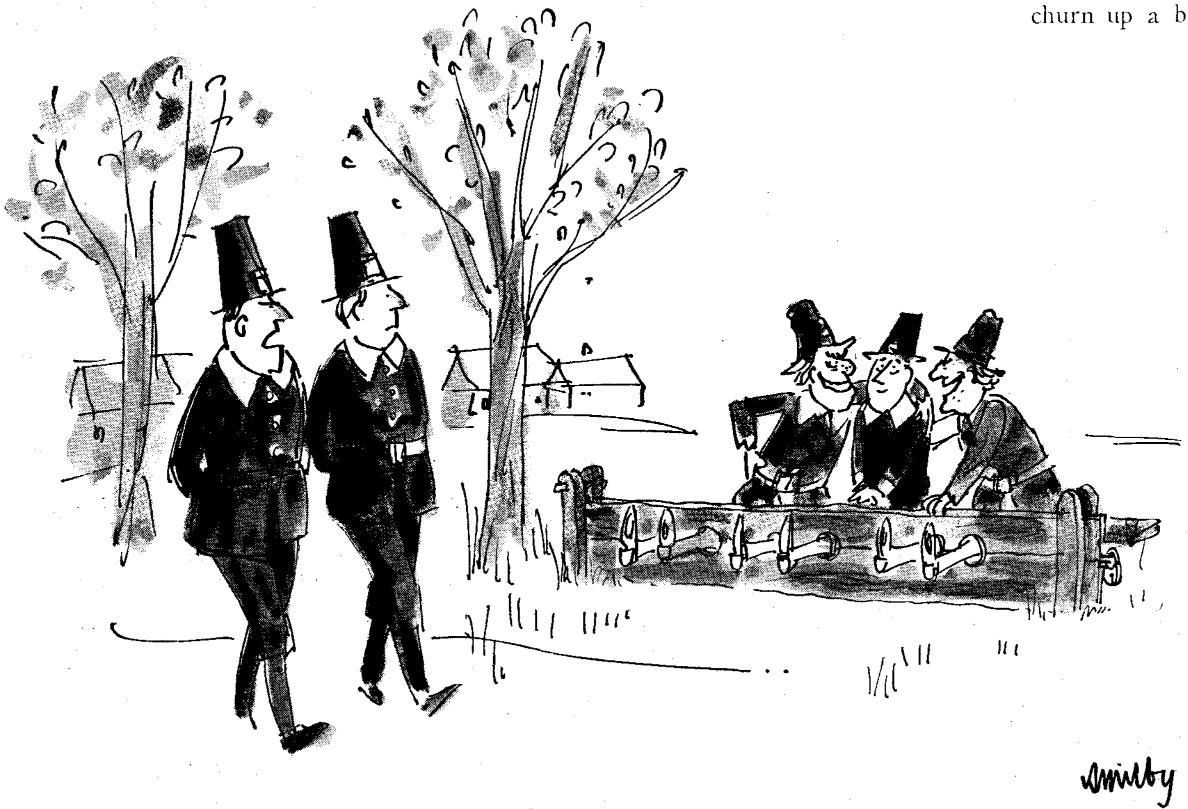
THE THEATRE

LOW JINKS

MANY a year ago, in a play called "The Breadwinner," Somerset Maugham explored with wit and style the dilemma of a father who has to cope with his frivolous, brainless children. The theme is taken up once again—but in a sadly frayed manner—in "What Did We Do Wrong?," at the Helen Hayes. In this whimsical comedy by Henry Denker, a writer remote in time and talent from Maugham, we are introduced to a White Plains businessman who is beset by a starchy wife, a poisonous hippie son, other assorted hippies, and painful neighbors. Mr. Denker's dialogue is embarrassing, and the actors on view are not compelling, with one very notable exception—Paul Ford, who portrays the bothered businessman hilariously. Resembling an agitated aardvark, Mr. Ford goes his long-suffering way with the younger generation until, deciding that if he can't lick them he'll join them, he becomes a hippie himself. With little support from Mr. Denker's script, Mr. Ford achieves a kind of comic tour de force, but the rest of the cast—Philippa Bevans, Enid Markey, Hugh Franklin, Gregory Rozakis, Heidi Vaughn, Roy Providence, and Russell Horton—is not of much help. "What Did We Do Wrong?" was directed by Sherwood Arthur and has a setting by Albert Johnson. I guess that Mr. Arthur's direction is as good as it could be in the circumstances, and Mr. Johnson's living-room situation is plausible enough.

THE hippie set is with us once more in "Henry, Sweet Henry," at the Palace—a musical comedy with a book by Nunnally Johnson and music and lyrics by Bob Merrill. This item, which is based on a novel by Nora Johnson, daughter of Nunnally, was previously seen as a pretty good movie with Peter Sellers. This time around, however, it is as shapeless as a shot-down blimp. The saccharine Henry of the title, depicted by Don Ameche, is a philandering musician whose pursuit of women is interrupted by a couple of pubescent girls' pursuit of him, resulting, you may be sure, in all kinds of tangles. Mr. Merrill's score is forgettable, and Mr. Ameche is all but lost in the throng of small fry who surround him. Among the little ones are Robin Wilson and Neva Small, quite a lyrical team, and Alice Playten, who is vocally almost as formidable as Ethel Merman. The sets, by Robert Randolph, are bright and jaunty, but the choreography, by Michael Bennett, is lumbering. Mr. Ameche has the assistance of Carol Bruce on the adult side of the enterprise, but she, too, is more or less lost in the aimless hubbub.

VILLAINY, stark villainy, is on the loose at the Vivian Beaumont, where a revival of Lillian Hellman's "The Little Foxes," directed by Mike Nichols, is now on display. Miss Hellman's account of the vulgar machinations of an avaricious Southern tribe, socially on a par with Faulkner's Snopeses, is a mechanical melodrama, and I don't think that Mr. Nichols' direction has supplied enough lubrication to still the clanking of the plot. Furthermore, this is a drama of familial intensity; the thrust stage at the Vivian Beaumont tends to expand the action, which would be better off confined behind a proscenium arch. Nevertheless, "The Little Foxes," which was first produced in 1939, still has scenes that churn up a bit of excitement, and if the actors have been given a great deal of leeway by Mr. Nichols—only the thrust stage prevents some of them from climbing walls—they occasionally present us with evil unalloyed. Participating most prominently are Margaret Leighton, Anne Bancroft, George C. Scott, E. G. Marshall, Richard A. Dysart, and Austin Pendleton. In their effort to suit their accents to the very Deep South, the actors are—at least to these Northern ears—sometimes unintelligible, and in their enthusiasm they frequently step on one another's lines. But Miss Leighton, as the poor, sad remnant of an aristocracy, is serenely



"And another thing I don't like—it throws the young first offender into close proximity to hardened rogues."

competent throughout, and the décor and costumes, by various hands, are splendid indeed. —JOHN MCCARTEN

OFF BROADWAY

Dog Team

FRANK GAGLIANO'S "Father Uxbridge Wants to Marry" is the first play of this year's subscription series at the American Place. It is performed on what amounts to a bare stage; props are wheeled in from time to time, there is electronic music, and the lighting is, for the most part, spotlighting. The characters include four women of assorted ages (all of them acted by Olympia Dukakis), two priests—one an oldish man taken up with public relations and the other a youngish man with thoughts of LSD in his head—and a hero named Morden, subsequently referred to as Mord, Morte, and Merde. Morden is an elevator operator who learns in the opening scene that he is going to lose his job because his elevator is about to be converted from manual to automatic. He is told about it by a wealthy old lady, who then dies of a surfeit of chocolate. That is all the hard news I can give you about the play. The style is religious delirium, and the script is clogged with theological and personal symbols, the former as opaque to me as the latter. I must say that I was not tempted even to try to crack the mysteries.

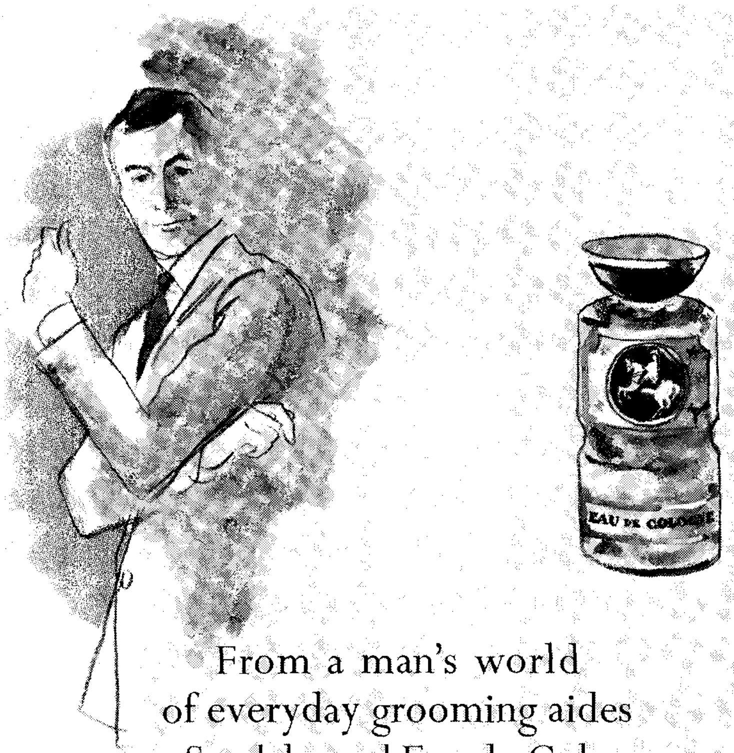
FOR THE FILES: "Where People Gather" was the fly-by-night tenant of that hard-luck theatre the Gramercy Arts. The play, a hodgepodge in ten scenes of choral speech, verse, song, expressionistic movement, and high-minded sentiment, all on the general theme of public indifference to human suffering, marked the début as dramatist of Peter Copani. Mr. Copani could have used a more experienced cast, a better director, and, above all, an editor to prevent him from planting himself so firmly in his own way every time he hit on something that almost worked. In the leading role, Janis Young seemed to me to handle an almost impossible assignment quite well, and James Nisbet Clark's setting was effective. —EDITH OLIVER

•

We built the Hermes 3000 to be the first homeoffice typewriter.

Can you think of anything we've forgotten?—*Adv. in The New Yorker.*

Yes. A hyphen.



From a man's world
of everyday grooming aides
...Sandalwood Eau de Cologne.

arden for men

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. for Du Pont's poromeric

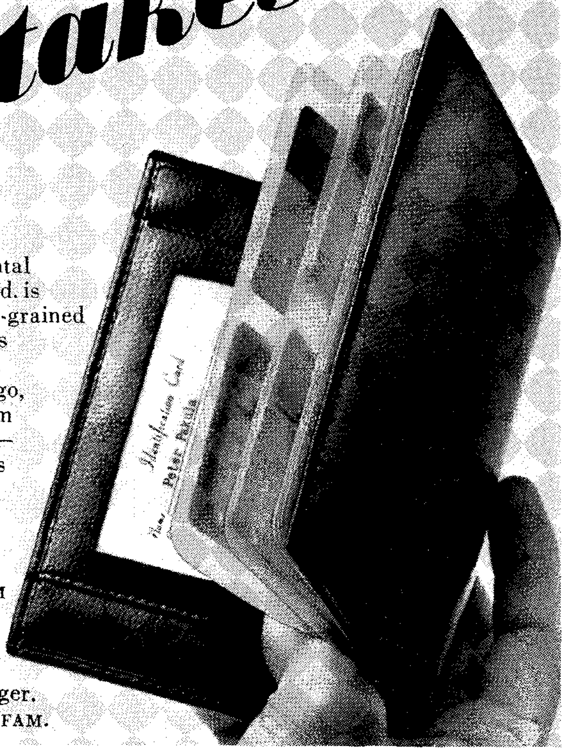
Corfam* takes off

And
Bond Street
is with it.

This handsome Continental wallet by Bond Street Ltd. is superbly crafted of deep-grained black CORFAM, Du Pont's new man-made material.

No matter where you go, this wallet will have room for everything you need—including 24 credit cards and separate compartments for U. S. and oversized foreign bills.

And no matter what comes your way, CORFAM will take it in stride. It resists scratches, scuffing, water spots. Keeps that new look longer. That's why men like CORFAM.



BOND STREET Continental Wallet in Corfam, $16.00 at fine stores. Or write Bond Street Ltd., 30 E. 33rd St., N.Y.C.

DU PONT Better things for better living...through chemistry

FOR those who love leather
as much as we do:

the St. Crispin Jotfolder,
made by hand
in rich black
alligator-grained calf,
a dress-up jacket
for the yellow pad that
nearly everyone uses,
(8 by 12.5 inches)
for desk or carrying,
with a pocket for notes;
also available in
chocolate-brown pigskin,
black, tan, red, green
or blue llama calf,
moire lined,
at twenty-five dollars

and its companion--
the St. Crispin
Desk Secretary,
that keeps your yellow pad,
our specially printed
engagement and
address books,
and your correspondence
all together under
elegant cover;
in the same leathers
as listed above,
forty-five dollars

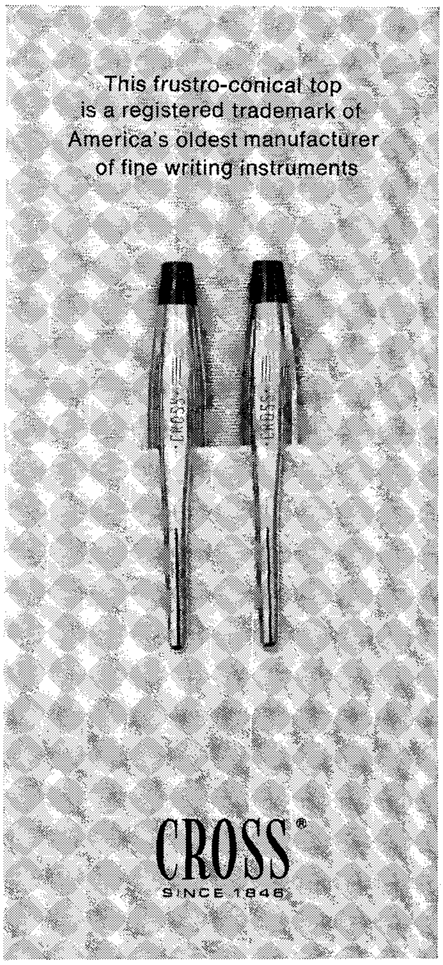
St. Crispin Bindery, Inc.
888 Madison Avenue
New York 10021
UN 1-9090

THE CURRENT CINEMA

All for Love

"ELVIRA MADIGAN" was written, directed, and edited by an extremely intelligent and ambitious young Swede named Bo Widerberg. I think Mr. Widerberg must have had the bold intention of making the most beautiful movie in history, and perhaps he has—it is certainly, in color and composition, the most beautiful movie *I* have ever seen. (Let me immediately interrupt myself to note that its beauty has almost nothing to do with the fact that it contains pretty scenery. The pretty scenery is there, all right, in acre upon acre of fields and woods and streams and sea and sky, but I have no doubt that if it had suited Mr. Widerberg's purpose he would have been able to find an equal degree of beauty in ugly scenery, or in no scenery at all. Of itself, pretty scenery in a movie is nearly always an irritatingly obtrusive nuisance, used in a vain attempt, often unconscious, to conceal important deficiencies elsewhere.) "Elvira Madigan" is a movie as simple as it is beautiful, and deliberately so; its simplicity is a crucial aspect of its beauty. The taut, glinting, unruffled surface of the picture is made to bear not a single ounce more weight than it can afford. Like a perfect looking glass, it is at once measurably shallow and immeasurably deep, but to gain the best effect we are invited to keep our distance; a breath too close would cloud it, a single careless blow smash it to smithereens. Moreover, the world that it reflects is far from being the one that we inhabit; it is a world purged of every complexity of thought and word, and least complex of all are the sudden, bloody deeds of murder and suicide by which it is extinguished.

Mr. Widerberg has counted on several ironies to provide an interest that a movie so simple would otherwise be doomed to lack. To begin with, it is ironic that Mr. Widerberg's high intelligence should have been lavished on a pair of lovers who are sure to strike us as practically mindless. Sixten and Elvira are adorable creatures, happy in meadows, happy at table, happy in bed; greedily, they slake themselves in each other, the intensity of their appetites obliterating all thought of the future. They live, or wish to live, as if they


This frustro-conical top is a registered trademark of America's oldest manufacturer of fine writing instruments

CROSS®
SINCE 1846

First Family of Photographers
Bachrach

Bradford Bachrach, photographer of women
Fabian Bachrach, photographer of men
48 East 50th Street, New York • PL 5-6233
Also The Mall at Short Hills, New Jersey

SMART LIKE A FOX!
Personalized English Fox Handle Pewter Tankards

$\$10^{50}$ each

Your hunt for that smart gift is over! You have the fox well in hand with these 6½" high genuine pewter, glass-bottomed conversation pieces.
Add up to three initials for that extra personal touch, $3.00 additional. (Please PRINT clearly)

FREE Catalog 1001 Gifts for Horse & Rider

SINCE 1875 KAUFFMAN'S
Dept. N Y, 141 East 24th St., N. Y. 10010
(212) MU 4-6060 • FREE PARKING

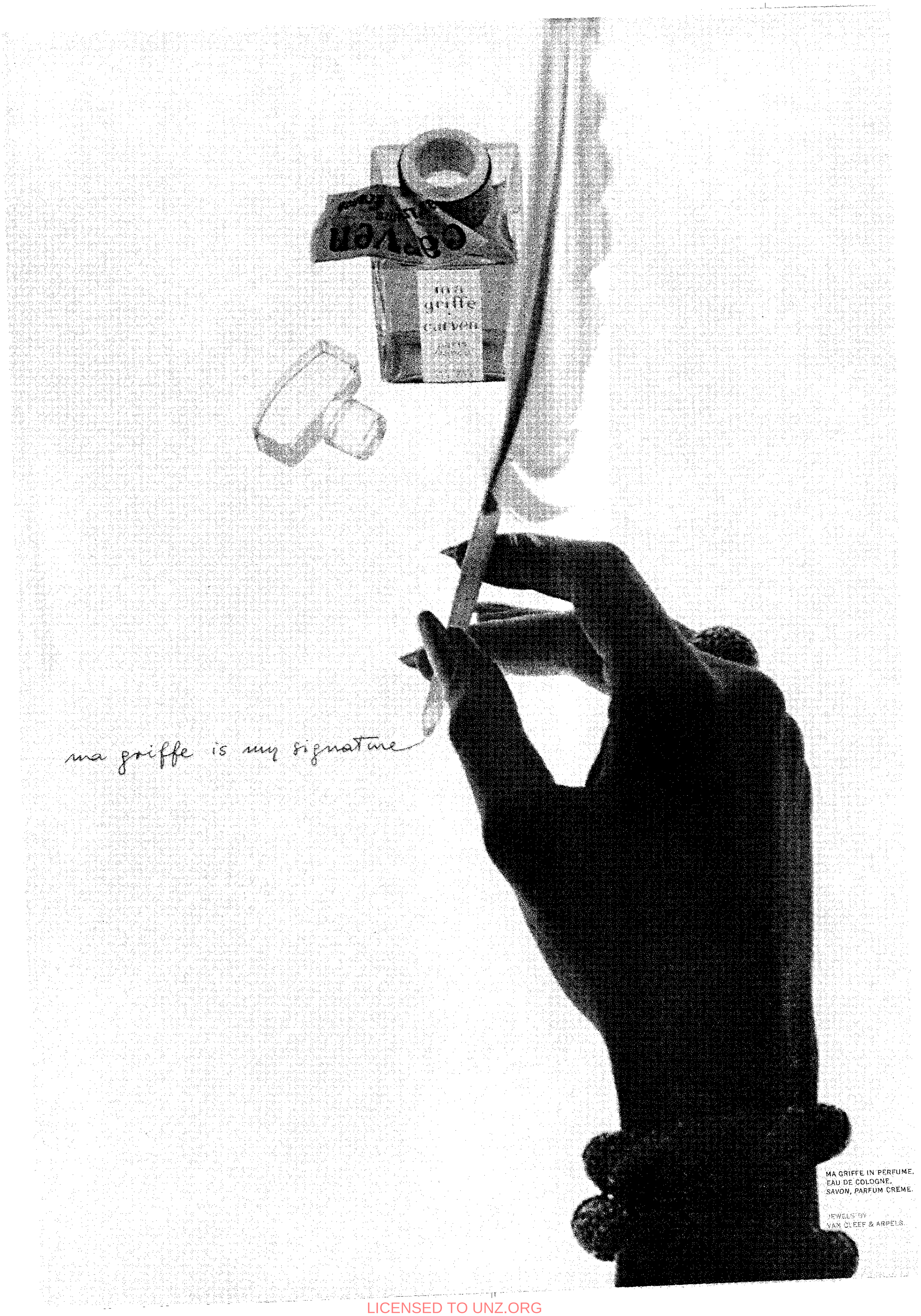
[illegible]inch of

Haig & Haig Pinch 86 Proof. Blended Scotch Whisky. Imported by Renfield Importers, Ltd., N.Y.

ALL THE CRITICS AGREED
IS THE WORD FOR
THERE IS NO HANDSOMER WAY TO [illegible] LITTLE [illegible] NEW YORK
THE NEW COMEDY HIT

[illegible]ch, please."

[illegible] Pinch. The [illegible] Scotch made by the oldest distillers [illegible] a matter of fact, 340 years old. Is Haig & Haig Pinch the [illegible] you'll ever [illegible] lip to? Just try it. It's a Scotch of real Merrick.


carven
ma griffe
carven
paris
ma griffe is my signature

MA GRIFFE IN PERFUME.
EAU DE COLOGNE.
SAVON, PARFUM CREME.

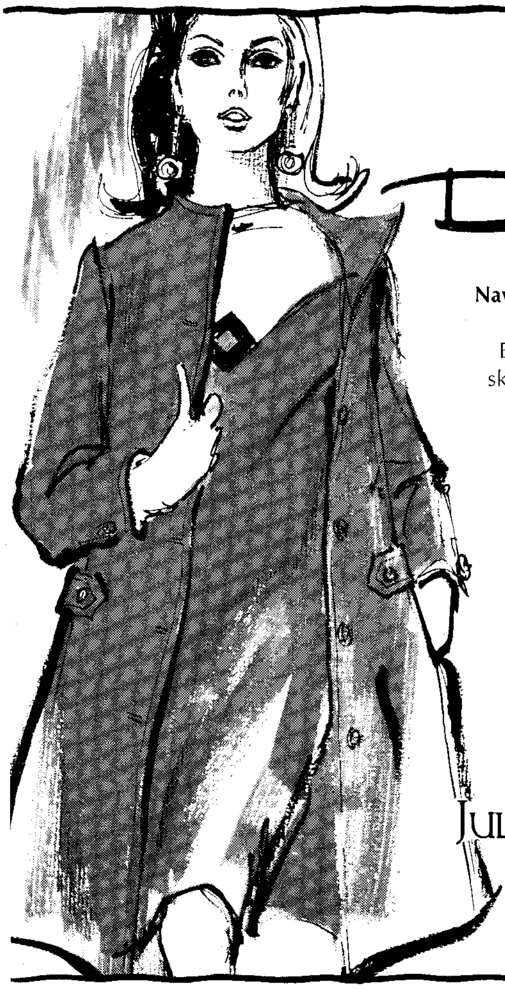
JEWELS BY
VAN CLEEF & ARPELS.

were Adam and Eve before the Fall, but, like our first parents at that early stage of their careers, there can be little in their conversation that it would amuse us to overhear, and Mr. Widerberg has done well to let his lovers move before us in their grace on a middle ground and for the most part silently, like figures in a dream.

It is another irony of "Elvira Madigan" that the story is so familiar, at least to the Scandinavian audience for which it was made, that it needs no retelling; one is expected to devote his entire attention not to what is told but to how it is told. The affair was a celebrated event of the nineteenth century; a handsome young Swedish cavalry officer, Count Sixten Sparre, actually did abandon his wife and small children, desert the Army, and run off with a lowborn, beautiful circus dancer. Mr. Widerberg was so eager for the merely melodramatic facts of the affair to be scanted that he planned to run a précis of them following the credits, pointing out that the affair had ended with Sixten's shooting Elvira dead and then turning his gun on himself. The American distributor of the movie is said to have objected to giving away its climax in this gratuitous fashion, so the précis has been omitted—an extra, accidental irony, for the very last thing that Mr. Widerberg sought in creating this grave and tender work of art was the coarse satisfaction of surprising us.

With a movie as nearly flawless as "Elvira Madigan," it is a form of praise to keep one's praise as brief as possible. Having already complimented Mr. Widerberg by indirection, I need only add my compliments to Thommy Berggren, who plays with great delicacy and conviction the by no means easy role of the hapless Count—does Sixten not constantly threaten to seem a cruel booby, wantonly destroying a number of precious lives, including, at last, his own?—and to Pia Degermark, who, as Elvira, is so fresh and warm and affectionate that if Mr. Widerberg had not discovered in the moment of her death a means of expressing continued life the picture would have been almost unbearable.

"WAIT UNTIL DARK," is a competent adaptation of a recent Broadway thriller about a blind girl who, in the absence of her husband, finds herself at the mercy of three evil strangers. By the time the husband returns to his supposedly cozy basement digs on St. Luke's Place, its furnishings have been reduced to matchwood, the

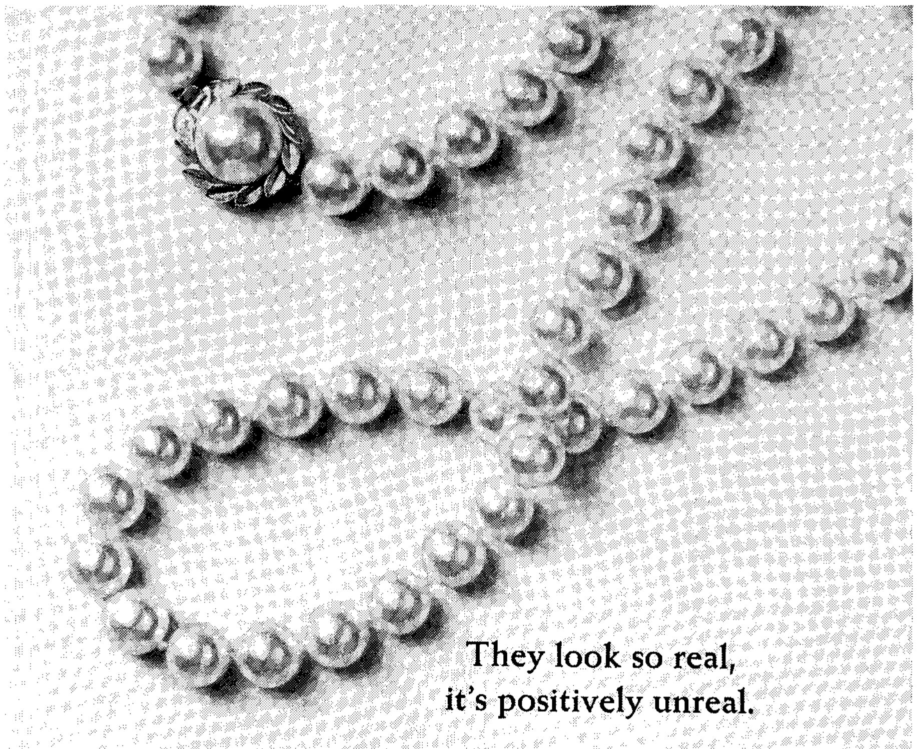


there she is again...
in a
Dalton

Navy, on the double . . . in Dalton's
pure wool double knit costume.
Belted-back coat over a sleeveless
skimmer . . . color-flicked and white
topped to keep you glowing.
Sizes 6 to 16, about $135

PURE VIRGIN WOOL

JULIUS GARFINCKEL & CO.
WASHINGTON, D. C.

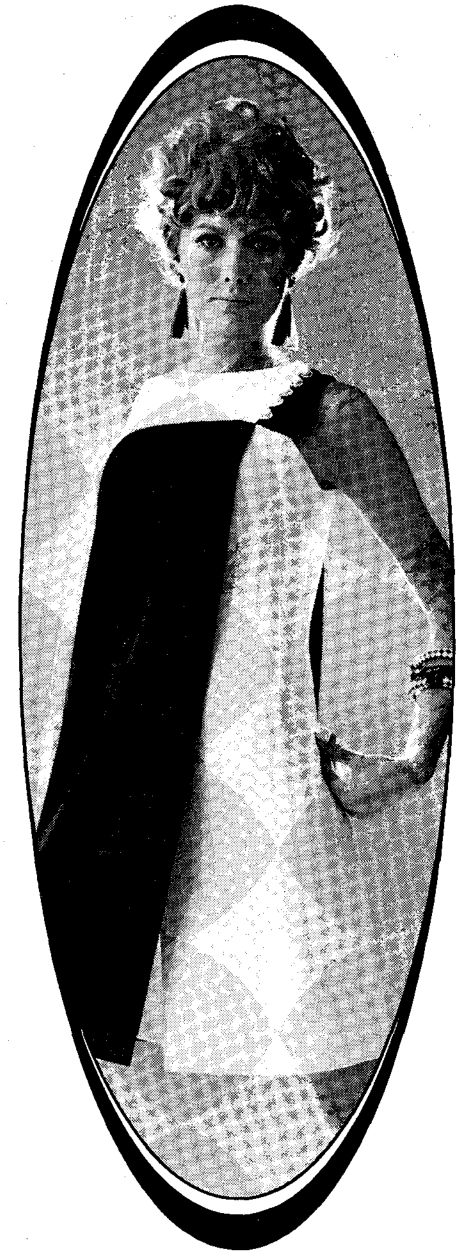


They look so real,
it's positively unreal.

The single-strand Majorica is great fashion and something even greater. It is uncannily like a single-strand real-pearl necklace. That's how Majoricas earned the name "the world's most precious simulated pearls." In fact, many girls who wear them pretend they are real pearls. (And get away with it.) Necklaces from $25 to $150.

MAJORICA®
INTERNACIONAL
the world's most precious simulated pearls

Dacron® today—
the pantdress
incognita



NARDIS OF DALLAS and the now-you-see-it-now-you-don't pantdress. It's white, one piece, camouflaged by the black overpanels. What can't be disguised: today's snap of chic. Here, crisp and creaseless in doubleknit of textured 100% Dacron* polyester. 4-16. $60. Available at Broadway, Southern California. *Du Pont registered trademark. Du Pont makes fibers, not fabrics or fashions. Jewelry by K. J. L.

DU PONT
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
Better things for better living . . . through chemistry

fuzz are tripping heavily over a couple of bloody corpses, and his poor wife has come within an anguished millimetre of evisceration. Much of the stage business—the apartment being plunged into total darkness, the repeated tapping of a cane to indicate where someone is standing—must have been a lot more effective in the original, but the director, Terence Young, who has directed three of the James Bond fairy tales, knows a thing or two about making hair rise and flesh creep, and Audrey Hepburn, as the wife, is as convincingly woebegone as she is pretty. Alan Arkin, Richard Crenna, and Jack Weston play the three villains. I'm sorry to say that Mr. Arkin, of whom one expects a great deal, makes his role seem even sillier than it actually is.

"FESTIVAL" is an attractive documentary of the Newport Folk Festivals of 1963-66, compiled by Murray Lerner. Among the many singers on hand and in good voice are Bob Dylan, Joan Baez, Buffy Sainte-Marie, Theodore Bikel, Donovan, and Peter, Paul & Mary. As so often before, Miss Baez serves as the most delightful of mother hens, championing her unruly flock of colleagues and followers with charm and spirit. . . . On Broadway, "Camelot" was a vast, costly, and hollow musical comedy, and the movie version is, as might have been predicted, vaster, more costly, and even more hollow. (It is not so much that the camera tells the truth as that there are certain kinds of lies it cannot tell.) I found nothing to admire in the movie except the sets, which, though vulgar, are prodigies of technical skill. "Camelot" was directed by Joshua Logan and stars Richard Harris and Vanessa Redgrave, who work as hard as if they were playing Hamlet and Ophelia, and whose talent and diligence make the folly of the enterprise all the more vivid and deplorable. It may be of historical interest that "Camelot" was produced by Jack L. Warner, who started making movies only a few years after King Arthur died.
—BRENDAN GILL

•

BROWN UNIVERSITY
OFFICE OF PUBLIC INFORMATION

CORRECTION

PROVIDENCE, R.I.—In Brown University fertility study release (for use Friday, Oct. 6), please make following correction:

> Second paragraph, second line, second word should be "contraception" (not "conception").

—*Press release received by the Newport (R. I.) Daily News.*

Make it, and make it quick!

whose reflection
in a golden catseye
this Christmas?
One magnificent 44.56 carat
gem nestled in
baguette diamonds
and platinum

Laykin et Cie
at
I. MAGNIN & CO

SAN FRANCISCO • SEATTLE • LOS ANGELES • LA JOLLA • PALMS SPRINGS • PHOENIX

address inquiries to 3240 Wilshire
Boulevard, Los Angeles, California

SANDLER & YOUNG
duo what comes internationally in the
PERSIAN
ROOM
October 18-November 14
Performances at
9:15 & 12:15
For reservations call
PLaza 9-3000
THE PLAZA
HOTEL CORPORATION OF AMERICA

Your
choice of
today's
foremost
portrait
painters
and
sculptors

PORTRAITS, INC.
136 EAST 57th STREET NEW YORK

FOOTBALL

Accidents Will Happen

OFFSTAGE, Vic Gatto, the strength-of-ten runner (and sometimes passer) for Harvard, seems a mild sort, reputedly with a fondness for Cokes and stray kittens. Onfield, tiny in stature beside his fellow-men, he is still phlegmatic, carefully but sturdily going his lonely way through swarms of ill-wishers who would lay him low, and so frequently accomplishing his mission that up until last Saturday it did seem possible that nobody could put down Harvard this year. Gene Ryzewicz, Dartmouth's main quarterback, is not so sympathetic a character—a seemingly cocky young blood who, whether running or throwing, nearly always behind the best possible protection his coaches can build, splinters in a dozen directions at once, thus arousing a wish among his bewildered pursuers to do him in by whatever means. Gatto, that is, is lovable; Ryzewicz is infuriating. These two met for the last time this past weekend, and the net result was Dartmouth 23, Harvard 21—a match that, like the one between Cornell and Harvard the Saturday before, could easily have gone the other way. But while Harvard was full of gusto, picking up three touchdowns in a matter of minutes to overtake and pass Dartmouth, if only for the moment, it was full of accidents, too. The beanbag operation—Zimmerman to Gatto to Stargel—that got Harvard a touchdown against Cornell worked nearly as well against Dartmouth, to be followed instantly by a fumble; Harvard snapped up a Dartmouth onside kick and fumbled the ball back to the enemy on the next move; three men drove Ryzewicz out of bounds in a play that appeared to snuff out Dartmouth's final chance to score, and two Harvard penalties immediately ensued. Zimmerman, who was pressed into service at the last moment two years ago as the Harvard quarterback for the Dartmouth game, was as uncertain at first on Saturday as he had been in 1965 before he overcame whatever was bothering him. Nothing ever bothers Dartmouth, nor does it ever blow its cool. Accidents descended upon it, too, in the fourth quarter—a blocked kick, an intercepted pass—but

Sparkling RED CAP®
makes Life*
Sparkle

RED CAP
IMPORTED
F. Chauvenet
SPARKLING WINE
VIN MOUSSEUX

*People, Parties and Conversation

F. CHAUVENET's Lively Red Wine *FROM NUITS ST. GEORGES, BURGUNDY, FRANCE.*

©1967 • SOLE U.S. DISTRIBUTORS AUSTIN, NICHOLS & CO., INC. NEW YORK • NEW YORK

BACCARAT...the crystal of Kings...since 1764

BACCARAT...for brides...for gourmets...for hostesses

BACCARAT...for stemware...for gifts...from France

This classically-shaped stemware, perfectly suited for the enjoyment of wine, is NANCY, created by BACCARAT, in full-lead crystal, on the occasion of the international exposition at NANCY, FRANCE, in 1908: $8 per glass.

Write Dept. Y41 for illustrated brochures featuring stemware, china or gifts, 25c each, and/or $1 for "How to Choose and Use Wine Glasses."

at fine stores and at
BACCARAT
55 East 57th St., N.Y.C.

Ryzewicz and his sophomore understudy, Koenig (who will be a hellion himself next year, it is already plain to see), simply kept driving.

YALE 41, Cornell 7 is nearly inexplicable. The return at full strength of Dowling, Yale's running, throwing quarterback, is part of the reason, but what ever became of the Yale line through which Holy Cross last month moved at will, what ever became of the Cornell line that had opened the path for Huling and Heeps and had so sedulously guarded Robertson in his passing pocket? (In the slow-motion films of Cornell's dealings with Princeton and Harvard, Robertson has all afternoon to spot his catcher and get away his throw.) Has a witch put changelings (or interchangelings) in the Yale and Cornell lines? . . . Army, that old reliable (which should not have been beaten once this year), was pushed up and down Michie Stadium before it prevailed over a mighty Stanford (thirty-four of Stanford's playmates weigh in at better than two hundred) by the count of 24–20. A great deal of fumbling and bumbling went on, and some cloudy thinking as well. Cloudy was the thinking that permitted Stanford, slightly in the lead, with only a minute or so to go, to punt directly into the hands of Evans, Army's top track man, who then ran the ball to Stanford's thirteen-yard line. The winning maneuver came two plays later, just before the game ended. Washington, Stanford's top track man, snaffled seven passes for a hundred and three yards, but that just wasn't enough to counterbalance. . . . Weber, Princeton's chief engineer, always looks, on-field, as if he doesn't believe anything is going to work right. (He is frequently wrong about that.) He ran Princeton into a viable lead (14–0) against Pennsylvania last Saturday before he withdrew in favor of lesser and less experienced lights, who let Penn collect two touchdowns (the end count was 28–14) but got a couple for themselves. . . . Another miss was Mitchell, Rutgers' fine, if minute, back, whose bruises made it inadvisable for him to go up against Columbia on Saturday—Columbia 24, Rutgers 13. . . . And Navy, which quite unnecessarily blew its match with downtrodden William and Mary a fortnight ago, nearly blew the game with Pittsburgh on Saturday before it decided to come from behind, like William and Mary—Navy 22, Pittsburgh 21. Inconsistency, thy name is football. —J. W. L.

Sun with the "Day People"

Swing with the "Night People"

Come with the "Fun People" to the Puerto Rico Sheraton from $11.00* a day

There are two great times to vacation here. Daytime, when you can tan to a turn on a soft sweep of golden beach or our palm-planted poolside terrace. Nighttime, when you'll dance to a Latin beat and watch top entertainment in our nightclub. Swing in the Zanzibar Lounge. Dine with a panoramic view from our rooftop restaurant. Go swimming, snorkeling. Play golf, tennis. Enjoy the comfort of your air-conditioned room or suite with your own private balcony.

*Rates from $11.00 a day per person, two in a room, thru Dec. 15.

For Insured Reservations at Guaranteed Rates, call a travel agent, any Sheraton Hotel or Reservation Offices: In New York—CH 4-0700, Chicago—SU 7-4585. Los Angeles—DU 2-8408.

puerto rico Sheraton SAN JUAN

155 SHERATON HOTELS & MOTOR INNS IN MAJOR CITIES

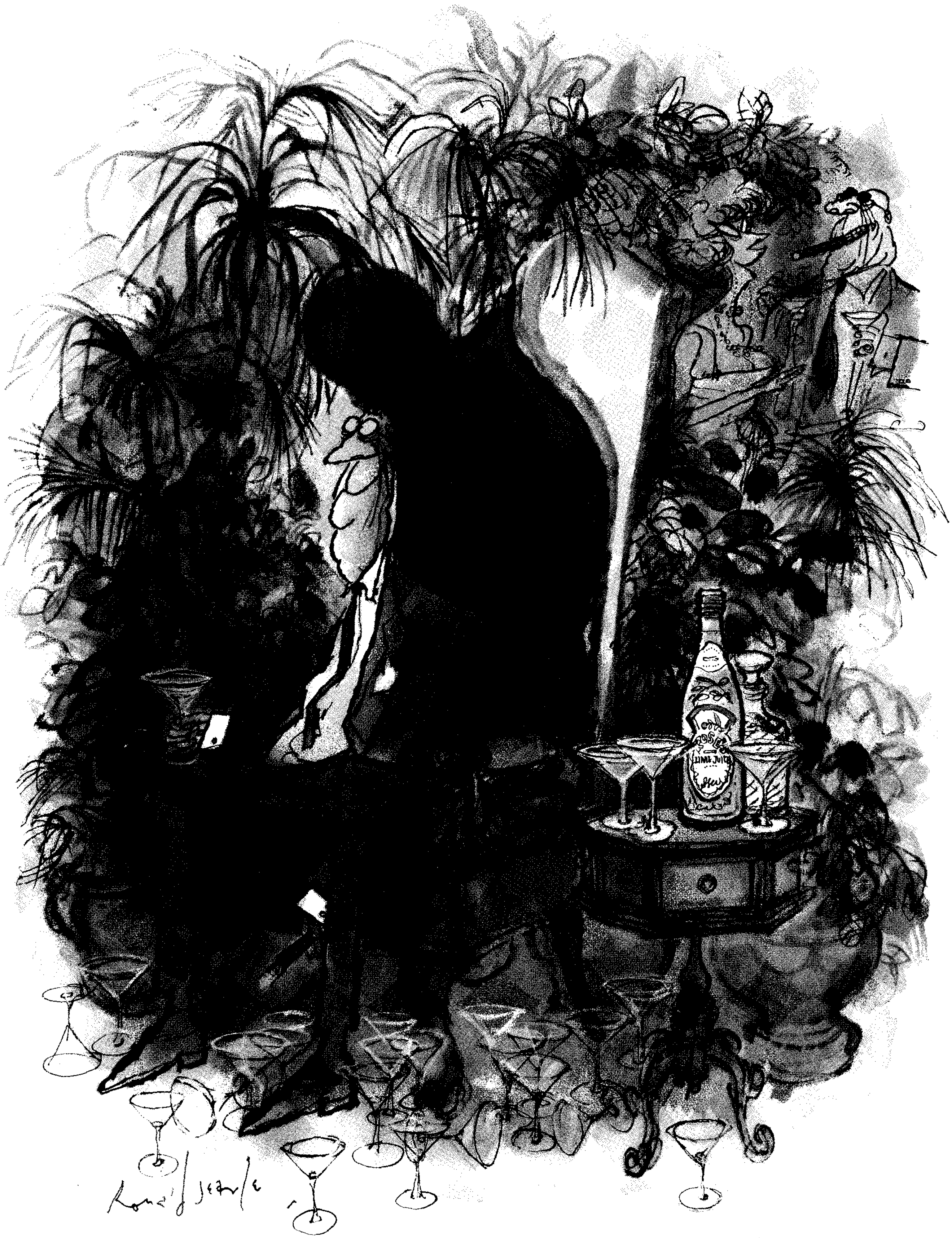
Pickard Gold China

Intricate floral motifs etched in china, then encrusted with two layers of gold.
Fluted vase, 6" tall, $12.50
Lotus bowl, 5" diameter, $15.00
Maple leaf dish, 6" long, $10.00
From the Gold China collection by Pickard FINE CHINA
PICKARD, INC., DEPT. 28, ANTIOCH, ILLINOIS
WRITE FOR OUR DESIGN FOLDER

CHARLES DANA GIBSON
"The First One Hundred Years"
Nov. 1-30
A collection of "pen & ink" sketches, oils, *LIFE* and *COLLIER's* magazine covers.
Give a "Gibson Girl" for Christmas.
GALLERY MADISON/90
1248 Madison Ave
bet. 89 & 90th
Telephone: 348-6528

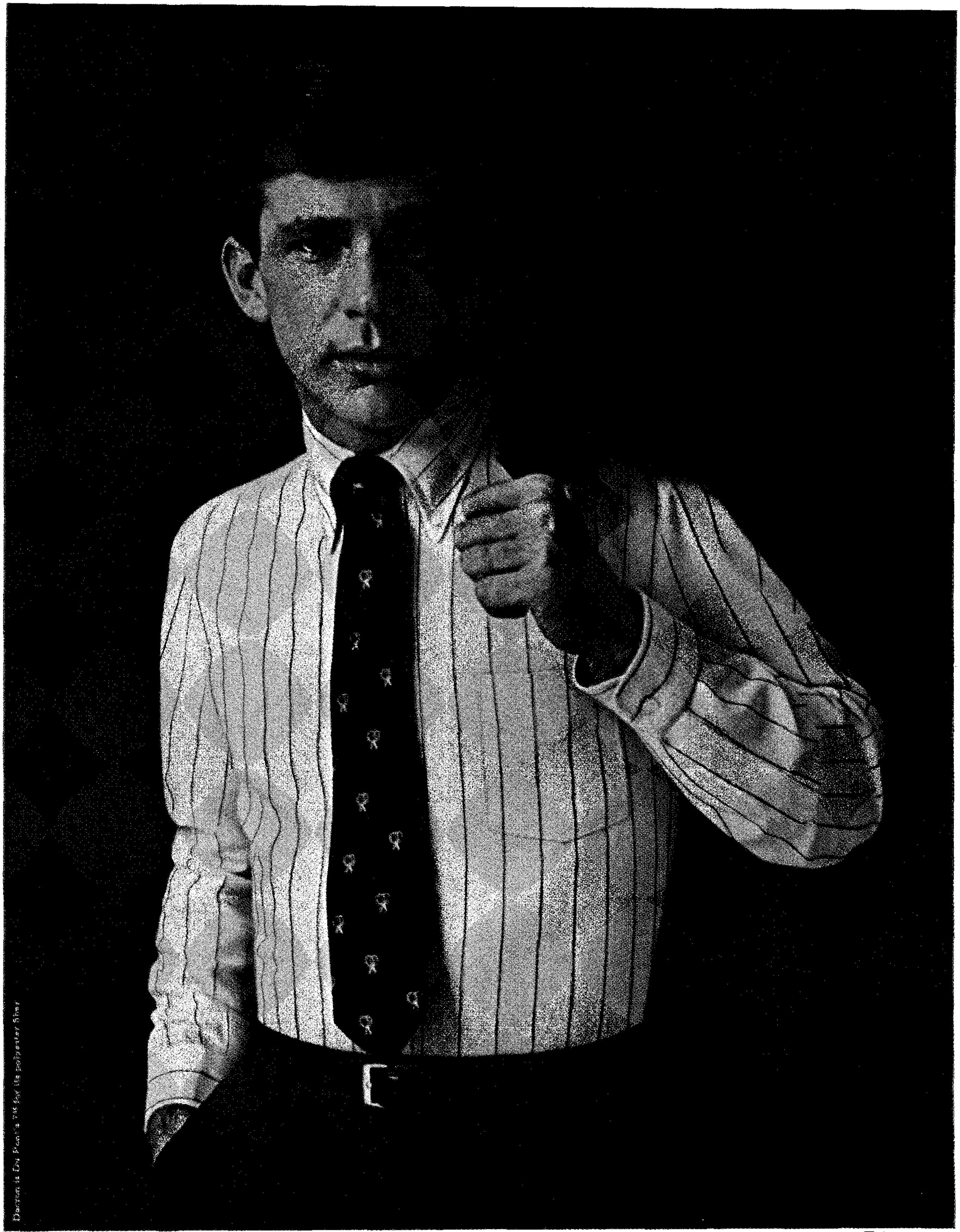
Love Pictures? Hate Cameras?
You'll be a pro too with Minox, the inconspicuous 3¼ oz. fun camera. Instant load film cartridge. At fine camera stores.
minox®
the camera you never leave at home
minox corporation
P.O. Box 1060, Woodside, N.Y. 11377
A Berkey Photo Company

Leave some Gimlets for the guests.



See the host. See how he enjoys his Gimlets far from the madding crowd? He's not anti-social. He just loves Gimlets (4 or 5 parts Gin or Vodka to one part Rose's Lime Juice). Gimlet highballs, too. For their sake, he will leave his happy retreat, but only to return with club soda or tonic and a tall, ice-clinking glass. Is he a selfish host? Try a Gimlet or two. Until then, judge not lest ye be judged.

This is Wren's Permanent Press Shirt of Dacron® and Cotton. You can forget what a wrinkle was like.


Dacron is Du Pont's TM for its polyester fiber

Wren's Christopher Cloth® shirt of 65% Dacron/35% cotton has a press as permanent as its traditional styling. Designed by Douglas MacDaid of Princeton and New Haven in smooth shades of Grazing Grass, Harvest Hay and Winter Wheat. About $9.50, slightly higher in the West.

Wren Ltd.®

Div. of F. Jacobson, 390 Fifth Ave., N. Y. 10018

U.S. LETTER: McFARLAND

McFarland, California,
October 27

DURING one week last September, Gary Bellow, who is the deputy director of an organization called California Rural Legal Assistance and directing attorney of the C.R.L.A. office here, delivered a speech at Harvard University to the distinguished members of the bar gathered for the Sesquicentennial Celebration of the Harvard Law School, and George Murphy, the junior senator from California, delivered a speech on the Senate floor in which he demanded Bellow's dismissal. I was not surprised to hear about either speech. I have known Bellow for some time, and although he is an able and consistently cheerful young man, there is something about the way in which he represents poor clients that tends to infuriate people. I once saw him in Washington at a time when he had just been named Young Lawyer of the Year by a bar-association group for his work in the Legal Aid Agency and when some members of the bar were demanding his dismissal. Bellow is not the most controversial character in Kern County. Cesar Chavez has his headquarters in Delano, just five miles north of McFarland, and for the past two years Chavez has led a grape pickers' strike so controversial that Mexican Americans who have nothing to do with grape picking proudly wear "*Huelga*" buttons and the local papers solemnly cover the meetings of an organization called Mothers Against Chavez. Considering the generally stodgy reputation of his calling, though, Bellow is a respectable second. He is certainly the most controversial resident of McFarland—a hot, colorless farm town that extends a few blocks on either side of Highway 99 into the vast, flat rows of cotton and grapes and rosebushes that cover this part of the San Joaquin Valley.

It is not that the citizens of Kern County are opposed to legal aid for the poor or to the idea that the federal Office of Economic Opportunity, which has supported C.R.L.A. with grants totalling some two million dollars, should pay for it. There is wide agreement that poor people should have legal help in dealing with family problems and complex contracts and shifty dealers in mail-order merchandise. At first, that seemed to be the kind of law practice that was going to be carried on by C.R.L.A. in McFarland. But in the past few months Bellow has been involved in actions against the City of Delano, the Tulare County Housing Authority, the California Department of Motor Vehicles, the Clerk of Kern County, and the grower who is currently the target of Chavez' organizing drive—cases that are, in the words of one McFarland city councilman, "a long way from helping a guy read a contract." During the same period, other C.R.L.A. lawyers—there are about thirty of them, in ten offices around the state—brought actions on behalf of their clients to enjoin, among others, the Madera County Board of Education (from closing the schools so that the students could help in the fields), the Governor of California (from eliminating some of the services offered by the state's Medi-Cal program), and the United States Secretary of Labor (from issuing a certification for the importing of *braceros*). By now, C.R.L.A. has been denounced by Governor Ronald Reagan, three or four California congressmen, the Kern County Association of Cities, the Republican Central Committee of Kern County, the Los Angeles *Times*, the Stanislaus County Bar Association, the McFarland City Council, the Council of California Growers, and the California Raisin Advisory Board.

"If they weren't winning, there wouldn't be any trouble," an official of the O.E.O. Legal Services Program has said. One California congressman was so outraged when C.R.L.A. and the Department of Labor settled the *bracero* case out of court that he called the agreement "a new low in grovelling submission to blackmail." Reagan was particularly angry when an injunction was granted against his Medi-Cal cuts and when C.R.L.A. began "harassing" the Sutter County Welfare Department by appealing a number of its decisions to the California Department of Social Welfare. "Of the thirteen decisions which have thus far been rendered by the state department, twelve have been in favor of our clients," the Governor was informed in a letter from James Lorenz, Jr., the twenty-nine-year-old Los Angeles attorney who founded C.R.L.A. a year and a half ago and serves as its director. "We are perplexed as to how this constitutes 'harassment.' " Senator Murphy has asked for Lorenz' dismissal, too.

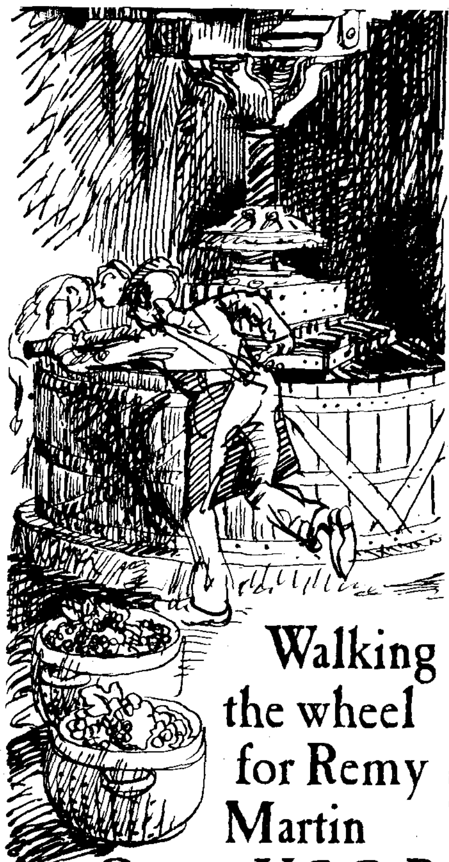
Murphy, calling the financing of both sides of a lawsuit by the taxpayers "a

The Now Tie

The Moire Tie. Remember it? The rich silk tie
with the chic unusual water mark.
Fashion brings it back, Sulka gives it a new spirit,
makes it boldly contemporary.
Stop in and see our selection
of new moire ties. Priced at $12.50.
One more reason why fashion begins at Sulka.

A. Sulka & Company

New York: 405 Park Avenue. PLaza 8-3030
Chicago: 6 South Michigan Avenue. FRanklin 2-1425
San Francisco: 188 Post Street. DOuglas 2-3450
Palm Beach: 305 Worth Avenue. TEmple 2-2162
London, Paris



Walking the wheel for Remy Martin Cognac V.S.O.P.

Powerful men operate the wine press, turning its massive wheel to extract the precious juices of a treasured harvest—grapes grown in the two "Champagne" sections of France's Cognac region. ☐ Years later, the product of this pressing will be known as "Fine Champagne" Cognac. Remy Martin makes only "Fine Champagne" Cognac: scarce in supply, costly to produce. ☐ When Remy Martin is ready for export, the symbol of the Centaur travels with it—a mark of perfection known throughout the world. Look, too, for the proud initials: V.S.O.P.—Very Superior Old Pale. All Remy Martin Cognac is V.S.O.P., and no Cognac of lesser quality is permitted to bear the RemyMartin label. ☐ Expensive? Beyond a doubt. Worth it? Without a doubt.

RENFIELD IMPORTERS, LTD., N.Y. 80 PROOF

REMY MARTIN
V.S.O.P.

V.S.O.P.
FINE CHAMPAGNE COGNAC
E. Remy Martin
COGNAC
REMY MARTIN

ludicrous and ridiculous situation," finally introduced an amendment to the poverty-program bill that would have prevented lawyers receiving O.E.O. funds from suing any government agency. (The amendment was defeated.) The O.E.O., backed by a legal-services advisory board that includes such specialists on the subject as the president of the American Bar Association and Gary Bellow, continues to contend that a lawyer has to be free to bring any suit that is in his client's interest. Many poor people, of course, continue to contend that government agencies—police departments, welfare boards, housing authorities, and, occasionally, the office of the governor—are precisely what have to be sued. "We believe the government is the people, and one person can sue another person," I was told by Ernesto Laredo, a former farm laborer who is the leader of a two-year-old rent strike against a publicly owned labor camp, and is one of Bellow's favorite clients. "We don't see that the government is something special that poor people can't touch it."

SOME people who are not disturbed by the notion of free legal services to the poor are somewhat disturbed when the poor insist on using the legal services to sue or threaten suit, and many people who are happy to see the poor win suits when they are indisputably in the right become disturbed when they win by what laymen call "loopholes" or "legal technicalities" or "lawyers' tricks." Lorenz has said, "They really want us to be judges rather than lawyers. They want us to make certain that the client's case is worthy—and that the client is worthy." Last summer, when Guimarra Vineyards Corporation attempted to evict some striking workers who had continued to live in its labor camp and Bellow won two injunctions against the eviction, the Guimarra lawyer was astounded. "C.R.L.A. advised those people that they could stay on the property even though they no longer worked there," he later told me. "That's not right." (They stayed some three weeks.) People in the Valley who are accustomed to poor property-owners complaining softly, if at all, are likely to be equally astounded by the type of legal service C.R.L.A. has provided to a group of Mexican Americans who for years have tried, without much hope, to get rid of a cattle-feed lot that adjoins their neighborhood and, they say, furnishes the area with nauseating odors and hordes of flies; through

More comfort than barefoot

Belgian Shoes

HAND MADE · HAND SEWN

MR. HENRI BENDEL
Owner-President

MIDINETTE
22 smart colors
Calf $25
FOR HER

MR. CASUAL
Black or Brown Calf
Brown Calf, Trim Black
White Buckskin
Patent Leather
$30

FOR HIM

Soft soled casuals known the world over.
Color brochures on request.

BELGIAN SHOES
60 East 56 St., New York 10022
(212) PLaza 5-7372
In California: I. Magnin & Co.

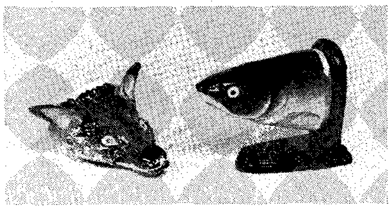
A continental restaurant of unusual charm where superb food takes precedence over all.

PIERRE GRILL

BREAKFAST • LUNCHEON • DINNER
EVERY DAY INCLUDING SUNDAY
TELEPHONE: (212) TE 8-8000

Hotel Pierre
Fifth Avenue at 61st St.

Drinking Vessels for the Sportsman



Leeds Pottery Vixen's head natural colors, inscribed "TD 1778"

Derby porcelain Trout's head, colored, inscribed "The Angler's Delight." Circa 1810

D.M. & P. MANHEIM
ANTIQUES CORPORATION
46 East 57th St., New York, N.Y. 10022 • PL 8-2986
Porcelain • Pottery • Enamels

If you wear your Gleneagles raincoat in the suburbs is it your suburban coat?

Yes. And a darn good one, too.

Nobody with a sense of humor can take seriously this business of requiring a different coat for every move you make.

Least of all us.

You see, we make a lot of different coats. Thirty, to be exact. Each one designed to carry you everywhere you have to go in excellent taste. Rain or shine.

But we call them all raincoats. Cause that's what they are. And because raincoats are our business.

So if you want to buy the boys a drink in your Gleneagles raincoat and call it your "Sportcoat," or wear it over your suit and call it your "Overcoat," or wear it around the suburbs and call it your "Suburban Coat"—we'll just call that your business.

®DuPont Reg. T.M.

**Gleneagles.
One of the world's
great raincoats.**

The Doric. $60. In Glen Urquhart Plaid of 65% **Dacron**® polyester, 35% cotton with Callapaca® zip-out liner. Gleneagles raincoats for men and women at well-informed stores, or write Gleneagles Inc., 1290 Avenue of the Americas, New York City.

Easily the prettiest

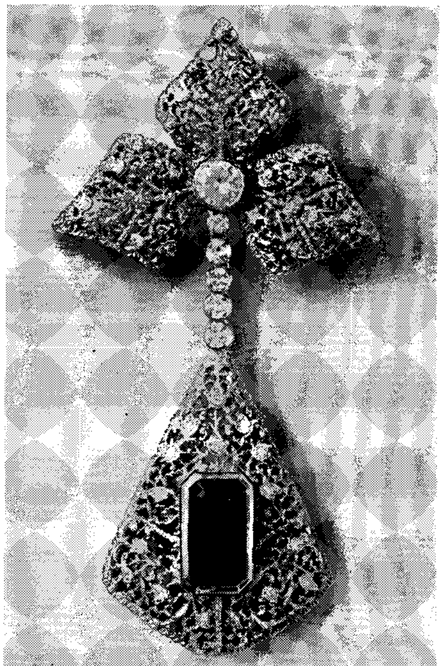
way to rule the roost this season—
in a sweeping hostess gown of deep
azalea pink jersey, criss-crossed
with golden feather stitch!
Wool-and-nylon with metallic trim.
Also in after-dinner-mint green.
Sizes 8 to 18, 65.00.

Mail and phone orders filled. PLaza 9-2940.
Regular parcel post charges
will be added beyond delivery area.

Elizabeth Arden Salon
691 Fifth Avenue

C.R.L.A., Jesús Albiar and his neighbors are preparing to sue the feed-lot owner for about three hundred and fifty thousand dollars. The McFarland C.R.L.A. office sees nothing disturbing about poor people suing anybody, even rich people, and Bellow takes the view that lawyers for the poor are as obligated as lawyers for anybody else to see that their clients are afforded every advantage the law allows. In one of his infrequent criminal cases, Bellow, to the dismay of the district attorney, claimed that his client could not be held guilty of speeding, because the statute cited on the summons merely said what the speed limits were and did not say that exceeding them was a violation of law. A C.R.L.A. lawyer in Salinas, faced with some imposing evidence that his client in a drunken-driving case was so drunk that he passed out in the back seat of a police cruiser while being questioned, argued that if the client was really that drunk he was too drunk to understand an explanation of his rights.

Bellow's view of equal justice for the poor goes beyond vigorous representation of each client. When Reagan accused C.R.L.A. of becoming "a promoter of social causes," he just about summed up Bellow's goal. In the Harvard speech, Bellow said that the poor need "an advocacy which will seek to enhance the organization and political power of its clients." Bellow sees the law as a form of pressure for the poor. He believes that the pressure can come not only from explicitly threatening suit but also from merely making people aware of a lawyer's presence—talking to the police chief about complaints of mistreatment by policemen or talking to the high-school principal about complaints of harsh suspensions. The McFarland office, of course, handles dozens of non-controversial cases, and some C.R.L.A. offices carry on a practice that follows the traditional view of legal aid to the poor. But it is true, as critics of C.R.L.A. claim, that Bellow, while engaged in a controversial suit against the Governor, may turn away a poor man who needs help with a divorce. Some legal-service projects have been swamped with domestic-relations cases, and Bellow, following priorities agreed upon with a group of poor people who serve as a local advisory board, gives preference to cases that could be of benefit to more than one poor person. They are often cases that come about through what Reagan thinks of as "actively and unethically promoting litigation" and what Bellow thinks of as interpreting the problems of uneducated people in



Diamonds glitter extravagantly on white gold "lace" outlined in yellow gold. A luminous green tourmaline centers the pendant. Masterfully hand-crafted of 18 kt. gold for our exclusive import collection $1795

Ruth Satsky
The Ultimate in Jewelry
81 South Orange Avenue
South Orange, New Jersey

If you can't be a house guest in Bucks County, be ours.

Newly opened, the 1740 House—a colonial inn—worthy of special note because of the stout determination of the hosts to give visitors a place to stay that is quiet, charming and memorable. Twenty-four air-conditioned bedrooms, each with bath and terrace, on the Delaware River. Swimming, fishing, boating. And proprietors who know a thing or two about making you welcome.

1740 HOUSE
Lumberville, Pennsylvania Tel: 215-297-5661

Sun Luck
RESTAURANTS, N.Y.C.
Specializing in CANTONESE, PEKING, SHANGHAI & CHUNGKING Cooking.
For those who want VARIETY & the ULTIMATE in Chinese Cuisine
Luncheon • Cocktails • Dinner
Banquet Facilities

- **IMPERIAL,** 935 Lex. at 69 ST. • LE 5-4070
- **GOURMET,** 157 W. 49 ST. • JU 2-8182
- **EAST,** 75 E. 55 ST. • PL 3-4930
- **WEST,** 143 W. 49 ST. • PL 7-1170
- **QUEENS,** 91-16 59th AVE. (Nr. Queens & Woodhaven Blvd.) ELMHURST • 446-1166
- **SUNNYSIDE,** 45-12 Queens Blvd. (Nr. Sunnyside Garden) 361-1328

Skinny Sony. Fat Sound.

It's a 2½ lb. FM/AM. About the size of a book. But it sounds like a big fat radio.

Because deep down where it really counts it is a big fat radio.

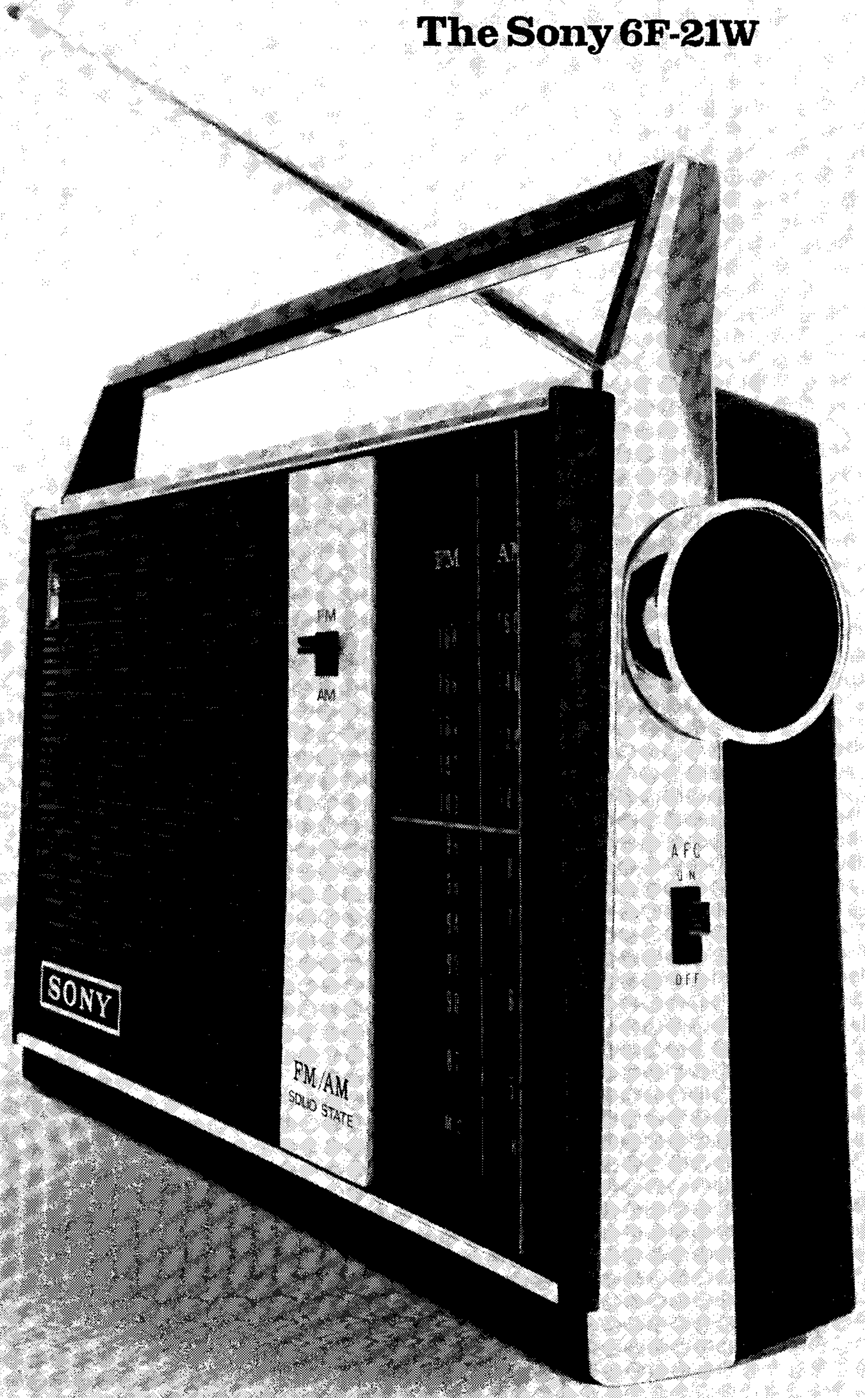
We took the insides of our more expensive models and miniaturized them even more for this little portable. (We even shrunk the price to $39.95*.)

But what we got sounded too good to be just a portable. So we made it more than just a portable.

We fixed it so you could plug in a stereo adaptor (optional). Or a tape recorder. Or people. (The earphone comes with it.) You can even plug in walls. (AC adaptor optional.)

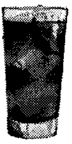
We fixed it good. With a skinny Sony like this, you may never need another radio around the house. A fat lot of good that does us.

The Sony 6F-21W

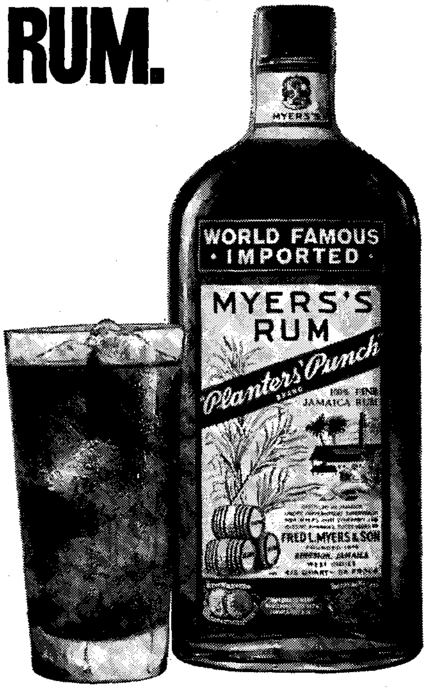


© 1967 SONY CORP. OF AMERICA. VISIT OUR SHOWROOM, 585 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK, N.Y. *SUGGESTED RETAIL PRICE.

IF YOU LIKE A NICE, GENTLE LITTLE RUM AND COLA



STAY AWAY FROM MYERS'S RUM.



Myers's doesn't make a nice, gentle little anything.

What it does make is a hearty, full-flavored rum drink. That's because Myers's is dark Jamaican rum. And people who know rum will tell you dark Jamaican rum is the rummiest rum of all. So, naturally, the Myers's Rum and Cola is the rummiest Rum and Cola of all.

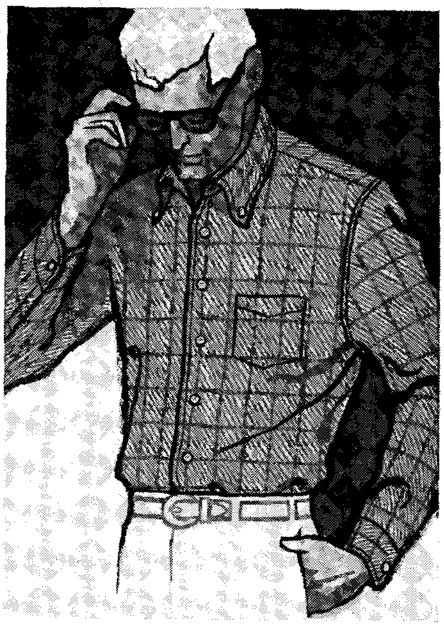
Use Myers's Rum every time the drink calls for rum. You'll love it. Providing you're ready for a good, full-flavored rum.

For free recipe booklet, write General Wine & Spirits Co., Dept. 317, 375 Park Avenue, New York, New York 10022
Myers's—the true Jamaican Rum. 84 Proof.

legal terms. “When this office first opened, it was flooded with divorce cases and that kind of thing,” Bellow told me. “Then, when clients started talking about their other problems, they would say their kid was expelled from school or they've been cut off from welfare or there aren't any toilets in the fields. They had absolutely no idea that these are problems a lawyer can do anything about.”

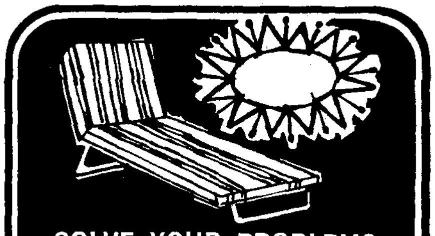
Even if Bellow did not have such a broad view of his duties, a number of people in Kern County would be made uneasy by the presence of a “directing attorney” and three other energetic and highly trained lawyers in the neat storefront office C.R.L.A. maintains next to the Western Auto Supply store in McFarland. In a rural area—where lawyers are rare, and often limited in experience—sophisticated legal skill is a powerful weapon. Middle-class people in Kern County sometimes talk as if they are being bullied by the poor. It is often pointed out that any grower Bellow sues has to go to considerable expense to hire his own lawyer. Not long ago, the City of Delano fired a Street Department worker named Joe Garcia—an event that would not have caused great excitement among the citizens in the days before C.R.L.A., even though Garcia claimed that he had been fired unfairly. The city found itself holding a Personnel Board hearing, with its attorney facing what must have given the appearance of being a battery of slick Ivy League lawyers who had a couple of million dollars in federal money at their disposal and an inclination to take Joe Garcia's firing right up to the Supreme Court, impoverishing the City of Delano on the way. The Mayor of Delano, ordinarily a calm and affable man even when discussing Cesar Chavez, has been led by such experiences to believe that C.R.L.A. is deliberately using its power “wrongly, immorally, and frighteningly.”

Bellow hopes that legal power can eventually be used to make groups of poor people—as well as those who deal with them—aware of the fact that the poor have rights and have the means to protect them. The Wasco Water Committee is the closest thing in Kern County to Bellow's ideal client. For a number of years, two tracts in the poorer section of Wasco, a Valley town ten or twelve miles south of McFarland, have been served not by the public water company that serves the rest of the town but by a private company that, according to the residents, has charged much higher rates, for water that was sometimes so impure it made dirty



SHROPSHIRE SPORT SHIRT
ANOTHER EDDIE JACOBS ORIGINAL
Ruggedly handsome, toasty warm Suprima wool. Button-down collar. In a series of two windowpanes — bronze ground with slate blue windowpane, slate blue ground with navy windowpane. Dry clean only. Sizes: S, 14-14½; M, 15-15½; L, 16-16½; XL, 17-17½. $20 ppd. Please address mail orders and Apparel-Portfolio requests to: Eddie Jacobs, Ltd., 4 E. Redwood Street, Baltimore, Md. 21202.

Eddie Jacobs LTD.®

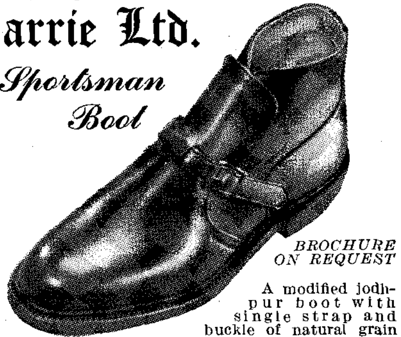


SOLVE YOUR PROBLEMS ON THE SUN DECK

Wise businessmen know the value of relaxation. Ocean air helps thinking.

Marlborough-Blenheim
Boardwalk At Park Place • Atlantic City
Telephone 609-345-1211

Barrie Ltd.
Sportsman Boot



BROCHURE ON REQUEST

A modified jodhpur boot with single strap and buckle of natural grain calfskin, soft leather-lined forepart, complete storm welts, double leather soles, and leather heels with v-plates. In hand-antiqued Brown ☐ or Black Calf ☐ $24.95 postpaid. *ORDER BY MAIL—State Shoe Size. BARRIE LTD., DEPT. N—NEW HAVEN.*

OR AT BARRIE LTD. SHOE SHOPS:
260 YORK STREET, NEW HAVEN, CONN.
22 TRUMBULL STREET, HARTFORD, CONN.
152 EAST BROAD STREET, COLUMBUS, OHIO

you'll only hear what you want to hear.

If you're fussy about the things you listen to; buy a Lear Jet stereo eight.

We invented it for people who like the fidelity and long-play idea of tape; but don't want to fiddle around with reels, threading, or rewinding.

We packed eight sound tracks on quarter-inch tape, put it all into a compact cartridge and designed it to play up to an hour and twenty minutes of uninterrupted music anywhere, anytime. It makes the phonograph record obsolete.

You have your choice of 10,000 selections on stereo eight cartridges from every major recording company.

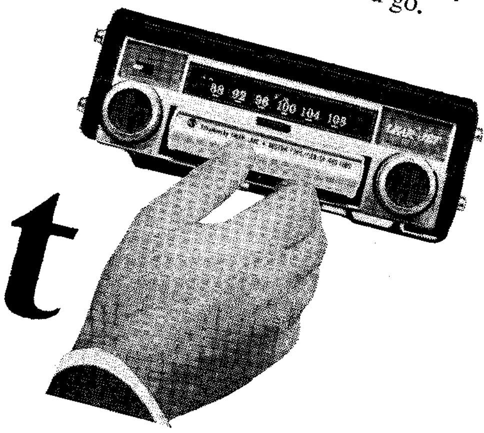
You can play the same cartridge in any Lear Jet stereo eight unit. The new home stereo system shown here; our stereo portable; our tape deck that plugs into your home console, or one of the many stereo tape players we invented for cars.

Lear Jet is the only automotive tape cartridge player with a fast forward selector; and an exclusive precision pitch control to let you find the tone you like best.

For true stereo, four 5-inch speakers that sing out loud and clear, or soft and clear, whichever you decide.

In fact, if you listen to us you'll have music wherever you go.

Lear Jet stereo eight



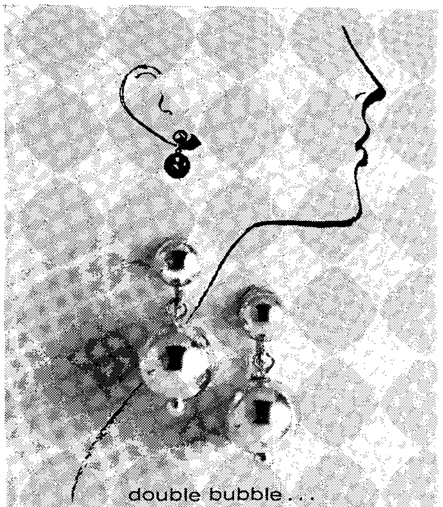
How quickly the word gets around.

One woman tells another. And quietly the word is spread: the most exquisite lipsticks and nail enamels in all the world are the cremes and frosteds of L'Oreal. Their uncommon beauty is now common knowledge.

L'ORÉAL® OF PARIS
Now made in the U.S.A.

clothes dirtier. An elderly night watchman finally organized the neighborhood into the Wasco Water Committee to protest; C.R.L.A. took the case; and after complaints had been filed with the proper state boards and suits had been threatened in the proper courts, a settlement was negotiated that included a rebate for past overcharges. Last week, Bellow went to Wasco to ask the Water Committee if it wanted to accept a city plan for the purchase of the private water company and the lowering of rates. The meeting was at the Southgate Women's Clubhouse of Wasco, a peeling white building across the street from a cotton field. The forty or so members present were mostly middle-aged Negroes—polite, deferential people who wouldn't think of beginning a meeting without the pledge of allegiance to the flag, even though the Southgate Women's Clubhouse of Wasco has no flag and some substitute symbol has to be chosen for the members to face. (That night, it was an O.E.O. poster on community action.) After some discussion, the committee decided that it favored the city's plan. Then somebody said, "After we get our water squared away and everybody's happy, we're going to start on the sewers." One member cautioned the group against doing anything that might jeopardize the water negotiations, but somebody brought up an alley-widening scheme that the city had once promised, and somebody else brought up the curb-and-gutter problem. Bellow promised that while the water situation was being negotiated he would do some legal research to see which problem ought to be tackled next.

LORENZ and Bellow are aware that California Rural Legal Assistance is running a kind of test case in how far publicly paid lawyers can go in representing the poor—and a test case that may be lost. Even if the program is not eliminated by some amendment to the anti-poverty bill currently in Congress, it will almost certainly be vetoed by Reagan, who recently claimed that he has vetoed more anti-poverty programs than any other governor. (Sargent Shriver has said that Reagan is tied with Lurleen Wallace.) The O.E.O. director can override a governor's veto, but in the case of C.R.L.A. that might require the same kind of political battle that went on last year over the funding of the Child Development Group of Mississippi. McFarland's congressman, Bob Mathias, the decathlon man, has already asked the General Accounting



double bubble . . .
14 karat gold earrings
with drops of polished
or textured gold,
turquoise, aventurine,
black onyx or cultured
pearl. Regular or pierced
ear styles 14.00

I. MAGNIN & CO
CALIFORNIA • PORTLAND • SEATTLE • PHOENIX

mail orders (add 55¢ shipping) to Union Square, San Francisco or 3240 Wilshire, Los Angeles or telephone your nearest I. Magnin & Co. store

Hickory, dickory, dock... dine at XII
INN OF THE CLOCK
XII III VI IX

United Nations Plaza at 48th Street,
New York 10017. PLaza 2-0424

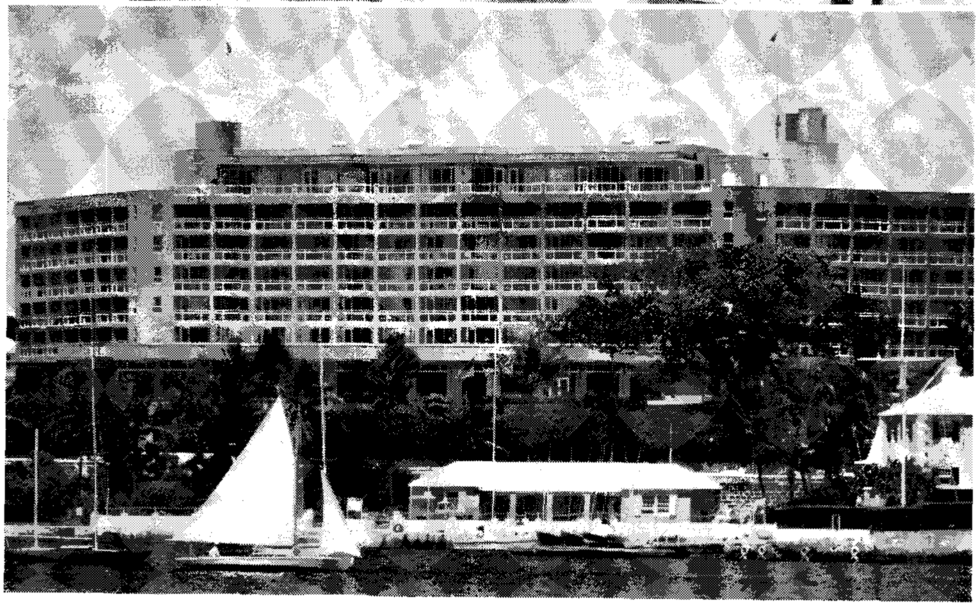
The POEMS of JAMES DICKEY (1957-1967)

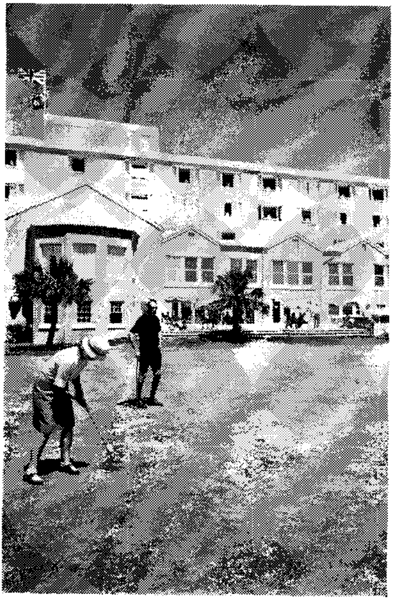
Hear James Dickey reading 13 of his latest poems · $5.95

Available at better record stores or write direct to **Spoken Arts, Inc., Box 27, New Rochelle, N.Y. 10801**
Send for our free catalog of 300 exciting releases

sa

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED





BERMUDA, **90 minutes from New York**

...this bit of England ...this sunlit isle.

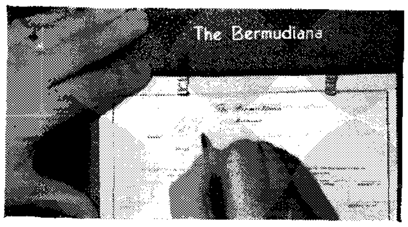
Someone said of Bermuda, "It's England in shorts and with the sun shining every day." And it is. Well, maybe not *every* day—even sun-starved Londoners would tire of that. Sun or no sun—you'll have fun. How could anyone *not* have fun on an island surrounded by beaches and game fish and sailboats and filled with golf courses and tennis courts and the shops bulging with wonderful bargains. The question is: which hotel to stay in to enjoy all this? And the answer is: stay at one of these hotels and do everything a guest does at these three:

If you like to be in the centre of things, where the action is, stay at the BERMUDIANA, overlooking the harbour and the Royal Bermuda Yacht Club yet one block from Hamilton's leading shops. This is the hotel where all Bermuda comes to dine and see a floor show at the Moongate Garden or dance to the newest hot bands in the Bermuda Room. Daytimes you lunch poolside or at the Terrace Room or take the free bus to your private Beach Club for ocean swimming. If you never set foot outside the hotel you'll have the time of your life with every possible convenience at your fingertips!

It's conceded that the BELMONT has one of the most fabulous settings in Bermuda. The views of Great Sound are breathtaking. It is known as a golfer's hotel because of the famous 18-hole championship course upon which it is located. Sophisticated Bermudians have made the Warwick Room and Cedar Court equally popular for dancing and native entertainment.

The only time you'll want to leave the BELMONT is for your private Beach Club or for shopping in Hamilton, a short ten minute ferry ride away. With an olympic-size pool, tennis and stimulating companions, why should you leave except to visit the other two hotels?

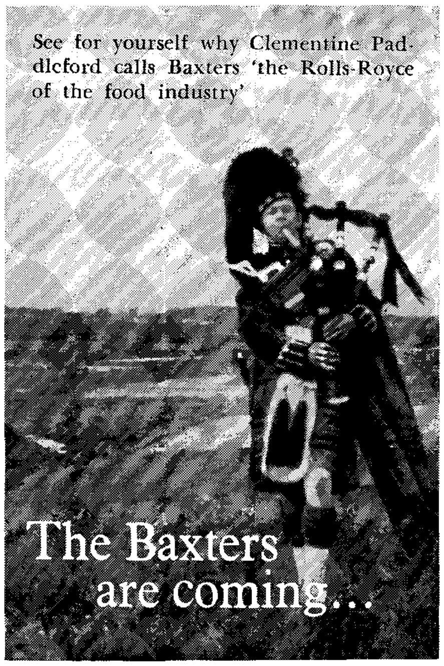
HARMONY HALL is as typical an English countryside hotel as you're likely to see this side of England. It's really a group of pink and white cottages located on a garden estate of over seven and one-half acres. The grass is unbelievably green, the shrubs clipped to perfection and flowers a riot of colour everywhere you turn. There's a pool, of course, or you take the free bus to your nearby private ocean Beach Club. Hamilton, with its shops and night spots, is eight minutes away but you'll enjoy the Gombey Room for dancing and native Calypso. HARMONY HALL is really informal... an easygoing, relaxing sort of place. A place to really rest.



To repeat—when you sign the register at any one of these hotels, you're automatically a guest of all three including your private Beach Club, exchange dining, all the privileges. Actually three hotels for the price of one.

Robert Reid Associates, Inc.
New York, 1270 Avenue of the Americas
(212) 757-2444
Miami • Chicago • Toronto • London

McNicholas Bludau Associates
Los Angeles • San Francisco

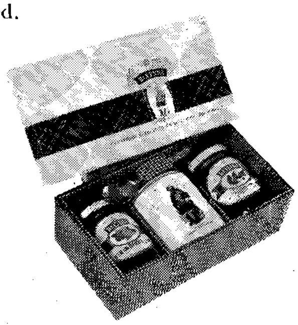


See for yourself why Clementine Paddleford calls Baxters 'the Rolls-Royce of the food industry'
The Baxters are coming...

Baxter's Personal Piper, Jim Purdy

...coming from the Scottish Highlands to make a conquest of your table with Baxter's Clansman Selection; the gourmet's choice of preserves that has a whisky matured marmalade special enough to deserve its own elegant china jar.

The Scots have a reputation for marmalade. In fact they invented it. But BAXTER'S is the finest of all, matured long years in whisky casks to give it a taste that's both elusive and inimitable. No wonder it's unique. The decorated china preserve jar is one of a projected series you will want to collect. Then there's BAXTER'S applemint jelly and BAXTER'S strawberry preserve. What else? A gift for you from Scotland—a graceful silver preserve spoon in traditional Scottish style . . . . . so airmail your order to BAXTER'S now. Postage is 20 cents but your stamp will be refunded.


TEAR ALONG THIS LINE

NY

To W. A. Baxter and Sons Ltd.,
Fochabers, Scotland

Please send .... Baxter's 'Clansman selection' Box(es) @ $7.50 each to the below.

NAME ______

ADDRESS ______

CITY, STATE ______

ZIP CODE ______

By Appointment
To H.M. Queen Elizabeth II
Fruit Canners

'Clansman Selection' boxes make wonderful gifts. Send additional addresses on a separate piece of paper.

Office to investigate his charge that C.R.L.A. has violated the terms of its grant by using its publicly paid lawyers to aid Chavez' union. Lorenz and Bellow constantly state that C.R.L.A. does not take cases for the union. (The union, with money from a foundation grant, has now hired a full-time lawyer of its own, a former member of the McFarland C.R.L.A. staff.) But the clients and the activities of the two organizations are inevitably intertwined: Chavez' followers are not blue-collar workers but poor people, and, to a large extent, the grape pickers' strike is not a wage dispute but a movement. Obviously, the union profits along with C.R.L.A. clients from legal actions that shut off alternative sources of labor; when Bellow's injunctions kept striking families in Guimarra's labor camp it meant not only that the families would have a place to sleep but also that no non-striker could take over the accommodations. Cesar Chavez serves on the C.R.L.A. board of directors—as do a number of lawyers chosen by local bar associations—and in the polarized community of the San Joaquin Valley it is doubtful whether Bellow could carry on the kind of practice he does if he did not have Chavez' support. "It's no accident that a lot of suits come from where the union is operating," Bellow has said. "There are just more people out there interested in asserting their rights."

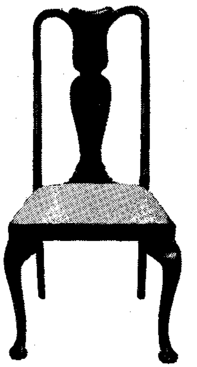
The people in Kern County who believe that C.R.L.A. abuses its power think it should not be given new funds without some restrictions on the type of cases it takes, but Chavez has said, "Either they do the meaningful cases or there's no reason for their existence; if a man doesn't have his rights, it won't make any difference if he can get a divorce." Ernesto Laredo, the rent-strike leader, who is on the local advisory committee of the McFarland office, told me, "We have to be realistic. Maybe if they take cases that can help more than just one poor person, they can make some good changes while they're here. Because I don't think they'll be here very long."

—CALVIN TRILLIN

•

5:01 Sid Caesar, Imogene Coca, Carl Reiner, Howard Morris special (Spec)
A repeat of last night's once-in-a-lifetime special.—*United States Armed Forces Radio and Television program.*

Lifetimes are longer than they used to be.


QUEEN ANNE

from our large collection of English and French dining chairs

A meticulously crafted replica of one of the finest Queen Anne chairs we have seen. Reproduced from the museum original, in the mellow luxury of old mahogany; and covered in lush Scalamandrè silks. Gracious, comfortable chairs that are at home around a dining table, card table or as occasional chairs. Arm Chair 24" wide, 42" high; Side Chair 19¾" wide, 41" high.

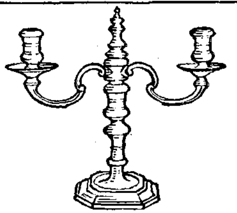
side chair $135 ea. arm chair $165 ea.

F.O.B. New York City. Add $8 per chair crating charge beyond normal delivery area.

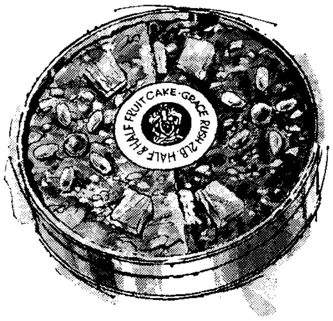
There's no other shop like Lloyds in New York. For here, is one of the few places that you take your own sweet time to browse through a wonderful collection of fine antique and reproduction furniture, decorative accessories, and estate pieces. Here, your own sense of good taste and value can lead you to the pieces that you'd like to live with.

NEW 64 PAGE CATALOGUE $1.00
LLOYDS
116 EAST 60th ST., N. Y. 22, N. Y., PL 9-7313

English Silver
"George II" 3 Light Cabra


ENSKO
INC.
682 LEXINGTON AVE., N.Y.

Grace Rush
HALF & HALF FRUITCAKE



Half white, flavored with imported rum — half dark, with imported brandy. Sold only in fine food shops. Write for catalog.

GRACE RUSH, Cincinnati, Ohio 45209.

THE DAILY NEWS HAS 4.965,000 READERS. THE SUNDAY NEWS, 5,499,000. MANY PEOPLE, OF COURSE, READ BOTH. WITH NO ONE COUNTED TWICE, WE HAVE A TOTAL OF 6,884,000 READERS. SOURCE: PROFILE OF THE MILLIONS.

Wendy Vanderbilt

"Household hints in The News are better than a full-time maid."

Wendy Vanderbilt lives in a duplex on the East side with a tiny poodle and a big cat which is half racoon, she says.

"I do most of the work around my apartment and the household hints in The News are terrific.

"I wake up and read The News," Miss Vanderbilt added. "It sort of eases me into my day. The News has good gossip from Hollywood. Then I face the news in the front of the paper.

"I like to paint. And shop at Bendels and dine at Orsini's and go to Le Club."

About 7 million people read The News. And among them is the largest group of smart, monied people reading any newspaper in N.Y. In fact, 57% of all the people in N.Y., with 57% of all the family income, read The News. Are they reading your advertisements?

The News is what's happening.

N.Y. people like the N.Y. News.

How Renault got up off the floor.

Things were none too cheery for us a while ago. We were, as they say, getting our lumps.

But those days, happily, are far behind us. We've made a comeback.

Sales are up 85% over last year. And proceeding quite nicely, thank you.

How did Renault accomplish this dramatic turnabout?

By the most time-honored means you can imagine: Hard work. Sweat. And a touch of anger.

We dropped a few dealers who were blasé about service.

We made sure every dealer we kept could get virtually any part in 48 hours. If not faster.

But most important, we built the Renault 10.

It has thicker gauge metal, thicker undercoating, and a few engineering touches that border on the fanatical.

It delivers an honest 35 miles to the gallon.

30,000 miles between brake pad replacements.

18,000 miles or two years before you even have to consider replacing water or anti-freeze.

40,000 miles on our Michelin X tires. ($5 more per tire, but well worth it.)

And you can pile up those miles in spectacularly comfortable seats. You couldn't get better seats if you spent $5,000.

Yet, the Renault 10 is priced under $2,000. Way under $2,000.

All in all, the car is built better than it has to be for the money.

But then, we figure the best way for us to stay on our feet is to offer you a value that will really floor you.

RENAULT

The Renault 10

AUTOMATIC TRANSMISSION AND
AIR-CONDITIONING OPTIONAL.
FOR NEAREST DEALER OR INFORMATION
ON OVERSEAS DELIVERY, WRITE RENAULT, INC.
BOX 4, 750 THIRD AVE., NYC 10017

THE AIR

The Ten Most Shows of 1967

"WALDO"

"FRANKLY, we tried to capture some of the honest-to-Christ *tendresse* that still exists in the world, in the form of a boy's love for his pet" is the way veteran producer Harry J. Frost describes his new outdoor-adventure series "Waldo," the story of what happens when a towheaded nine-year-old boy called Biff Magowan saves an anopheles mosquito (Waldo) from drowning in a bowl of wonton soup and then is unable to "give him up," despite the good-natured remonstrances of Biff's mother that Waldo is a "wild thing" who ought to be "making his family with other wild things," and the good-natured reminders of Biff's father, Biff Magowan, Sr., deputy insect-control warden for the area, that one nip from Waldo nets you about fifteen and a half months of 109-degree fever, plus a long, lingering recovery, and "other attendant side effects." In an episode last week, Biff, Waldo, and his mother have been left alone in the house, when they are suddenly set upon by a Killer Gnat. Thereupon ensues what veteran producer Frost has described as "one of the most dramatic semi-authentic fights-to-the-finish between an anopheles mosquito and a Killer Gnat ever filmed." Biff, Sr., returns several days later, in time to put a comradely arm around Waldo and deliver a brief lecture on the various pros and cons of forest fires.

"NORTH FROM COS COB"

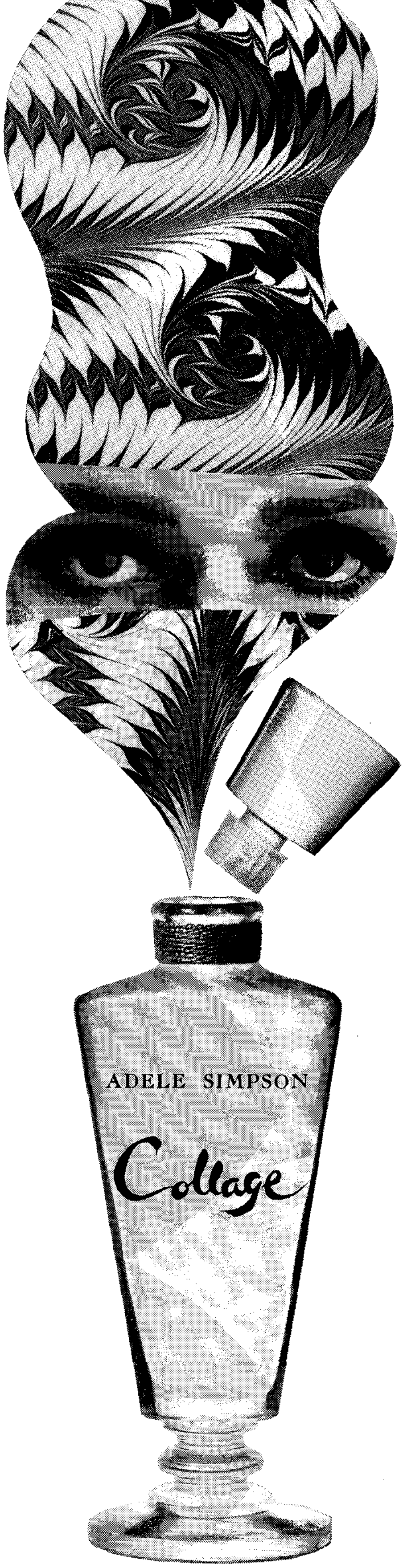
"WE like to think of this as a railroading story with a difference," says Hodding Hodding, star of "North from Cos Cob," the new series that tells the epic history of the building of the New Haven Railroad—the "Iron Mouse" that thundered its way across the flatlands of the untamed Connecticut Valley in the latter years of the nineteenth century and, in the words of Grenville Tobermory, writer-producer of the show, "made possible the Bridgeport we all know today." Hodding Hodding plays Major Lem Wassoon, the impetuous young Army officer who staked his future on the hunch that "if you laid enough track north from Cos Cob and kept most of it out of the water, sooner or later you'd hit Providence or something." Manfred LeRoy plays W. Rutherford Gallant, the irascible old man who first envisioned the possibilities of "changing at Springfield." The initial episode dramatizes the early efforts of Cyrus (Jeph) Martingale, chief engineer of the line, to get the mail through to Hartford twenty-two minutes faster by jettisoning the passengers along the roadbed.

"BLAKE"

"BLAKE" is the personal story of Gil Blake, tough, dedicated, and hard-driving, one of the "new breed" of investigative dentists who have been shaking up the whole dynamics of the dental profession in recent years. Blake's offices are in a sleek little building in the fashionable Trumpington Hills section of Los Angeles, where, with a couple of old drills, a few X-rays, and his associate, Wally Sheinbaum (played by Negro actor Henry Woodlawn), he appears to be running a comfortable society practice. Inwardly, though, Blake is seething. "Filling! Polishing! It's not enough!" he seethes. "When I see a pair of upper canines walk in here, I want to know: What made those upper canines the way they are? A lousy, no-good marriage? A crummy, stinking childhood? A couple of rotten pieces of gravel?" In a recent episode, "The Tides in the Sargasso Run Deep," Blake is trapped in his office by a homicidal maniac and is forced to give him a free gum massage. Later, Blake remembers a "peculiar discoloration" on a lower left molar, and sets off on a search for the young killer that takes him through eight Western states, Canada, Mexico, Greece, and Mexico again, and ends up in a chase through the back corridors of the Vandivert Tooth Sanitarium in Lausanne.

"THE ARNOLD NEWQUIST SPECIAL"

ARNOLD NEWQUIST, chief electrician at C.B.S. for the past thirty-six years, patiently waited his turn for his own Special, and the result, which was shown live and in color last Tuesday night, was a relaxed, understated, deceptively casual performance that amply demonstrated Mr. Newquist's instinctive grasp of the new medium. In the first part of the show, Mr. Newquist, informally attired in an old sweater and some underwear, sang a number of Indiana U. fraternity songs, hummed a little from Gilbert and Sulli-



van, and participated in a comedy skit with special guest star Mimmsey Mommeier (Cindy Paragon in "Annabelle Rattoon") about defrosting ice trays. In the second part, Mr. Newquist reappeared, more relaxed than ever, in bathrobe and pajamas, and did imitations of Warner Baxter, Millard Fillmore, and somebody he thought might be Count Ciano or might not be, and then sang "Stardust" several times. A musical dance number based on the Repeal of the Corn Laws was superbly executed by the Julian Grigsby Dancers.

"LUNDIGAN'S DISEASE"

"LUNDIGAN'S DISEASE" is never precisely named, or even seen, but the implication is clear that when it comes on, young Gregory Lundigan (Fuzz Clinton) becomes something of a mess—hives, nasty rashes, falling down a lot in public. The premise behind this series is that in order to get away from his disease handsome, independently wealthy young Lundigan will do just about *anything*—except, ironically, see a doctor. In a notable installment several weeks ago, "Who Is Sylvia . . . What Is She?," Lundigan is indulging in his favorite independently wealthy occupation, single-sculling down the Ragatawanda River, when he is set upon by a homicidal maniac and forced to enter the Eastern Collegiate Sprint Championships, which are taking place a couple of miles upstream. Lundigan is half a boat length ahead of the University of California when small-arms and machine-gun fire from state troopers on the shore causes him to "catch a crab" and capsize. As the beautiful daughter of a prominent East Coast industrialist watches anxiously from the shore, Lundigan is compelled to make a dramatic choice between a stranger's life, justice, religious liberty, home rule for Ireland, and his boat.

"CLUB 122"

"CLUB 122" is a series based on the real-life exploits of Sergeant Grover Greengrove, of the Los Angeles Riot Control Department—the owner of Club 122, a small wooden object that dangles unassumingly from his belt. Greengrove, in the words of director Luke Esterhazy, is "dedicated primarily to upholding law and order wherever he can find it," but is also quick to recognize that "kids" and "some other people" have their rights, too. In a recent episode, Greengrove (Matt Matlock) and his wisecracking assistant, Sean O'Malley (played by

DON'T KILL THE MARTINI

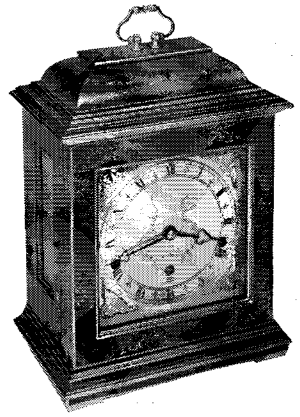
Mix with
BOISSIERE
(Say "Bwa-See-Air")
LE FRENCH VERMOUTH TRES DRY

Bring your Martini to life with Boissiere. Crisp... subtle...extra dry...the connoisseur's vermouth. It does make a difference.

IMPORTED FROM FRANCE
J. BOISSIERE
VERMOUTH DE CHAMBERY

SOLE DISTRIBUTOR U.S.A.:
MUNSON G. SHAW CO., NEW YORK

Elliott OF LONDON
Clocks designed by experts, built by craftsmen exclusively for Worcester



Style 5453. Our beautiful reproduction of one of Thomas Tompion's finest basket-top styles, with richly decorated dial and glass side panels that show the beautiful 8-day jeweled movement with full quarter-hour Whittington-Westminster chimes. 13" high. Chinese lacquer available in red and black... $450. In English walnut or mahogany . . . $325. Complete illustrated folder at fine stores everywhere or write:

ROYAL WORCESTER PORCELAIN CO., INC.
11 East 26th Street, New York, N.Y. 10010

Hardy & Hayes, Pittsburgh
Tilden-Thurber, Providence

Nassau's
Coral Harbour:
Great golf.
Great tennis.
Great people.

Really, in all the Bahamas there's nothing like the unbeatable combination of our championship 18-hole golf course, our private ocean beach and pool, our tennis courts, Marina, European cuisine, dinner dancing and nightly entertainment, and our highly experienced staff.

Why not ask your travel agent, or our representatives nearest you, about Coral Harbour. Open year 'round.

Represented by: Hetland & Stevens, Inc.

coral harbour
HOTEL AND CLUB / Nassau, Bahamas
D. Murray Delahey, Gen. Mgr.

Rare Miniature Cars
'26 Isotta Fraschini
$7.95

- CLASSIC
- MODERN
- ANTIQUE

FASCINATING NEW HOBBY—Collect jewel-like exact scale replicas of famous antique and classic cars. Magnificent Italian craftsmanship. Remarkably detailed, utterly realistic. Glazed windows, lenses in headlights, authentic tire treads, under-chassis detail. Fully assembled—not kits. Average 4" long. Mercedes-Benz, Alfa Romeo, many others. 30 different models. FREE full color brochure.

Sinclair's, DEPT. ES, 300 E. HIGHLAND DR.
ROCHESTER, N.Y. 14610

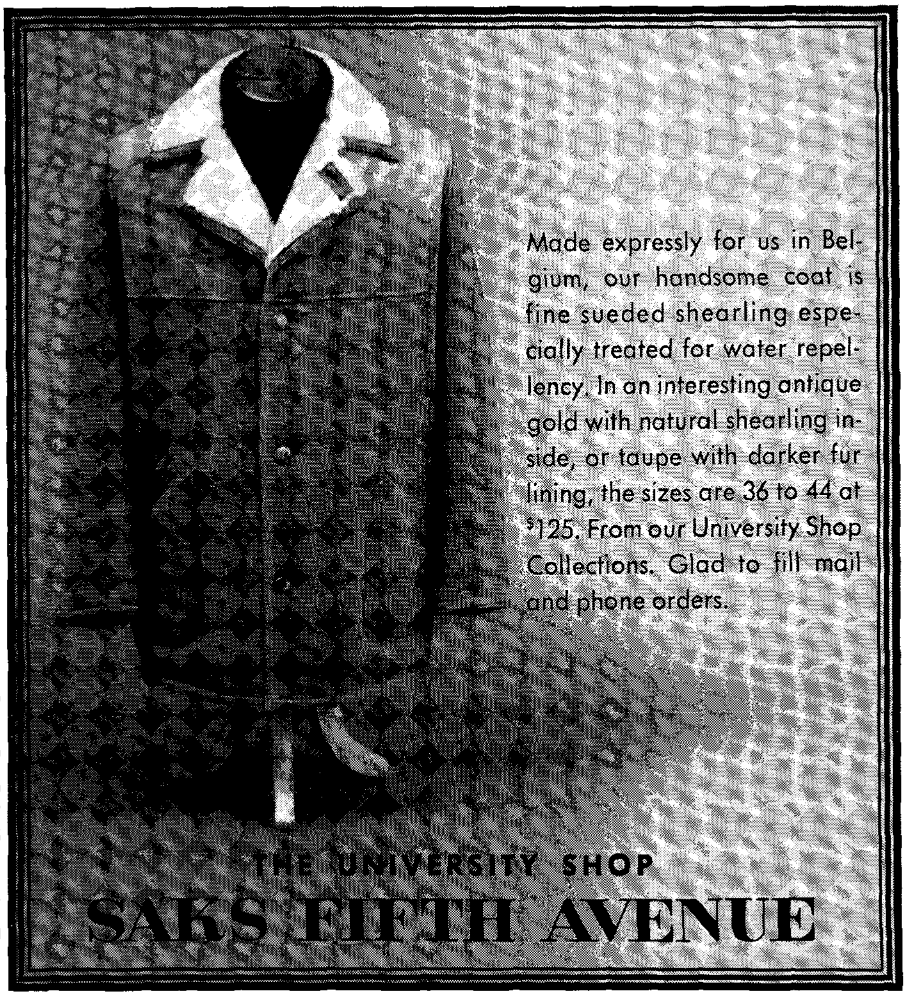
the Negro actor Douglas David), are assigned to riot-control an explosive situation in the Mendocino Avenue shopping center, where a gang of elderly retired realtors from Santa Barbara have shown up for the express purpose of "beating hell" out of some teenagers. Greengrove rushes down to the corner with his club, and tear gas, and grenades, and small tactical demolition charges, only to discover that his daughter Tracy, whom he hasn't seen for seven years, is one of the teenagers, and that the tight-lipped old gentleman gunning down toward her on the bright-pink Harley-Davidson is Walter Carslake.

"Pomfret"

"You just couldn't have made a show like this eleven or twenty-three years ago," says W. Loring Brickhouse, executive producer of "Pomfret," the daring new series that attempts to deal head on with the "racial crisis." Henderson Pomfret, a Negro, is a brilliant young assistant professor of history at Hanford University, a Rhodes Scholar, a squash champion, beautifully mannered, not really too dark, who finds one day that his path to the chairmanship of the department is being blocked by the undisguised animosity of elderly Professor Jocko Lee. Professor Lee claims that his disapproval of Pomfret (played with great sensitivity by Toshira Okada) is based on nothing more than that Pomfret is only twenty-three years old, has published only one book—a personal attack on Dred Scott—and "looks a little funny, or something, although I can't quite put my finger on it." Pomfret, however, suspects that Lee "knows" he is a Negro and is out to get him. In a recent episode, "I Dreamt I Dwelt in Marble Halls," Lee accuses Pomfret of cheating at squash

News Special: "The Lapp Immigrant"

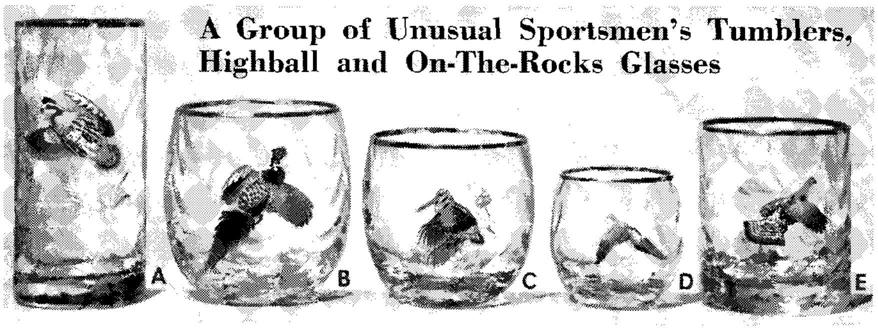
This courageous documentary took a year and a half to make and ran for three hours last Saturday night, when, with the aid of newsreel clips, slides, 55,000 feet of film, and 47 correspondents, the plight of the 37 Lapp immigrants to this country was searchingly examined as it had never been before. Correspondents visited Lapp immigrants all over the country, showing them as they really are, in their hovels and apartment houses (a previously undisclosed fact: 22% of all Lapp immigrants own their own apartment houses), and drawing an unhesitating-


Made expressly for us in Belgium, our handsome coat is fine sueded shearling especially treated for water repellency. In an interesting antique gold with natural shearling inside, or taupe with darker fur lining, the sizes are 36 to 44 at $125. From our University Shop Collections. Glad to fill mail and phone orders.

THE UNIVERSITY SHOP
SAKS FIFTH AVENUE

Incomparably Beautiful!

A Group of Unusual Sportsmen's Tumblers, Highball and On-The-Rocks Glasses



Authentically realistic game birds and ducks portrayed by artist Kent Smith. Glasses are individually handmade of quartz crystal with a unique loupe optic construction. A delight to eye and hand. Birds are in ceramic colors, fired on permanently at 1100°F. The rim is bordered with 22 carat gold. Your choice of 8 different game birds or 8 different ducks. The perfect gift for the sportsman's home, office, den or lodge.

Orvis guarantees satisfaction or money back!

Send the following set(s) of glasses:

☐ (A) 12 oz. Highball (set of 8)............$20 Birds or Ducks?________
☐ (B) 15 oz. Roly-Poly (set of 8)............$20 Birds or Ducks?________
☐ (C) 12 oz. Roly-Poly (set of 8)............$18 Birds or Ducks?________
☐ (D) 5 oz. Roly-Poly (set of 8)............$15 Birds or Ducks?________
☐ (E) 9 oz. Straight-Sided (set of 8)............$18 Birds or Ducks?________

☐ I enclose $________ ☐ Bill me $________

YOUR NAME________

ADDRESS________ ZIP________

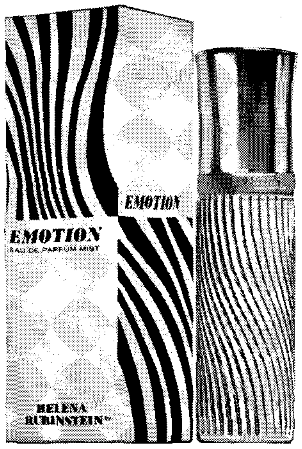
Send for Free Catalog

● IS THIS A GIFT? Orvis will forward the glasses direct to any name and address you indicate and supply and enclose an appropriate Christmas Card from you. Give name and address to whom gift is to be sent, on separate attached slip.

ORVIS ● Chabot Road ● Manchester ● Vermont 05254

All she wants is a little Emotion
(a lot of it if she's daring!)

Emotion . . . the new perfume born in France . . . translated in America into Spray Mist, Eau de Parfum and everything for her bath. 3.00 to 17.50



EMOTION® by Helena Rubinstein

©1967, Helena Rubinstein Inc.

ly tiresome picture of what associate task-force producer Donn Marley yesterday described as "the realities of Lapp immigration." The program included shots of the famous O'Hare Street riots of 1897, scenes of the never-before-filmed Falling Through the Ice Dance at the annual Lapp Festival in Spent Bullet, Wyoming, and concluded with a panel discussion between Professor Andrew Kerr-Rutledge, Norman Mailer, General William C. Binton, and popular sportscaster Buzz Joplin on the "relative merits" or "demerits" of the Lapp experience.

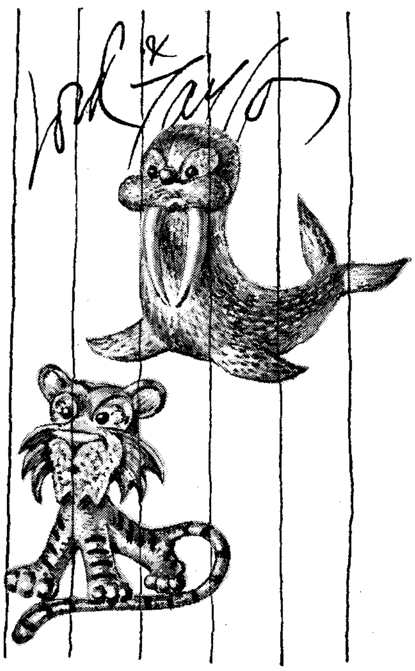
"Disgusting Wife"

"Frankly, what with Vietnam and the pill and everything, I think the public is ready for something a little more sophisticated and contemporary in its comedy shows," says Pia Paxton, the vivacious, serious young actress who plays Millie Wentworth, the "disgusting wife" in the new adult-comedy series of that name, which studio executives describe as a "sort of hippie, up-to-the-minute, fun treatment of the way young adults really live today." In the first episode of the show, Millie's husband, W. Gardner Wentworth (Bruno Ilg), a handsome, hip young rent-a-car executive, goes down to the corner for a pack of Gauloises and, when he returns, finds Millie upstairs in the broom closet with Farraday Cleveland, the raffish young student activist from nearby Densher College. Cleveland hastily explains that he came over to ask Gardner's advice about a new ad-hoc committee on double parking and just "bumped into" Millie in the broom closet, but Gardner is too much of a swinger to be jealous, and laughingly suggests that they all go downstairs and sniff glue. In order to make Gardner mad, Millie threatens to adopt a couple of children.

"Cowboy in Space"

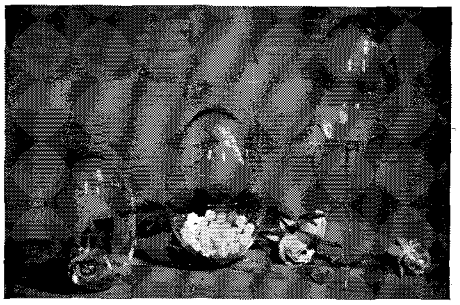
"Cowboy in Space" is about a cowboy in space. The cowboy's name is Victor Verdun (Lamar Cragshaw). In the first episode, Verdun (Cragshaw) discovers that King Ott II, mad ruler of the planet Throg, is planning to get rid of 550 head of cattle at 25% above markup, and threatens to expose him to the Intergalactic Cattle Council. King Ott retaliates by threatening to use his much feared "peace ray" on Sanji Singh, Verdun's (Cragshaw's) wily Indian sidekick (played by Negro actor F. W. Taprock). Verdun says O.K.

—Michael J. Arlen



"In my zoo

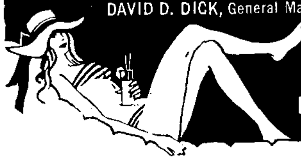
I have a walrus and a tiger"—two little gilt and enamel delights from a whole Joseph Mazer menagerie. Either, 10.00
At all Lord & Taylor stores



Give the enchantment of one rose in an exquisite crystal vase by Kosta of Sweden (the rose will stay fresh for a week). Many other uses as well. 6-inch egg vase 8.00. 7-inch 9.50. Footed 16.00. Prepaid. Add 3% tax in Massachusetts.

the UPPER STORY
Forty Church Street
Cambridge, Mass. 02138

Puerto Rico at its country club best!
HOTEL RACQUET CLUB
Elegant country club living—6½ tropical acres in the heart of Isla Verde—San Juan's newest action area! Beautiful beach, 8 tennis courts, olympic pool, dancing and entertainment nightly, 2 great golf courses nearby. Only $14.50 per pers., dbl. Dec. 15 to Apr. 30.
DAVID D. DICK, General Manager



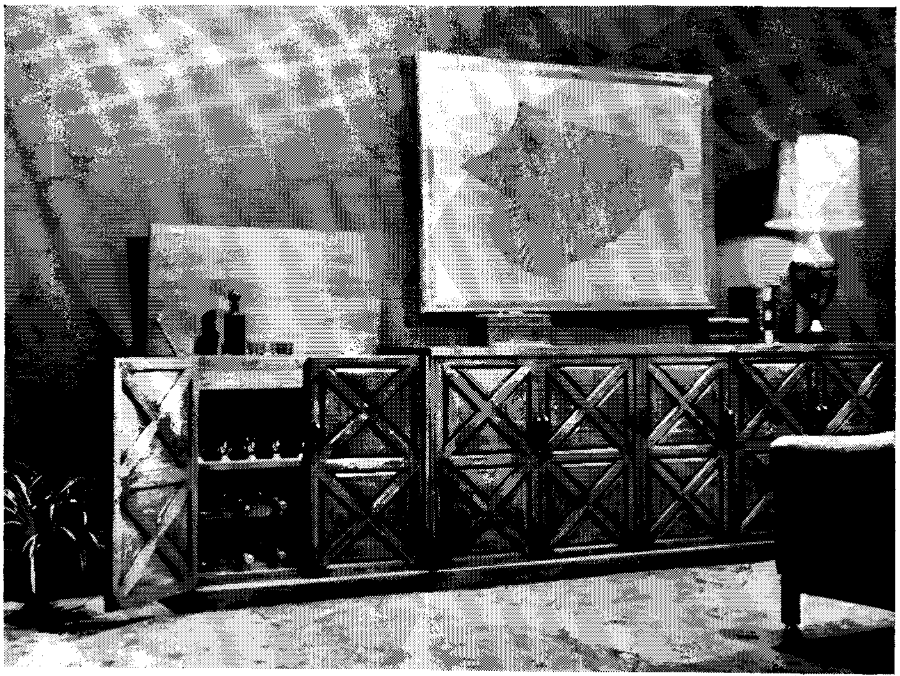
See your Travel Agent or
LEONARD HICKS ORGANIZATION
N.Y. 688-1490

MUSICAL EVENTS

Lizzie Revisited

A SECOND hearing of Jack Beeson's opera "Lizzie Borden," which was revived by the New York City Opera last Thursday night, caused me to alter somewhat the opinion I expressed of it in these pages a couple of years ago. At its première, I admired its libretto but disliked its music. Certainly, one does not leave a presentation of this opera whistling agreeable tunes, and there is a good deal of noise in it—especially when the composer is trying to convey a mood of despair, horror, or extreme anguish. It has no big lyric moments. But by the standards of contemporary opera (which, to be sure, are not the highest imaginable) it is a noteworthy work. It is not a singer's opera; one has to go all the way back to Puccini to find that. It is modelled, rather, on the style of Richard Strauss's "Elektra," whose plot its libretto slightly resembles. It lacks the marvellous melodic sweep that one finds in "Elektra's" recognition scene, and it nowhere has the brilliance of orchestration that pervades the Strauss work. But this comparison is with an acknowledged masterpiece, and no real masterpiece has yet appeared in American opera. Mr. Beeson's music is, except for those noisy passages, of high quality. "Lizzie Borden" stands out as something really worth going to hear, and Mr. Beeson stands out, too, as a composer who obviously knows what opera is about.

The work is helped immeasurably by the quality of Kenward Elmslie's libretto, based on a scenario by Richard Plant. But then one of the main talents of an operatic composer is the faculty for finding good librettists. Mr. Elmslie has skillfully arranged his scenes in order of mounting tension. Lizzie Borden, the axe murderess of Fall River, Massachusetts, becomes, in his hands, a wholly understandable character, pitted against a monstrous stepmother and a puritanical, pinchpenny father, watching life slip away from her while her younger sister manages to avoid the same fate. Mr. Elmslie has his audience groaning for vengeance even before it occurs, and his Lizzie has some of the stature of such great murderesses as Medea and, by proxy,

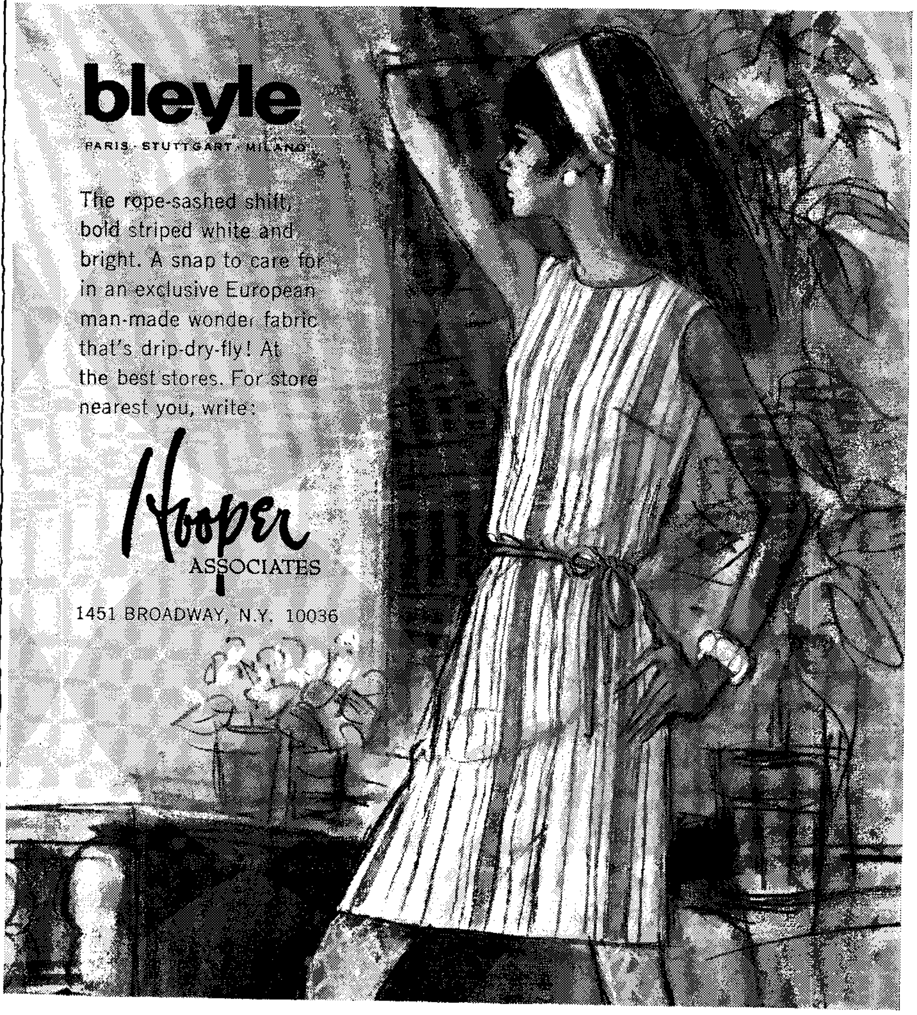


New "Custom Cabinet" Series. Write for Color Brochure N

Possibly the most elegant assemblage of contemporary furniture in all the world

Directional

New York: 979 Third Av., Decoration & Design B'ldg. • Chicago: 6-121 Merchandise Mart • Boston: Rapids Furniture Company
Public invited • Purchases through your decorator, architect or dealer • Write for brochure



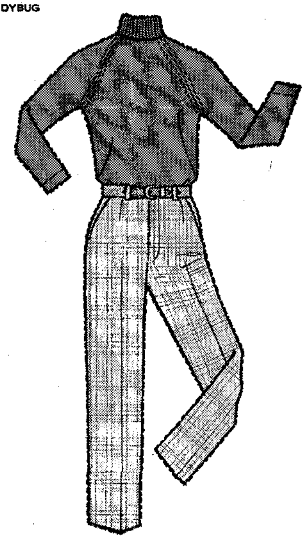
bleyle

PARIS · STUTTGART · MILANO

The rope-sashed shift, bold striped white and bright. A snap to care for in an exclusive European man-made wonder fabric that's drip-dry-fly! At the best stores. For store nearest you, write:

Hooper
ASSOCIATES
1451 BROADWAY, N.Y. 10036

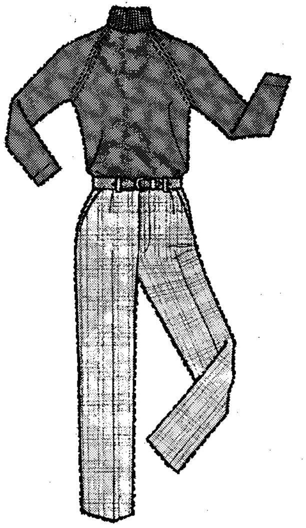
© 1967, LADYBUG



LADYBUG® in

What to wear for a fireside Sunday cracking nuts and daydreaming and watching the snow pile up on the sill. Or, equally, for a bright glowing Saturday throwing snowballs and promoting a sleighride and coming home with your cheeks pink. At nicer stores. Sweater. 34 to 40.
Sweater, about $14.

Ladybug®



or out

The turtleneck pullover is whispery virgin zephyr wool, zippered at the back of the neck, in colors appropriate to the fly-front slacks. The slacks are fully-lined wool in vivid cheerful glen plaidings of Forgetmenot, Shamrock, Azalea, or Honeydew. 3 to 15.
Slacks, about $21.

Ladybug®

PRICES SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN THE WEST

Electra. Altogether, the effect is powerful and wholly absorbing, and the music adds a great deal to it.

The cast, the other night, was again led by Brenda Lewis, an accomplished actress who can project all the anguish of Lizzie's predicament. Miss Lewis's voice was not at its best, but this hardly mattered in view of the kind of opera she was dealing with. Ellen Faull was again the evil stepmother. Anne Elgar, reported to be just out of a sickbed, sang the role of the younger sister to perfection. Richard Fredricks made a virile-looking and virile-sounding Captain Jason MacFarlane, David Smith an effective Father, and Nico Castel an excellent Reverend Harrington. Franco Patane conducted, and though one would not offhand think of him as the ideal maestro for such a grim New England operation, he did quite well. Among the superb aspects of the production is the scenery, by Peter Wexler—claustrophobic and evocative of nineteenth-century New England in a wonderfully inspired way.

IGOR STRAVINSKY, who is widely—indeed, popularly—regarded as the greatest composer in the world, is still, at the age of eighty-five, a controversial figure. He is also a preëminent leader of musical fashion, and unquestionably a skilled craftsman. How the future will regard his music is something one can only guess at. He is nowadays even more prolific as a writer (with the indispensable Robert Craft at his elbow) than as a composer, and the thought has sometimes crossed my mind that a composer who is perfectly sure of the ultimate worth of his music would not bother to explain and propagandize it so continuously, or to castigate his rivals and belabor the few critics who do not admire it unreservedly. The controversy continues, however, and Stravinsky undoubtedly enjoys it. The Swiss conductor Ernest Ansermet (once very active in Stravinsky's cause) has written a long and complicated book (so far, untranslated into English) in which he remarks, among other things, that while "Tea for Two" is "sublime," Stravinsky's music is not. And four years ago Vernon Duke published a book about the current state of music, called "Listen Here!" (Obolensky), in which he deplored the "deification of Stravinsky" and had a lot of unpleasant things to say about the Master. To me, Stravinsky has always been essentially a creator of theatre music. Even his most "abstract" works have a theatrical atmosphere, and the

Don't start looking for a house in New York's suburbs by going to the suburbs.

Go to the Chrysler Bldg.!

Let CLA (Country Living Associates) give you the big picture on New York Suburbs. In Connecticut we're CLA (Connecticut Living Associates), naturally! CLA is a network of Realtors who specialize in better properties. Each member is established in a key town of Connecticut, New York, or New Jersey. One call, letter or visit to the Chrysler Building puts the entire tri-state network at your service. Gives you the widest choice . . . in locations you like, at the price you want to pay. CLA makes appointments, will help with transportation and lodging. All at no extra cost!

FOR information, write CLA, Dept. 50, Chrysler Building, New York, N.Y. 10017. Phone 986-3717

Country Living Associates

CLA

PUT A TIGER ON YOUR DESK. Exciting green eyed 24 Kt. goldplated Tiger is either a scotchtape dispenser or a stapler; does double duty as a paperweight. 3½"x4". $10. ea. Add $.50 for postage and insurance.

SPECIFY CHOICE. Catalogue on request.

FOR THE GIFT YOU'D LIKE TO KEEP

VISIT OUR STORE DINERS CHARGE

Sawdust Gallery

Dept. Y 133 E. 56 St. N.Y., N.Y. 10022

EUROPE by CAR

Write for FREE 70 Page Full Color Catalogue, Savings on Car Rental and Purchase

VOLKSWAGEN VOLVO
MERCEDES JAGUAR
CITROEN PEUGEOT
RENAULT MG, ETC.

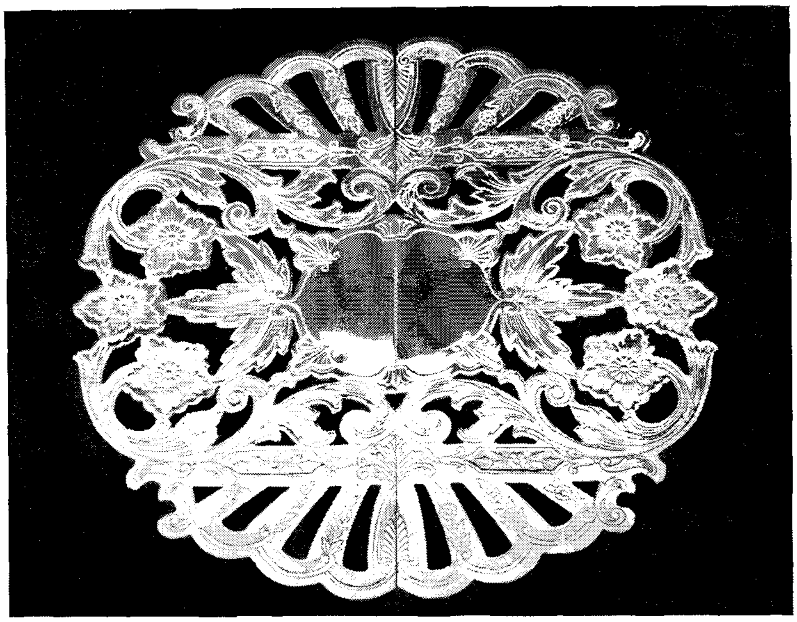
EUROPE BY CAR, INC.

630 Fifth Avenue, N. Y., N. Y. LT 1-3040
9000 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles, 272-0424

CAR (S)__________
Name__________
Address__________
City__________ State_____ NE-4

most memorable things in his entire output are ballets ("The Firebird," "Petrouchka," "Le Sacre du Printemps," "Apollon Musagète," "Orpheus," and so on) or operas (such as "Oedipus Rex" and "The Rake's Progress"). I admire his skill in doing what he claims he has set out to do—write pure music of design, with no communication, or attempt to arouse emotion, intended. On the other hand, I am temperamentally an admirer of Romantic music, which is to say music dating from Mozart's "Don Giovanni" on down to the works of Mahler and Richard Strauss, with such early Romanticists as J. S. Bach included, and many of Stravinsky's carefully calculated scores leave me quite cold. Stravinsky is no melodist (a failing that he has in common with many contemporary composers, to be sure). Most real melodies in his work are written in the style of other composers or of Russian folk music. He is a complete eclectic, which is perhaps a natural thing to be in an era when every style of music in history is well known. The only thing that really troubles me about Stravinsky is his enormous influence on younger composers—something for which he, of course, can hardly be held responsible. For thirty-five years he was the most widely imitated composer in the world, his only competitor in this regard being Arnold Schoenberg. Then, about a decade ago, he himself began imitating Schoenberg, and nearly every young composer followed him as if he were a Pied Piper. The result, I think, has been disastrous for contemporary music.

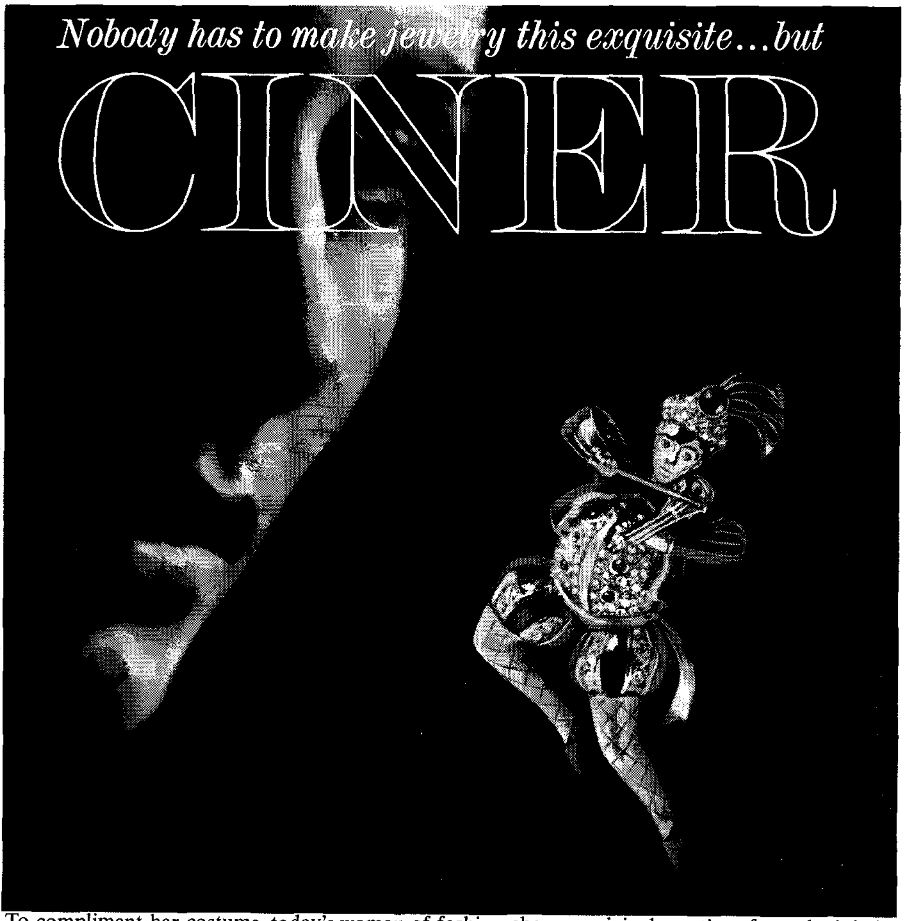
Stravinsky came to light in the nineteen-twenties more as a Parisian than as a Russian composer, though his earliest works have a very Russian character. The Paris in which he emerged was dominated by French painting and French literature. Music—especially the grand tradition of Italian-German-Austrian music (which had been dominant in France and also Russia)—was being regarded with great cynicism, for several reasons, memories of the First World War among them. Dada and anti-music were all the rage. In this atmosphere, Stravinsky created his own style, quite unrelated to the grand tradition, and began to write anti-Romantic music. French and Swiss composers in Paris were doing the same thing, but it is a tribute to Stravinsky that his music is still being seriously considered at a time when most of the Frenchmen and Swiss are forgotten. One Frenchman of the period still stands out, however—Francis Poulenc—and that is be-



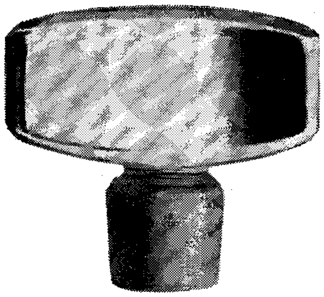
Only Wallace does it this way.

Wallace takes the prosaic and turns it into the unusual. For example, this elegant silverplate trivet 8½ inches long closed can be extended to 12¼ inches. $14.50. Other trivets from $7.75. All trivets with insulated feet. At fine stores.

Wallace Silversmiths
Wallingford, Conn. 06492



To compliment her costume, today's woman of fashion chooses original creations from the inimitable Ciner collection. Newest pin favorite...The Court Jester, gold finish with rhinestones and enamel. About $20. At B. Altman & Co.; Stix Baer & Fuller, St. Louis; R. H. Stearns Co., Boston; and other fine stores. Ciner Jewelers, 20 West 37th Street, New York; and Paris.



robe d'un soir

robe d'un soir

robe d'un soir

robe d'un soir

robe d'un soir

robe d'un soir

robe d'un soir

robe d'un soir

robe d'un soir

robe d'un soir

robe d'un soir

robe d'un soir

robe d'un soir

robe d'un soir

robe d'un soir

robe d'un soir

robe d'un soir

robe d'un soir

robe d'un soir

robe d'un soir

robe d'un soir

robe d'un soir

robe d'un soir

robe d'un soir.

The perfume with never ending charm.

robe
d'un
soir
carven
paris
france

cause Poulenc fooled them all. He only pretended to be an anti-Romantic. Actually, his music followed the language of the grand tradition. The cultural ramifications of the period, and the importance I attach to the word "Romantic" as applied to music, are things that I cannot go into at this point, except to state that Romanticism seems to me natural to music and inimical to the arts of painting and, to a lesser extent, literature. In Paris at that time, painting dominated. It is no coincidence that Stravinsky wrote "Le Sacre du Printemps" five years after Picasso discovered the beauty of African art, or that Stravinsky's idea that "music cannot express anything" evolved alongside the studios where the idea of abstract art was becoming fashionable. Not that I have anything against abstract art. It has always existed—for decorative if for no other purposes. But music—to me, at least—is not abstract. It portrays emotional states—or it is worthless—and it does this in an established and generally understood system of auditory symbols. In general, Stravinsky's music does not employ established symbols except where he is parodying the grand tradition or digging up archaisms for one reason or another.

On Monday night of last week, I attended an all-Stravinsky concert in Carnegie Hall, presented by the Rutgers University Choir and L'Orchestre National Français, under the direction of Jean Martinon. Two of Stravinsky's best works—"Le Sacre du Printemps" and "Symphony of Psalms"—were performed, and Mr. Martinon did them both full justice. The intervening work, "Requiem Canticles," held nothing of interest for me. But the big numbers were impressive, in their way. They aroused no emotion, of course, but they both had a rather splendid non-human dignity—like a view of the moon's surface.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

•

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur B. Sontag, 4344 Ridgeway drive, observed their 55th wedding anniversary October 30 at the home of their daughter, Mrs. Dwayne Smith, 8335 Overhill drive.

There are four strings on a ukulele.—*Kansas City (Mo.) Star.*

It doesn't seem possible.

•

Asked why there were no male sea lions at the zoo, a keeper said that the male is "belligerent, antagonistic and trouble-making when he is around females" and added: "They are born in California."—*The Times.*

There you are.

the village store

The Mini Robe . . .
Very short and shirty in shape, our quilted cotton in a tender young posy print to make glad the heart of any sprite. In shy shades of mauvey pink or lime. 8-14. 20.00.
Please mail orders to 217 Pierce St., Birmingham, Mich. 48011. Add 75¢ for handling. Catalog on request.

Come visit our stores in:
NEW YORK CITY, Lexington at 63rd St., PL 2-6895
Birmingham, Grosse Pointe, Saginaw, Ann Arbor, Mich.

Go Away
I'm Asleep

VELVET ADMONITION

A cunning little "pillow" to hang on your bedroom door if you do not wish to be disturbed. Your guests will love you dearly if you include one in the guest rooms. And a marvelous little gift with that touch of whimsy. Soft gold colors. Approx. 3½" x 6½", plus handle. $3.50 includes mailing. Please add 50¢ if sent as a gift.

EC **Edith Chapman** ROUTE 303 • DEPT. 24
ROCKLAND COUNTY, BLAUVELT, N.Y. 10913

Like most Out Island resorts, we're right on the water. End of similarity.

Most beautiful beach in the Bahamas. Our own fleet of sail and power boats. Gourmet restaurant. Great new swimming pool. Brand new air-conditioned rooms. Best bonefishing, shelling, reef exploring, and deep-sea fishing anywhere. (Yes, anywhere.) See your travel agent or our representatives (Leonard Hicks, Inc.) for brand new brochure. Or write us via air mail, 15c to the Bahamas.

out island inn
GEORGE TOWN, GREAT EXUMA, BAHAMAS

ONWARD AND UPWARD IN THE GARDEN

THE FLOWER ARRANGERS—I

FLOWER arrangement, which today has Americans in its grip—especially American women, myself included—has been going on since long before the birth of Christ. The evidence is there in the scenes on Egyptian vases and in tomb murals, in the patterns on early Persian carpets and brocades, in Greek sculpture, in Roman and Byzantine mosaics, and in Chinese, Indian, and Japanese art of all kinds—lacquers, screen and scroll paintings, porcelains, bronzes, and carved ivories. The progress of the art (or should I say vice?) over the ages is well and briefly described and voluminously illustrated in color and black-and-white in a book titled "Period Flower Arrangement," by Margaret Fairbanks Marcus (Barrows, 1952; ten dollars), a book that is of enough permanent value to be still in print. The background and the history are accompanied by suggestions on how to make flower arrangements that are in the manner of one period or another in history. For once, in the flood of books on how to arrange flowers, the modern so-called "period arrangements" shown in the illustrations are almost universally lovely. I would be proud to have accomplished any of them myself, even though I have never had much desire to make a period arrangement. Once in a while, I find I can't help making one inadvertently. Last summer, I picked what annuals had to be picked one morning in order to keep the plants in bloom, tucked them without thought into an Italian pottery jar, and suddenly found I had a multiflower, feathery concoction that looked quite like an Odilon Redon flower painting. (Feathery bouquets are not my habit, and I would rather have turned up with a Cézanne period piece than with a Redon.)

MARRIAGE LICENSE
O'BRIAN

"When he wants your advice, he'll ask for it."

Mrs. Marcus tells us that the earliest record of flowers arranged *in a container* in the Western world is a first-century-A.D. Roman mosaic, which the accompanying illustration shows as a graceful and unpretentious basket of roses, anemones, pinks, and smaller, unidentifiable flowers. An even more interesting illustration is of a fourteenth-century-B.C. wall painting from the tomb of King Apy in Thebes, the capital of ancient Upper Egypt during its greatest period of art and empire. The King, seated with his Queen near a table set with food, holds a formal, torch-shaped bouquet of lotus and lotus buds, their stems bound together tightly and covered by horizontal rows of petals and berries, in red, pale blue, and blue-black, making a formal design. A similar bouquet lies on a table in the background, where a second banquet is set forth; flowers and food were among the traditional Egyptian offerings to the dead. Another figure in the mural—servant or offspring?—appears to be handing the King still a third bouquet, held in a rather clumsy cylindrical holder with a rounded bottom, but I have not seen the mural, which is now in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, and if I had I would not be enough of an Egyptologist to know what this offering is. It *looks* like the tops of flowers, with the stems and leaves completely hidden in the cylinder. The judges of modern flower shows might be gratified to note the absence of visible stems in these ancient bouquets; not a stem shows in any of the Egyptian flower offerings. In fact, the flower arrangements of Thebes were as unflowerlike and as stiffly stylized as many of the exhibits in our contemporary flower shows. (I might explain to those who have never entered an arrangement in a modern flower show that the so-called "accredited" judges of what are known as "standard" flower shows sponsored by the National Council of State Garden Clubs do not usually approve of glass containers through which the stems of flowers can be seen, especially if the stems cross one another. I don't belong to a garden club, but I have entered a few bowls and vases of flowers in the pleasantly unpretentious flower show put on each summer by the garden club of my small Maine town. Happily, our club doesn't attempt to meet the regulations of a standard show, but sometimes an "accredited" judge is pressed into service, and I learned about this objection to crossed stems from one such visiting authority. I happen to love flowers in clear glass, provided the water is not cloudy or dirty, and since the stems of many delicate flowers—Shirley poppies, for instance—crisscross in my garden beds, I find them not unpleasant or unnatural to look at when

Worn by Grace Macdonald

antartex
SHEEPSKIN
No. 5: $99.oo

By Donald Macdonald (Antartex) Ltd., Loch Lomond, Scotland, suppliers to the Trans-Antarctic Expeditions. All sizes for men and women — 18 styles — 10 colours. Also made to measure. Catalogue and real sheepskin samples from Antartex Warehouse.

181 Greenwich Ave. (rear)
Greenwich, Conn. 06830
Phone 203-661-5788.

ANTARTEX SHEEPSKIN SHOPS:

New York City: LE 5-9079, 139 E. 76th St. (at Lex)
Cambridge, Mass: 868-6083, 50 Boylston, Harvard Yard 02138
Middleburg Saddlery, Va. 687-7211
Lake Forest, Ill: Robertson's, 240 E. Deerpath
Grand Rapids, Mich: Bill & Paul's Sporthaus
Chicago: Geneva Ill., 232-4434, 200 South 3rd St. (E.W. Toll to U.S. 31)
Minneapolis, Minn: 339-1276, 920 Nicollet

they are crisscrossed in a transparent vase.)

To revert to our ancient history, Egyptians liked to carry formal bouquets and to arrange flowers stiffly in basins or in wide-mouthed vases with tapering pedestals or in tall "spout vases," but they were also as famous as the Greeks and the Romans for their wreaths, garlands, and chaplets of flowers. In general, the garland, the tray heaped with flowers, and the cornucopia filled with fruits and blossoms were the most common and delightful arrangements of the classical Mediterranean world. Byzantium, however, the Eastern capital of the Roman Empire, was influenced by early Oriental art, and Byzantine bouquets were more formal than the classical Mediterranean, tending to the spire or cone of green studded with flowers, rather like our modern florists' Christmas-dinner centerpieces of evergreens trimmed with small Christmas-tree ornaments.

FROM the earliest days, the symbolism of flowers was an important element—probably most of all in the Orient, and especially in China and Japan. Japan, with its emphasis on ritual, has made the biggest fuss about arranging flowers and had the greatest impact on Westerners. Dedicated flower arrangers in this country and Europe must by now be soaked in the history of Japanese *ikebana* (the Japanese word for "flower arrangement"), since every season brings a new set of books on the subject, yet I'm sure most of the Occidental writer-arrangers must still be floundering in the details and nuances of the rules, just as I am. I have made an honest effort to absorb the principles and the strict laws of the Japanese art in most of its branches, but the books have different and often conflicting explications and interpretations, whether written by Japanese or by European, English, or American writers, and, to add to the confusion, every writer in English translates the meaning of the Japanese ideographs slightly differently and spells them wholly differently. I shall sum up my muddled impressions of the history and complexity of the art of *ikebana* as best I can. I do so in part because this Japanese emphasis on rules has certainly had great impact on the flower shows held under the auspices of the ubiquitous National Council of State Garden Clubs. These garden-club rules, which we'll come to eventually, have little to do with the art of *ikebana*, but the Council's idea of strict requirements for putting flowers in vases seems

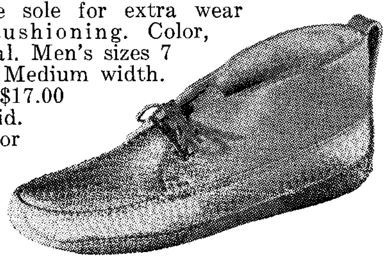
No two figures are alike!

The woman who demands perfection chooses the Delineator, which is exactly fitted to your individual needs, and provides both beauty and comfort. 39 sizes, 6 styles, all materials and colors. From $28.50. No extra charge for special patterns. One year guarantee.

Jerlé
DELINEATOR ©
15 EAST 57th STREET
BETWEEN 5th AND MADISON AVES.
NEW YORK, N.Y. 10022 • PL 5-6250

Bean's
Sheep Lined Mocca-Boots

Ruggedly constructed, comfortable ankle moccs for tramping about cold floors or bare ground. Heavy chrome tanned cowhide with hand sewed toe piece. Fully lined with thick, genuine sheepskin. Double sole for extra wear and cushioning. Color, natural. Men's sizes 7 to 12. Medium width. Price, $17.00 postpaid. Send for Free Catalog.



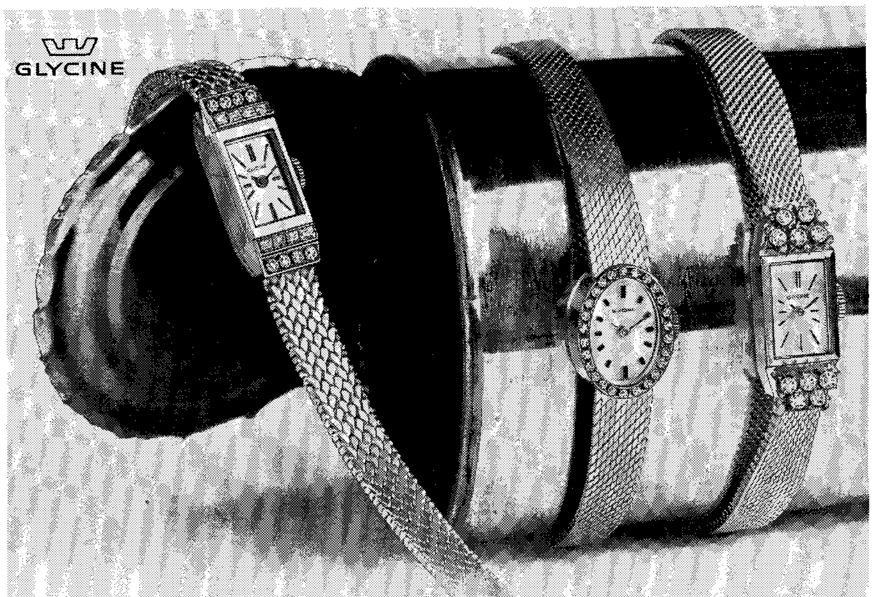
L. L. Bean, Inc.
402 Main St., Freeport, Maine 04032
Hunting, Fishing, and Camping Specialties

Gourmet, you've met your match.
The (Buffalo) Roundtable
153 Delaware Avenue
Buffalo, N.Y. 14202
(716) 853-7055

to have stemmed originally from the Orient.

The very earliest Japanese arrangements were offerings of cut greens at Shinto shrines; no flowers were used. The use of flowers and of colors other than green came to Japan from China in the seventh century A.D., with the earliest Buddhist priests, but it was not until the fifteenth century that a number of *ryu*, or schools, of formal flower arrangement began to flourish. There are many, many more there today, specializing in the various styles, such as Rikkwa (or Rikka) and Shoka (or Sheika or Shakei), the classic ancient forms, or the more recent but still early styles, such as Nageire and Moribana, each one of which appears to have a myriad variations. The most recent of all is called Free Style, and *it* has three branches, with the revealingly Occidental designations of "avant-garde," "objet," and, inevitably, "abstract." But this free-style method, derived from the West, is quite out of the Japanese main line of flower arrangement and its complex flower symbolism.

One can get at least a misty idea of the whole elaborate business from two books out of the many scores available—"Japanese Flower Arrangement: Classical and Modern," by Norman J. Sparnon (Tuttle, 1960; fifteen dollars), a large volume illustrated with a hundred not very good color plates and even more numerous photographs, drawings, and diagrams, and "The Masters' Book of Ikebana," which was published last year. The latter, a huge volume weighing a ton and by far the more beautiful book of the two, though not necessarily the more reliable, is bound in green Japanese silk brocade and is a publication of Bijutsu Shuppan-sha, Tokyo. (It is available in this country, by mail, through the International Book Society, Time-Life Building, Chicago, for twenty-nine dollars and ninety-five cents.) The book is edited by Donald Richie and Meredith Weatherby and contains a useful chronology and some long historical-background chapters by Mr. Richie, followed by lessons from the headmasters of three of today's most famous schools of flower arranging—the Ikenobo, the Ohara, and the Sogetsu. The illustrations—more than four hundred of them, a hundred and twenty of which are in color—are what really matter most to me in this deluxe production. They start out with the delightful *ikebana* to be seen in old Japanese prints and floral manuals and in ancient paintings on scrolls, screens,


GLYCINE

MMM-MMM GOOD!
Glycine, one of the truly great Swiss watches.
Left to right: $425. $300. $350.
Each goes beautifully with everything from soup to nuts.

A Lambert diamond is for now.

LAMBERT BROTHERS
Jewelers Since 1877
545 Madison Avenue at 55th Street
New York

I never say no to Catto

CATTO
JC
1861
CATTO
Catto's
Gold Label
SCOTCH WHISKY
A BLEND
JAMES CATTO & COMPANY LTD, ABERDEEN, SCOTLAND
PROOF
PRODUCE OF SCOTLAND
4/5 QUART

Catto Gold Label Scotch
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKIES 86 PROOF, VICTOR FISCHEL & CO., INC., N.Y.C. SOLE U.S.A. IMPORTERS.

HOW'S YOUR HOTEL I.Q.?

What hotel is the only one in the world with color TV in every room?
ANSWER:

What hotel is the only one in the world with an Adjustable Bed (with vibrator) — in every room?
ANSWER:

What hotel is the only one in the world with a BarcaLounger Chair in every room?
ANSWER:

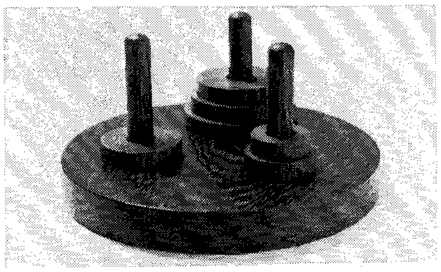
IN ADDITION TO LUXURIOUS SERVICE, WHAT HOTEL HAS THE FOLLOWING IN EVERY ROOM:

Telefunken Radio?
Bathroom extension phone?
Butler's Pantry with Refrigerator?
Electric Shoe Polisher?
Air-Conditioning?
Irish Linen Towels?
Silent Valet?
"Catnap Throw"?
Electric Wall Clock?

ANSWER:

THE Tuscany
"New York's Biggest Little Hotel"
39th Street just East of Park Avenue
New York, New York 10016
Bertram Weal, General Manager
(212) 686-1600, Teletype 212-867-6585

May we send you a brochure?



THE TOWER GAME: a witty gift for puzzle fiends and precocious children. "Geniuses" get all six rings on one peg in 63 moves, never putting a larger one over a smaller one. 3-in. high, 6-in. diameter, made in Denmark of wenge wood exclusively for us. Gift wrapped and postpaid, **8.95.** In California, add 5% sales tax.

curt wagner
1729 S. CATALINA AVE., REDONDO BEACH, CALIF. 90277

and wooden panels, and progress to photographs of the contemporary Japanese arrangements that illustrate the lessons by the modern masters. The jump from the ancient past to the present is rather shocking, for the photographs of the early examples are indeed visions of beauty—as art, as arrangements of flowers, and as color reproductions—whereas the modern *ikebana* (to these eyes, anyway) are quite often hideous both as arrangements of flowers and as color photographs, and sometimes they come near to being ludicrous. Some do retain the old charm. Yet if this Japanese national preoccupation seems to me to be on the decline as an art, it is surging forward as a business. The Ikenobo School alone, which claims to have been founded in 1462, has now two institutes and three hundred branch schools and three million students in Japan itself, and there are branches of the school scattered over the globe, five of them in this country. As for the text of the book, Mr. Richie's historical chapters, which make up the first half, attempt to cover, in orderly progression and in all too Occidental terminology, the periods and the varying habits and styles of the Nipponese way with flowers, from prehistory to the present. As for facts, he adds some useful new material, but for an interpretation of the spiritual meaning and symbolism of it all I find his chapters less illuminating than the books by Gustie Herrigel and Lafcadio Hearn, which I shall describe later.

As I've said, no two people agree on the history and techniques of Japanese flower arrangement, but I shall go out on a limb and continue to give my own ideas of the basic principles of *ikebana*, drawn from many books and sources. For the traditional classical styles, the student must first learn "The Principle of Three." This means three branches in a container (or it could be one stem with three branches), the tallest of which is called *shin*, for Heaven, the medium length *so*, for Man, and the shortest *gyo*, for Earth. This is the triad that, to the Japanese, represents the cosmos. As for symbolism, most of which came to Japan from China, there is far more to it than the triad. Not only is every flower or tree a symbol of something—a plum blossom signifies "resistance to injury" and also "new hope"—but there is a more general symbolism, which is the Chinese principle of opposites called Yin and Yang, or, by the Japanese, Yin and Yan or In and Yo. (I warned you!) Yin, according to Webster, is the feminine, or

"Guess I'll just have to have a show-down with Norman Hilton."

Now you're talking. Seems like every Cambridge football weekend, every Hunt Meet from Rolling Rock to Essex, a Norman Hiltoner has crossed your bow. Deck yourself in your best sport jacket though you may, there's just a knack Norman Hilton has for the softer hand-rolled lapel, the smoothed collar, the molded shoulder—makes your usual sport coat look like a thrown-in towel. Get the Norman Hiltoners off your back. Get a Norman Hilton on your back. Know by his label that it's a special sport coat developed for Abercrombie & Fitch. In the Abercrombie Men's Club—New York, 4th floor—Chicago, 3rd floor—San Francisco, 3rd floor.

ABERCROMBIE & FITCH
NEW YORK A&F CHICAGO
SAN FRANCISCO

Madison Ave at 45th 10017
MU 2-3600

Guaranteed against loss for one full year!

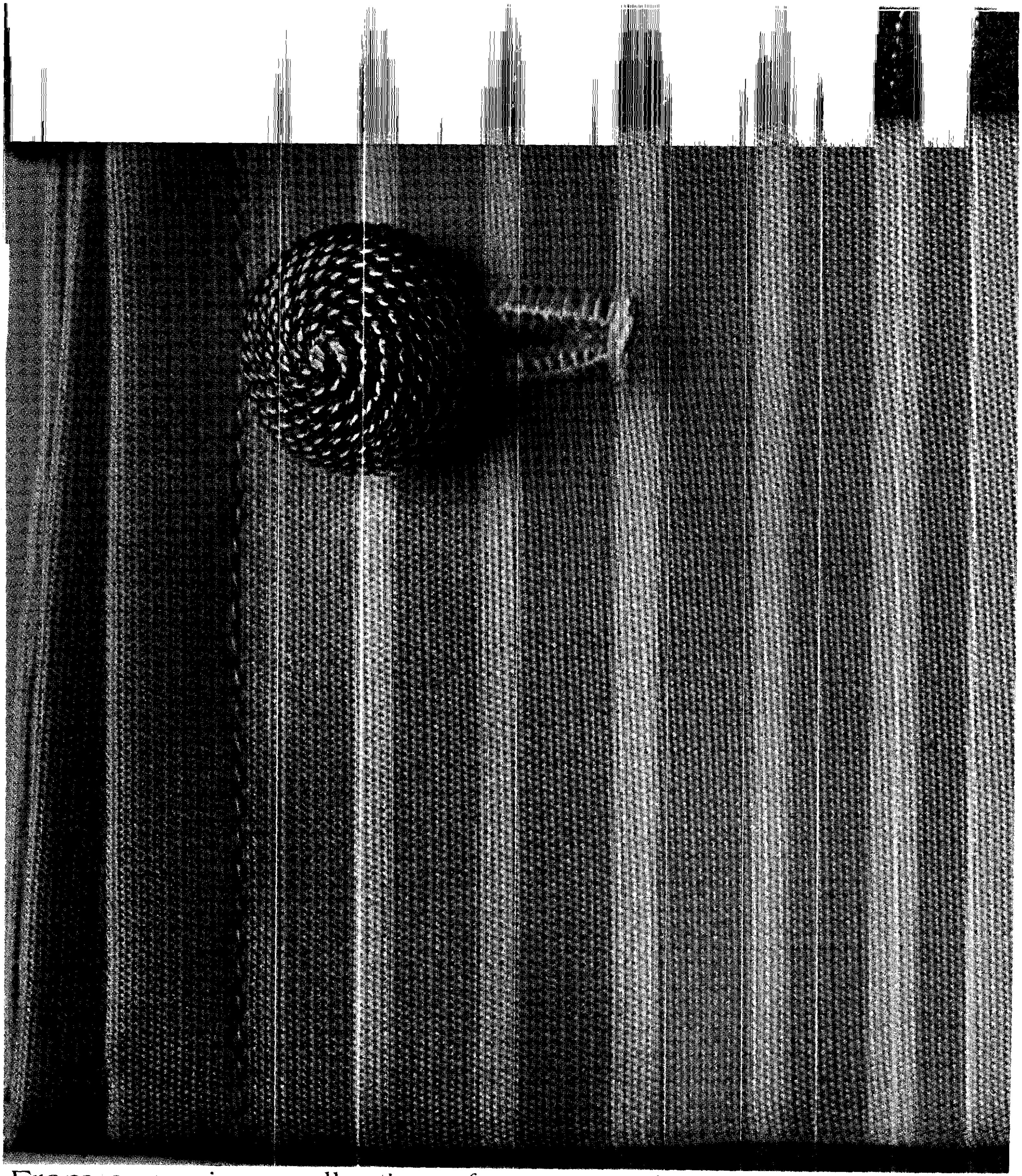
"UNCLE HENRY"
ONE OF THE WORLD'S FINEST POCKET KNIVES
$10.00
Hand-made in U.S. by
SCHRADE WALDEN
DIV., IMPERIAL KNIFE ASSOC. CO'S.

3 9/16" closed
At fine stores like
ABERCROMBIE & FITCH CO.
New York Chicago San Francisco

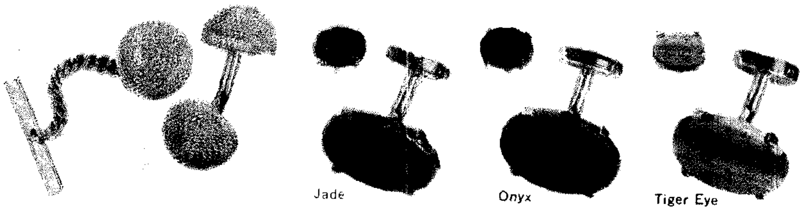
Le Restaurant Par Excellence
LUNCHEON · COCKTAILS
DINNER · OPEN SUNDAY
QUO VADIS
26 EAST 63D ST. at MADISON AVE., N.Y.C. · TE 8-0590

RESTAURANT
L'Aiglon
CONTINENTAL CUISINE OF DISTINCTION FOR LUNCHEON AND DINNER
PRE-THEATRE DINNER
PRIVATE DINING FACILITIES
13 E. 55TH, N.Y.C. PL 3-7296
OPEN SUNDAYS

The finest in Italian Food
ITALIAN PAVILION
24 W. 55TH, N.Y.C.
JU 6-5950
daily except Sunday
luncheon cocktails dinner



From our unique collection of Continental cufflink and tie tac sets, $10 at **Altman's, Gimbels, Macy's** and **Stern's,** New York City; **Gertz,** Jamaica; **Bamberger's,** Newark; **The Broadway,** Los Angeles; **Famous Barr,** St. Louis; **The Hecht Co.,** Baltimore & Washington, D.C.; **J. L. Hudson,** Detroit; **Strawbridge & Clothier,** Philadelphia; **Foley's,** Houston; **Macy's,** San Francisco; **Shillito's,** Cincinnati; **L. S. Ayres,** Indianapolis; **The Boston Store,** Milwaukee. In the men's departments of all stores and branches.

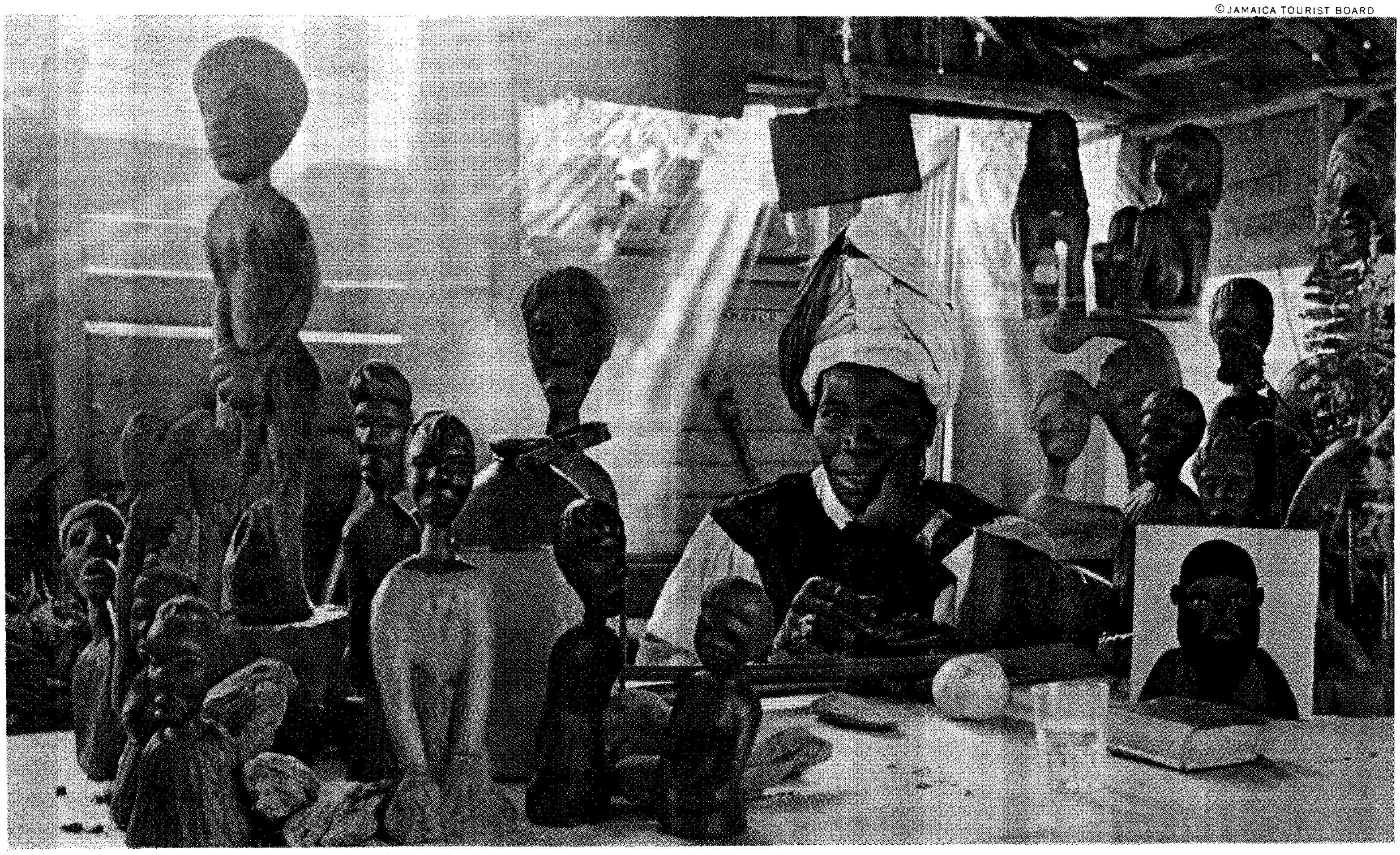


DANTÉ

THE CUSTOM DIVISION OF SHIELDS, INC./401 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

JAMAICA

© JAMAICA TOURIST BOARD



Meet Mallica Reynolds:
wood sculptor,
painter, family man,
Bible scholar.
And Pocomaniac.

Mallica Reynolds burns myrrh for inspiration and writes mystical explanations in Biblical Aramaic for his dark, sensuous works.

He's also a gentle father.

He's also a little mad.

On Sundays, he leads the services of a hand-clapping revivalist religion called Pocomania (literally, "little madness").

In Jamaica, we have a lot of swinging hymn-singing.

Sunday morning to Sunday night, drive up and down the North Coast and hear heavenly voices floating over cane fields. (We sing loud, too.)

Stop. Come into our country churches, our cathedrals, our reading rooms, our temples.

Yes, temples.

We have the oldest Jewish community in the Western world.

Plus Anglican, Buddhist, Salvation Army, you name it.

Our religions come from the whole world.

Same as our people—descended and blended from every national ancestry.

Same as our food—a mixture of fried wonton, fettucine, boeuf fondue, scones, and Typhoo tea.

Same as our language—a garble of English, African, Spanish, Scottish and Welsh that winds up calling a married woman "mistress," calling men *and* women "mon," and using the words "bare" and "pure" to mean "only."

(As in what a man said after visiting a Moravian church: "Mon, on one side they have bare women; and on the other, pure men.")

For more about our mixed-up country, see your local travel agent or Jamaica Tourist Board in New York, San Francisco, Chicago, Los Angeles, Miami, Toronto.

negative, and dark principle; Yang is the male, or positive—the bright and beneficent principle. Theoretically, they should both be embodied in every Japanese arrangement. (One might note here that for centuries men were the Japanese flower arrangers and that only in modern times have women been allowed to study the art.) Gustie Herrigel, the author of "Zen in the Art of Flower Arrangement," however, puts it in a way more kind to my sex. She says that Yo-Yin (as *she* terms the opposites) is meant to demonstrate not a contrast but a principle of balance. "Yo," she writes, "signifies the sunny side . . . [and] symbolizes the generative, flowering principle of Nature. Its colours are red, purple, pink. Yin, on the other hand, is receptive. It is thought of as dark, lying in the shadow. Its form . . . is suggested by buds and curves. It is correlated with the left side, and its colours are white, yellow, blue." Correlated with the left side? Yes, there are right-sided and left-sided Japanese bouquets, each with its meaning, but here, dazed, I stop short in my summary, lest it become "confusion worse confounded." It is safe to say that in the Orient it was, and is, Yin and Yang, Yin and Yan, In and Yo, and, one might add, *Zen and all zat.*

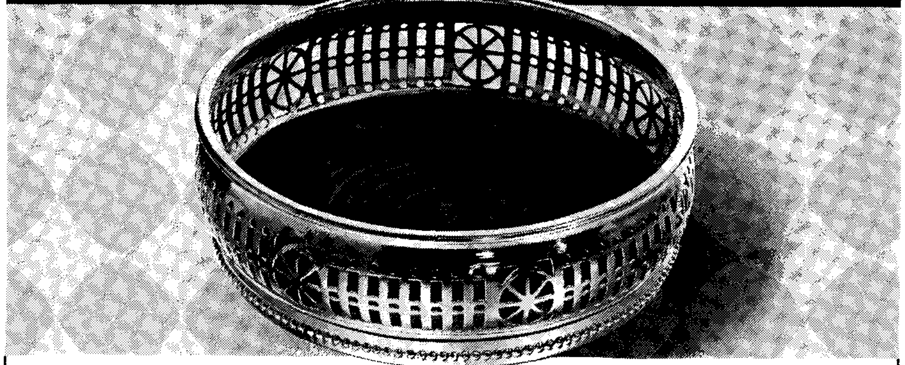
I mean no irreverence to Zen Buddhism, which I hold in respect; by all odds my favorite modern treatise on Japanese flower arrangement is the book I have just quoted from, "Zen in the Art of Flower Arrangement." It is a small and, to me, moving book, translated from the German by R. F. C. Hull, and first published here in 1958 by the Charles T. Branford Company. I commend it to your attention. The brief foreword, by Daisetz T. Suzuki, gives the perfect contemporary explanation of "the breath of the spirit" that binds art and religion together in the history of Japanese culture. "The art of flower arrangement is not, in its truest sense, an art," writes Dr. Suzuki, "but rather the expression of a much deeper experience of life." Most Occidentals who try to express or imitate this deeper experience have not had much luck, if one is to judge by the photographs of American arrangements in the Japanese manner that pepper the current books by English and American writers on the Japanese way with flowers. There are exceptions, but for the most part our Occidental attempts at Oriental simplicity, style, spirituality, and symbolism seem to miss the mark. We can learn the techniques and copy the styles, but Oriental symbolism

"Hear-no-evil" bottle carriers

During the 18th century, guests used bottle coasters like this to slide bottles to each other along silken-smooth tables. (Waiters were not used because they often sold overheard secrets to professional blackmailers.) Today this handsome wine coaster is made in England to protect your table and linen. Candlelight turns its pierced silver-plated sides into an interesting pattern of light and dark. Any hostess would be as happy as you to receive one. Each, $15.50.

Write for illustrated folder.

Ellis-Barker
SILVER COMPANIES
LEGENDARY ENGLISH SILVERSMITHS
1107 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10010



California: Burlingame—Rorke's / **D.C.:** Washington—Chas. Schwartz & Son / **Florida:** Hollywood—Mayor's Jewelers; Miami—Mayor's Jewelers; St. Petersburg—Louise Ainsworth, Inc. / **Illinois:** Chicago—Marshall Field & Co.; Hinsdale—The Old Metal Shop / **Kentucky:** Louisville—C.H.R. Lyon Inc. / **Michigan:** Detroit—Charles W. Warren / **Mississippi:** Clarksdale—Gift and Art / **New Jersey:** Trenton—Hamilton Jewelers / **Ohio:** Cleveland—Potter & Mellen; Columbus—Argo & Lehne Jewelers; Youngstown—Raymond Brenner / **Oklahoma:** Tulsa—Le Marquis / **Pennsylvania:** Allentown—P.A. Freeman Inc. / **South Carolina:** Columbia—Sylvan Bros.; Greenville—Smithwick Jewelers / **Tennessee:** Memphis—Gift and Art / **Texas:** San Antonio—E. Hertzberg Jewelers / **Virginia:** Charlottesville—Keller & George; Norfolk—Frank R. Ford Co.; Richmond—Schwarzschild Bros. / **Wisconsin:** Madison—E.W. Parker Inc.; Milwaukee—George Watts & Son

WRITE FOR NAME OF DEALER NEAREST YOU.

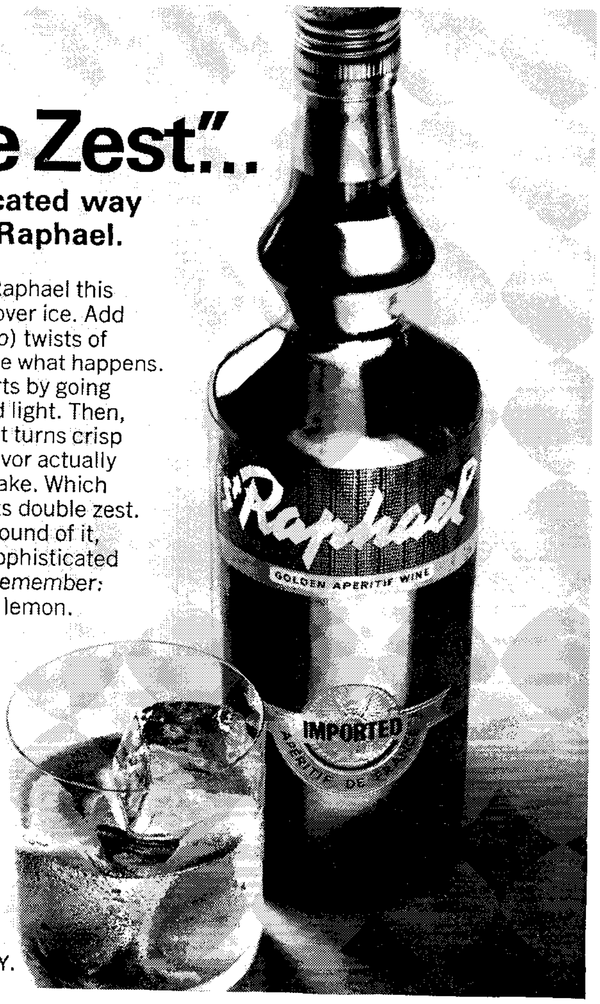
Prices slightly higher west of the Rockies.

203

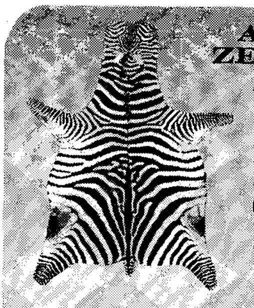
"Double Zest"...

the sophisticated way to enjoy St. Raphael.

Try golden St. Raphael this way. Pour some over ice. Add two (repeat, *two*) twists of lemon, sip, and notice what happens. St. Raphael starts by going down smooth and light. Then, right in mid-sip, it turns crisp and tangy. Its flavor actually does a double-take. Which gives St. Raphael its double zest. If you like the sound of it, experience the sophisticated taste of it. But remember: *two* twists of lemon.



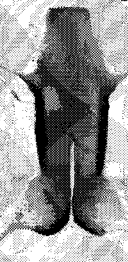
RENFIELD IMPORTERS, LTD., N.Y.



AFRICAN ZEBRA RUG

Most fashionable elegant accessory from America's outstanding selection. How can we do it at this low price? We import direct from Africa! Average length 8'. $195. Add $3 postage.

SPRINGBOK THROW RUG



The fleet Springbok, largest of the gazelles—is the symbol of South African sport. The Springbok skin, in shades of beige and brown, accented with white, is a natural for every room, any decor. Average 4'. $24.95. Add $1.50 postage.

GENUINE ZEBRA COASTERS

Thick saddle leather backing. Unique, durable, attractive. 3½" diameter. 4 for $10 ppd.

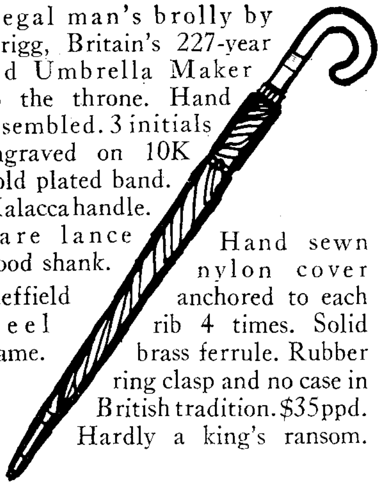
THE OSTRICH EGG

Supersized edition of nature's most perfect shape. The most "in" ornament you can find. Average 5½ x 4½. On hand-turned polished rosewood base. $32.95. Add $1.25 postage.

Visit our new showroom or order by mail. Satisfaction guaranteed. WRITE FOR FREE 1968 CATALOG—64 pages of the unique and unusual.

HUNTING WORLD
247 EAST 50 STREET, NEW YORK 10022
DEPT. NY (212) PL 5-3400

$35 BARGAIN.



Regal man's brolly by Brigg, Britain's 227-year old Umbrella Maker to the throne. Hand assembled. 3 initials engraved on 10K gold plated band. Malacca handle. Rare lance wood shank. Hand sewn nylon cover anchored to each rib 4 times. Solid Sheffield steel frame. brass ferrule. Rubber ring clasp and no case in British tradition. $35ppd. Hardly a king's ransom.

UNCLE SAM

UNCLE SAM UMBRELLA®

WEST: 110 W. 45th
EAST: 660 Lexington

Send for fascinating free catalog

JU 2-1976
Open 8:45 till 6:00

transplanted to the Western world is nearly always a bit ersatz. Our sources of inspiration are inherited from the West and are quite different, and our approach to the natural world and to flowers, while often fervent and even religious, is a different approach. A few final quotes from Mrs. Herrigel might help prove my point:

> From whatever side the Westerner seeks access to the spiritual life of the East, he will encounter quite special difficulties. Almost always he is in danger of wanting to penetrate intellectually into what lies beyond the intellect, into something that is given to Eastern man directly, and which he experiences in unquestioning reality. . . .
>
> Even though there are many things in flower-setting that can be said and shown, yet behind everything that can be visibly represented there stands, waiting to be experienced by everyone, the mystery and deep ground of existence. . . . Not the slightest intention of arranging [flowers] "beautifully" must disturb this self-immersion.

She also explains what most Westerners now know—that a Japanese garden is not a place to grow flowers and that in Japan there are very few meadows alive with wild flowers. The Japanese, young and old, do not pick wild flowers. They revere them in their natural setting and they go to view special beauty spots and flower displays. The flowers they arrange for their homes are usually grown commercially. As everyone knows, most Japanese homes have a niche, or *tokonoma*, where arrangements are placed in a spirit of dedication, to be viewed for their spiritual value by members of the family and their visitors.

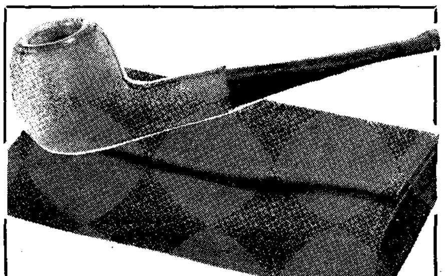
I AND doubtless thousands of other Americans who are old enough to remember the late eighteen-nineties and early nineteen-hundreds got our first knowledge of Japan, Japanese gardens, and the Japanese attitude toward flowers from Lafcadio Hearn's "Glimpses of Unfamiliar Japan," which was published in the United States in 1894. My elders had read it in a public-library copy, but the book was given to me at an early age—perhaps I was twelve—by my New England aunt who had taken the then astounding step of marrying a Japanese. I found it delightful, and for years I cherished its two volumes and sometimes reread them. Hearn was born on one of the Ionian Islands, in 1850, of an Irish Catholic father and a Greek mother, and his Japanese-sounding first name was originally spelled "Lefcadio," a name his parents based on the name of his island of birth, Leucadia—

We really know how to treat a guy!*

There's room service, night maid service, cleaning and pressing service, valet parking, airline reservation and show ticket service, two swimming pools, famous restaurants and lounges with nightly entertainment, color television and ice maker refrigerators in all 700 rooms and a host of other extras found only in a really great luxury hotel. We are new enough to have the latest conveniences and old enough to know how to care for our guests. On your next Los Angeles visit, come stay with us.

THE BEVERLY HILTON
BEVERLY HILLS, CALIFORNIA • (213) 274-7777
FOR RESERVATIONS AT ALL HILTON, STATLER HILTON AND OTHER LEADING HOTELS, PHONE HILTON RESERVATION SERVICE. IN NEW YORK—567-6900

*And gals too with our special Lady Hilton program.



Red Suede
Pipe and Tobacco Pouch

A custom-made briar pipe from France in the 5½" Bulldog model, leather-bound in hollyberry red suede. The very last word for any pipe collection . . . a superb gift. Roll-up red suede tobacco pouch is lined. Handsome, good-smoking, unique for men. Pipe $8.95 ppd.; Pouch $5.95 ppd. Free Catalog on request.

Johnny Appleseed's
52 Dodge St., Beverly, Mass. 01915
Don't forget your Zip Code!

Los

Chavales de España

Shows 9 & 12
Sat.: 9-12-2 A. M.

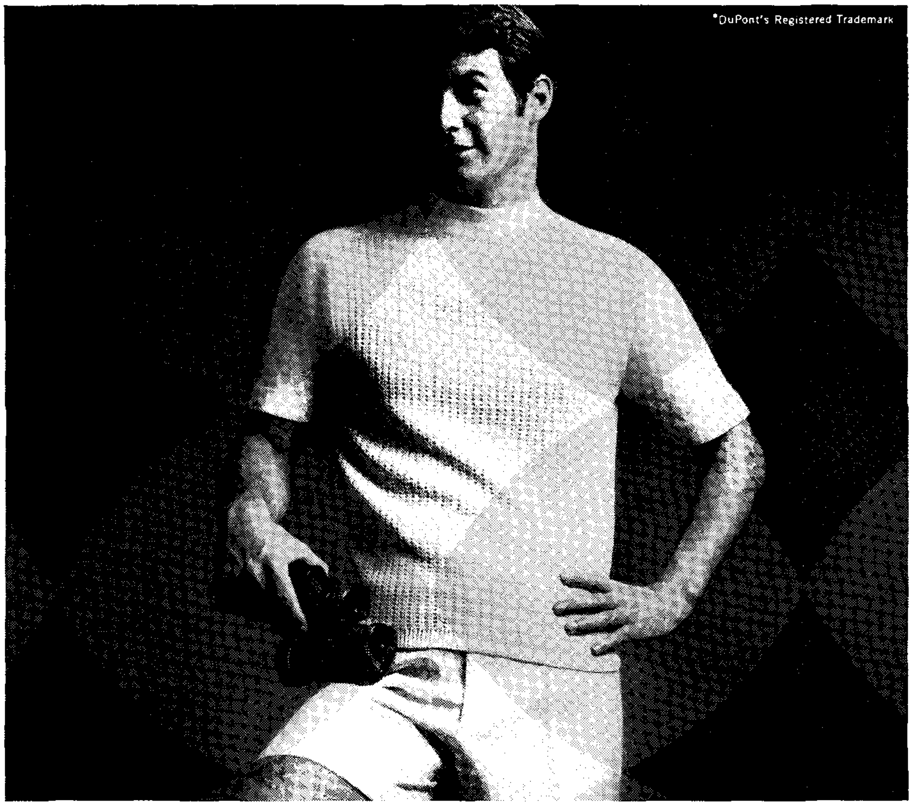
CHATEAU MADRID
42 WEST 58th ST. • PL 3-3773

which, says the Encyclopædia Britannica, was pronounced "Lefcadia." Later, Hearn himself changed the spelling to "Lafcadio." At the age of nineteen, he came to this country, and he lived on a meagre income from sporadic journalism until, in 1887, a New Orleans paper sent him to the West Indies. In 1890, *Harper's New Monthly* sent him to Japan as a foreign correspondent. The latter assignment did not last long, but in Japan Hearn found his spiritual home and a post as teacher of English at the University of Tokyo. He married a Japanese, became a Buddhist, and was naturalized under the name of Yakumo Koizumi. "Glimpses" was his most famous book, but eleven more about Japan were to follow before his death, in 1904. His love of the ancient and as yet un-Westernized Japan and his detestation of Occidental ways with gardens and cut flowers run throughout this book. Hear him in Volume II of "Glimpses":

> After having learned—merely by seeing, for the practical knowledge of the art requires years of study and experience, besides a natural, instinctive sense of beauty—something about the Japanese manner of arranging flowers, one can thereafter consider European ideas of floral decoration only as vulgarities. This observation is not the result of any hasty enthusiasm, but a conviction settled by long residence in the interior. I have come to understand the unspeakable loveliness of a solitary spray of blossoms arranged as only a Japanese expert knows how to arrange it—not by simply poking the spray into a vase, but by perhaps one whole hour's labor of trimming and posing and daintiest manipulation—and therefore I cannot think now of what we Occidentals call a "bouquet" as anything but a vulgar murdering of flowers, an outrage upon the color sense, a brutality, an abomination.

Earlier, in Volume I, when he is describing a *matsuri*, or sacred festival, held at night in the streets of a small city, he comes upon a silent crowd gathered around a street booth:

> As soon as one can get a chance to look one finds there is nothing to look at but a few vases containing sprays of flowers, or perhaps some light gracious branches freshly cut from a blossoming tree. It is simply a little flower show, or, more correctly, a free exhibition of master skill in the arrangement of flowers. For the Japanese do not brutally chop off flower heads to work them up into meaningless masses of color, as we barbarians do: they love nature too well for that; they know how much the natural charm of the flower depends upon its setting and mounting, its relation to leaf and stem, and they select a single graceful branch or spray just as nature made it. At first you will not, as a Western stranger, comprehend such an exhibition at all: You are yet a savage in such matters compared with the commonest coolies about you. But even while



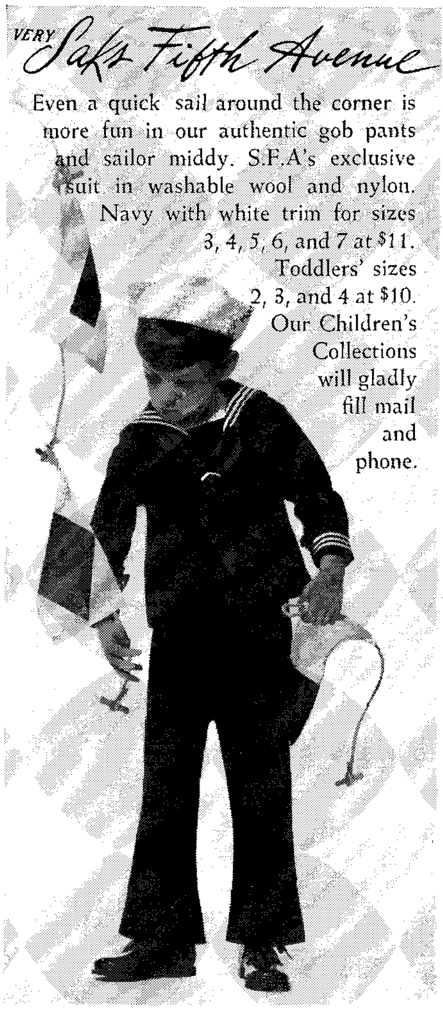
the **Trend** is to wide open spaces in full-fashioned BAN-LON® knits

How cool can a sport shirt get? Trend Fashions shows the way with a lustrous, full-fashioned airy mesh Ban-Lon knit Trenceta shirt. Knit in America in silk-textured 100% Antron* nylon with mock turtleneck. No wonder the trend is to Trend Fashions, 350 Fifth Ave., N.Y. 10001.

Trend fashions® by Huntley of York

Evans Slippers make any mans castle A home
Troubador
Evans
HAND TURNED
Slippers for Men

For King and Comfort . . . TROUBADOR, red, blue denim or black glove leather.
Evans sandals $7.00 to $10.00 at fine stores everywhere.
L. B. Evans' Son Company, Wakefield, Mass. 01880



VERY Saks Fifth Avenue

Even a quick sail around the corner is more fun in our authentic gob pants and sailor middy. S.F.A's exclusive suit in washable wool and nylon. Navy with white trim for sizes 3, 4, 5, 6, and 7 at $11. Toddlers' sizes 2, 3, and 4 at $10. Our Children's Collections will gladly fill mail and phone.

BIKING BEATS HIKING!

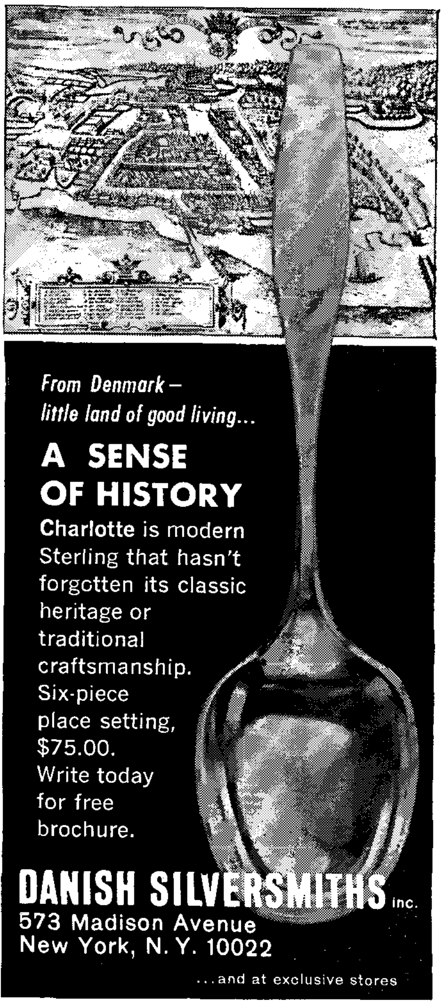
Find free-wheeling joy for girl or boy at painless prices! We're big wheels in bicycles. Experts! We fit them properly, service those we sell. We've all sizes, all makes. Imported or domestic. Bikes with side wheels for young beginners and *plenty of those hard to find in-between sizes!* Racers, sport models, convertibles. Giving the keep-fit bit a whirl? Select a bike for yourself and your spouse. *Roll along on a tandem for two.* Whatever your choice *we've a bicycle built for you.* Best of all we send them assembled in our delivery area! *P. S. Tuesday evenings and Saturdays and Sundays cars are banished from Central Park. Happy cycling!*

Rappaport's
TOY BAZAAR INC.
1381 Third Ave., New York 10021
our address since 1892
Toy Headquarters for Smart New York
(TRafalgar 9-3383-84)

you are still wondering at popular interest in this simple little show, the charm of it will begin to grow upon you, will become a revelation to you; and, despite your Occidental idea of self-superiority, you will feel humbled by the discovery that all flower displays you have ever seen abroad were only monstrosities in comparison with the natural beauty of those few simple sprays.

Lafcadio Hearn was a reporter with an eye for beauty, and he could write, but, illuminating as his key book was and is, I feel that it may have presaged and hastened the present-day self-consciousness of the earnest American flower arranger. Hearn could hardly have realized what a floodgate he had opened, and in this book he gave no hint of knowing the strict rules that presumably governed the hours of patient, loving labor that went into the placing of his solitary spray. Better than most Westerners, though, he grasped the spirit and dedication behind the Japanese arrangers' "master skill."

"Glimpses of Unfamiliar Japan" had its good results and its bad. Certainly, in our New England household, some of them were good. The odd-shaped Tiffany "greenery-yallery" glass bowl, filled, usually, with fat pink store carnations, which used to stand anachronistically on my Maine grandmother's small Chippendale sewing table between the French doors of our pink parlor, was eventually banished to the dining room, where it was used for party centerpieces on the round mahogany dining table. There, at Christmas, it was filled with scarlet carnations and asparagus fern or with red Hadley roses, but for dinner parties throughout the year it always held the same oversized pink carnations, to match the pink shades clamped to the candles in our silver candelabras. Our parlor, meanwhile, had been transformed. A dim gold tea paper (or perhaps it was an approximation thereof) replaced the pink-striped wallpaper my father had inherited when he bought the house, the ruffled point-d'esprit glass curtains on the French doors were removed in favor of long, soft-green brocade draw curtains, and for the little sewing table between the doors my father purchased, at Yamanaka's, in Boston, a tall, pear-shaped, pale-gray ceramic vase with a dragon motif. In this vase we arranged, without much study or prayer, to make a Japanesy effect, a few long branches of flowering shrubs from our borders—forsythia first, of course, followed by one spreading double or triple branch of Japanese crab apple, with its delicious rosy-red buds



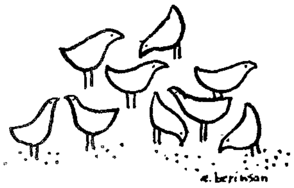
From Denmark – little land of good living...
A SENSE OF HISTORY
Charlotte is modern Sterling that hasn't forgotten its classic heritage or traditional craftsmanship. Six-piece place setting, $75.00. Write today for free brochure.
DANISH SILVERSMITHS INC.
573 Madison Avenue
New York, N. Y. 10022
...and at exclusive stores

Gracious Living Is Not Dead
It lives—in Los Angeles
At the Sheraton-West. In a walled garden, an enclave amid the bustle of Wilshire Boulevard's smartest stretch. You'll delight in the rooms, service, dining. Visit Gracious Living's new home.
Sheraton-West
HOTEL
Your TownHouse in Los Angeles
2961 Wilshire Blvd.

THE WIGWAM
Arizona's Country Club Resort
LITCHFIELD PARK, ARIZONA
TWO GREAT ROBERT TRENT JONES GOLF COURSES
Great Vacation place for Thanksgiving - Christmas Holidays — write for holiday program and brochure.
READE WHITWELL, MGR. — 602 - 935-3811

Jasper's
ITALIAN RESTAURANT TRADIZIONALE
featuring
•Veal Lemonata Doré
•Fettuccine a l'Alfredo
BERE MANGIARE BENE
405 West 75th Street, KANSAS CITY

and pink flowers. Next came the bold coral of Japanese quince, then English hawthorn (pink, white, or red), which grew so tall that my next-older sister and I had to gather it by scrambling up the high lattice fence that separated our yard and border of shrubbery from the empty lot next door. Lilacs, purple or white, were gathered in the same way, also because the bushes were so tall. By lilac time, the single Japanese branch had long since been forgotten and the dragon vase became a mass of color, or what Hearn would have called a monstrosity and a vulgar murdering of flowers. In June, it held peonies or Bridal Wreath spiraea, again en masse, and by autumn we had reverted entirely to Victorian ways and filled the vase on football weekends with those huge boughten chrysanthemums that, I'm sorry to say, are now called "football mums." We had them in a succession of colors—white, yellow, bronze, and, for the day of the Harvard-Yale game, a good Harvard crimson. I thought they were gorgeous.



THIS is perhaps the place to recall some of the other flower containers of the first decade of this century; in a way, they controlled the bouquets of my parents' generation and, handed down, control mine. I inherited quite a number of them, and very likely they will someday be used by my children and grandchildren. Every American family in that now distant past had its rose bowl—a round glass vase with a fairly small opening. Some were plain, more were ornate. We had two—a big thin clear-glass affair, like a goldfish bowl, and a heavier small pressed-glass bowl with a diamond pattern, very pretty for rosebuds. My husband's mother's large rose bowl was more elaborate, and I cherish it, though I seldom use it for fear of hurting it. It is medium-sized, and it, too, is made of patterned pressed glass, but it is also decorated with a delicate gold-filigree pattern of grape leaves and grapes. Set into the gold design near the top are four tiny ruby-red glass gems. The mouth is wide enough to hold six or eight roses, and I can imagine that it must have been used for many a delightful Victorian bouquet of dark-red roses, which might have been the fragrant Général Jacqueminot or Prince Camille de Rohan, two of the great garden reds of that era.

Though for the most part I've abandoned rose bowls, I do constantly use a whole series of hammered copper pots or jars of varying shapes and sizes, which we had in our house in Brookline from as far back as I can remember. Well polished, they are perfect containers for the more sturdy garden flowers. The huge one I fill with decorative sunflowers that range from yellow and gold to henna and maroon, or with Mr. Burpee's very largest Climax African marigolds—Toreador, Primrose, and the others. The next-biggest jar is good for zinnias, chrysanthemums, and mixed flowers, and the smallest is just right for calendulas. In my youth, our Paul Revere silver tankard was considered too precious to hold flowers, but nowadays, from June to November, I keep it filled with a few roses in the open-shelved dining-room corner cupboard that holds what remains of the ancestral Lowestoft.

A friend has reminded me of the very tall vases, shaped much like umbrella stands, that were especially designed to hold the long-stemmed fragrant American Beauty roses when they were the rage. We owned no such vase because we seldom indulged in American Beauties. My father considered them a bit "gross," with their great size and strong blue-pink coloring, but this may have been an aesthetic verdict influenced by the pocketbook; the Beauties were very costly for their day. I remember the tall vases, though, in the houses of friends where the American Beauty happened to be the most prized rose. It was indeed so much in vogue that one of the bolder débutantes of my five-years-older sister's generation had a costume made by her dressmaker for her year of "coming-out" balls that was designed to be worn with two choice American Beauties. The floor-length gown, as I recall it, was made of rich white satin with a very low neck, and with it she wore, of all things, bright-green silk stockings. In the V of her low neckline she tucked two huge American Beauty roses. If one of her partners commented on their fragrance or their rich color, this saucy girl was reputed to lift her floor-length skirt daintily to show her pretty green ankles and maybe even a bit of her slim green calves, and say demurely, "Yes, lovely. And here are the stems."

DESPITE these remembered excesses, I can't agree with Hearn about the total vulgarity of the West-

We have just published (and would like to send you) the latest edition of what is probably the world's best-read guide to record playing equipment... the Garrard Comparator.

Twenty pages show the remarkable new Synchro-Lab™ automatic turntables in full color, with complete data and prices. For a complimentary copy, use the coupon below.

Garrard®
World's Finest Automatic Turntables
Dept. BS-5, Westbury, N.Y. 11590
Please send Comparator Guide.
Name ....
Address ....
City .... State .... Zip ....

British Industries Corp., a division of Avnet, Inc.

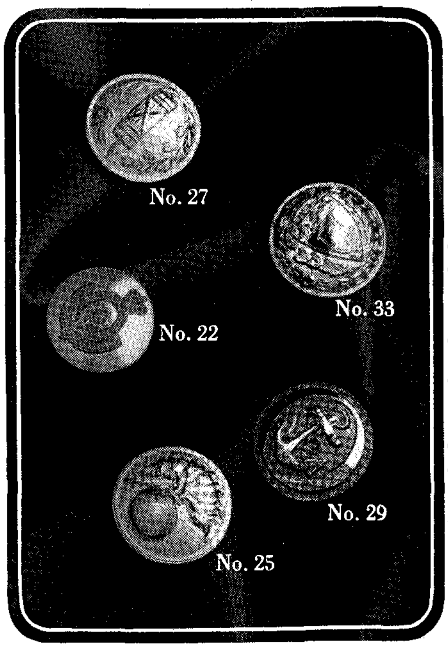
If you belong where life's a song of fun and frolic, come along live like a king you can't go wrong at the Emerald Beach Plantation, mon!

Romp on a twenty-three acre tropical garden, facing a sugar-white, one-third mile long beach and sheltered emerald ocean waters. Enjoy luxurious accommodations, championship tennis courts, golf, all aquatic sports, gourmet cuisine, exacting service and living as you love it. Emerald Beach is *the* resort for all reasons!

ON CABLE BEACH
NASSAU BAHAMAS

Emerald Beach Plantation
AND HOTEL

Charles A. Bremicker, General Manager
Get the details—See your Travel Agent or: In the East—
•Robert F. Warner, Inc., 630 Fifth Avenue, New York, JU 6-4500
Boston/Chicago/Washington/Toronto/Miami • In the West—
• Glen W. Fawcett, Inc. Los Angeles/San Francisco/Seattle/Dallas.



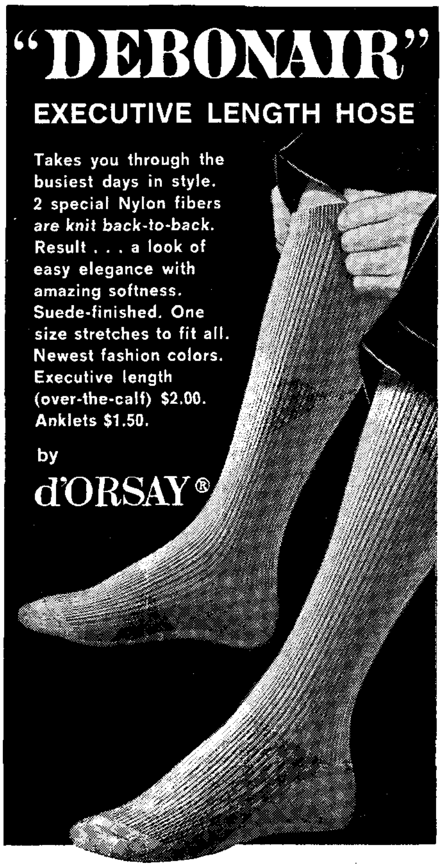
Vintage blazer buttons
number of limited sets

Your blazer becomes elegantly different with these jacket and sleeve ornamentals from France. Sets of eight; four for the jacket front, two for each sleeve in handsome velvet-lined gift cases. All are $20, except No. 22 at $15. You can order by mail, give second choice.

DUNHILL TAILORS
65 East 57th Street, New York

ern world's tradition of flower arrangement, and I can only guess that his book had an influence on our transformed parlor. After all, the taste of my elders was changing, as everyone's does, with the times. To my eye, however, some of the most unfortunate treatments of flowers one sees in today's flower shows and books on flower arrangement are the overstudied, imitative approximations of the Japanese simplicity and stylization, put together without emotion, meaning, or understanding of the spiritual fervor behind the style that is being copied. The only modern trend I dislike more is the quite recent attempt at flower abstracts, which at the flower shows often tend to make me laugh, though by no means always. I have no prejudice against abstract art per se or against Japanese arrangements by Occidentals, which can be a complete delight. A pure abstract montage made of blossoms might also be a fascinating if perishable objet d'art. (I have yet to encounter Pop Art imitated by arrangers. However, a scarlet geranium grown in a Campbell's tomato-soup can, as I've seen it grown in country kitchens long before the days of Andy Warhol, would be better Pop Art for me than flower arrangements imitating Warhol and his colleagues could ever be.) In the hands of an artist with flowers, almost every style can be a lovely thing to look at, and even a work of art (or at any rate sub-art). I think, though, that Americans are most successful when they do not copy any style, or at least keep to their own natural inheritances from the Western world—the English, the French, the Italian, the Flemish, the German, and the Austrian.

For example, Jan Brueghel and his followers were painting big armfuls of assorted flowers on canvas as early as the late seventeen-hundreds. "Blumenstrauss mit Schnecke" ("Bouquet of Flowers with a Snail"), now in the Strasbourg Musée des Beaux-Arts, which shows a great gathering of mixed blooms, such as tulips, iris, lilies, poppies, and smaller flowers, in a fat wooden tub (a predatory snail at its base), is the sort of flower arrangement any American not too bound by modern trends could and would turn out today provided she had a large garden to pick in. So are the more florid but luscious bouquets, carefully arranged and realistically reproduced on canvas by the better flower painters of the Biedermeier School, such as Johann Knapp and Sebastian Wegmayr. Victorian England may have been a bad influence except for those who fol-


"DEBONAIR"
EXECUTIVE LENGTH HOSE

Takes you through the busiest days in style. 2 special Nylon fibers are *knit back-to-back*. Result . . . a look of easy elegance with amazing softness. Suede-finished. One size stretches to fit all. Newest fashion colors. Executive length (over-the-calf) $2.00. Anklets $1.50.

by
d'ORSAY®

Featured at **LORD & TAYLOR**
New York, Manhasset, Westchester, Millburn, Ridgewood, West Hartford, Bala-Cynwyd, Garden City, Jenkintown, Washington, Falls Church.

A good
SCOTCH Idea
the 4-way Tie

Four ties in one. Each side has a different famous tartan (plaid). Beautifully made in Scotland of fine wool tartan. A canny idea and a wonderful conversation starter. A lasting and unique gift. . . **$4.50** postpaid. Also regular neckties. Name your tartan; we've got it! **$2.50** or **3** for **$6.95** ppd. Scottish wool scarves 9 x 48", **$3.25;** 12 x 54", **$5.25**, or **3** for **$15.35.** Ladies' theatre coat in luxurious mohair, turquoise with gold, or brown, gold and turquoise. Please state size 36/38 or 38/40 **$40.00** ppd. Genuine Scottish kilt skirts made to measure in your own tartan (350 to choose from) made in Scotland by expert kilt makers, 6 to 8 weeks delivery, Give waist, hip and length. . . . .**$32.00** delivered.

Satisfaction guaranteed.
Gift certificates available, in any amount.

SCOTTISH IMPORTS LTD
174 Grant Ave., Rm 67, San Francisco, 94108

STRAPARAMA®

has the largest collection of fine leather watchstraps in the world—Precious Leathers, soft and supple—made exclusively for us in Switzerland. All sizes and colors—for men and women. Attached in one minute. $3.00 to $15.00.

We *KNOW* we are doing something right!

425 MADISON AVE., NYC 17—Bet. 48 & 49 Sts.

STRALEY
NOV 6-DEC 2
RECENT PAINTINGS
THE YORK GALLERY
70 EAST 56 STREET

THE YORK
NEW YORK

lowed the revolution against patterned garden beds and Victorian fussiness in general started by Gertrude Jekyll, who was an arranger as well as a gardener. On the whole, though, English flower arrangers of all periods have been among the best, and so have their books.

From Joan Parry Dutton, an Englishwoman turned American, we get to know both English eighteenth-century and Colonial Virginia's habits with gardens and bouquets in her small book, "The Flower World of Williamsburg," a publication of Colonial Williamsburg, distributed by Holt, Rinehart & Winston (1962). The book is a more serious study than its title indicates. The early chapters—on the formal gardens of the eighteenth century in England, on Virginia's simpler but imitative gardens when it was a royal colony, and on the first American plant explorers and their interchange of plants between the mother country and the colonies (and, later, the botanists of the young Republic)—are scholarly, lucid, and full of odd and stimulating bits of information. One item I like is that while prosperous Virginia planters were filling their gardens with importations from England, the gardeners of the great English estates were busily planting long borders of an American weed called Goldenrod. Mrs. Dutton introduces us to Queen Mary II, a woman after my own heart, who is known historically, the author says, as England's "first flower arranger." Her influence in early Virginia was strong. When she and her King, William of Orange, took over Hampton Court, he devoted himself to rehabilitating the famous formal gardens, but it was Mary who insisted on adding flowers to relieve the severity of the green topiary trees and clipped hedges. She also brought flowers galore into the palace and she demanded and got good ceramics (some especially designed for her) to hold her bouquets, most of them blue-and-white delftware from Holland—pots, bowls, jars, and "posy-holders." These last are partially covered containers with holes in the top for the insertion of flower stems, but aside from these special vases and a queer invention of her own—a flower table with a perforated top—the young Queen had no holders or props for her blooms. (Today's Williamsburg craftsmen have copied many of these old delft vases; some of them are both pleasing and useful.) So far as is known, there were no rules for bouquet-making either in Hampton Court or in Williamsburg in its great days—something

For adults only.

Franklin® Dry Toasted Peanuts are strictly for grown-up tastes.
Selected with fanatical care. Coated with exotic flavorings.
Then toasted not once—not twice—but three delicious times.
Till they're dry as a good martini. No excess oil to mess up your fingers or your digestion!
A child wouldn't appreciate the difference. But you can.
Franklin—the adult peanut.

Enjoy,
Enjoy!
Franklin
DRY TOASTED
PEANUTS
WITH JACKETS

Available with or without jackets.

Have you tasted GAVILAN?

Imported
TEQUILA WHITE
PRODUCE OF MEXICO
TEQUILA
GAVILAN
GENUINE PRODUCT OF MEZCAL PLANT
PRODUCED AND SHIPPED BY
MEXICO'S FINEST DISTILLERIES
GUADALAJARA MEXICO
SOLE AGENTS FOR THE U.S.A.
FOREIGN VINTAGES
NEW YORK 20, N.Y.

90 PROOF

WORLD FAMOUS

Crisper than Vodka,
Drier than Gin,
Lighter than both!

GAVILAN
TEQUILA

Gin and Vodka's rival!

Holiday Boxed

Free Recipe Booklet! Write: Dept. NY-11-4, Foreign Vintages, Inc., 630 Fifth Ave., N.Y.10020. Sole U.S.A. Distributors

NEW YORK'S TOP HITS
"THE TOP COMEDY HIT OF THE SEASON" —LIFE
CACTUS FLOWER
3RD SMASH YEAR!
MAIL ORDERS FILLED. Evgs. $7.50, 6.90, 5.75, 4.80, 3.60. Mats. Wed. & Sat. $5.75, 5.25, 4.80, 4.30, 3.60.
ROYALE THEA. 45 St. W. of B'way. 245-5760

"YOU'LL LAUGH YOUR HEAD OFF AT WOODY ALLEN's DON'T DRINK THE WATER"
—JUDITH CRIST, NBC-TV Today Show
2ND SMASH YEAR!
MAIL ORDERS FILLED. Evgs. $7.50, 6.90, 5.50, 4.80, 3.90, 3.30. Mats. Wed. & Sat. $5.00, 4.40, 3.90, 3.30, 2.80
MOROSCO THEATRE, 45th St. W. of B'way, 246-6230

AMERICA'S GREATEST MUSICAL HIT
HELLO, DOLLY!
4TH SMASH YEAR
MAIL ORDERS FILLED: Mon. thru Thurs. Evgs.: $9.90, 8.05, 7.50, 6.90, 5.75, 4.80, 3.60. Fri. & Sat. Evgs.: $11.90, 10.00, 8.60, 7.50, 6.90, 5.75, 4.80. Wed. Mats.: $6.25, 5.50, 4.80, 4.30, 3.80, 3. Sat. Mats.: $7.50, 6.90, 6., 5., 4., 3.60.
ST. JAMES THEA. 44 St. W. of B'way. 695-5858

"REMARKABLE NEW MUSICAL HIT." —LIFE
2ND SMASH YEAR!
MARY MARTIN ROBERT PRESTON
IN
I DO! I DO!
Mats. Wed. at 2 and Sat. at 2:30
STARRING GORDON MacRAE CAROL LAWRENCE
MAIL ORDERS FILLED. Evgs. $9.90, 8.90, 6.90, 5.90, 4.90, 3.90. Wed. Mat. $6.90, 5.90, 4.90, 3.90. Sat. Mat. $7.50, 6.50, 5.50, 4.50, 3.90.
46th ST. THEATRE, 46th St. W. of B'way 246-4271

"VERY FUNNY, VERY BRILLIANT. A MOST REMARKABLE AND THRILLING PLAY."
—CLIVE BARNES, N.Y. TIMES
ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN ARE DEAD A New Play
MAIL ORDERS FILLED: Mon. thru Sat. Evgs.: $7.50, 6.90, 5.75, 4.80, 3.60. Mat. Wed. and Sat.: Orch. $5.50, 5.00, 4.50, 4.00, 3.60.
ALVIN THEATRE, 52nd St. W. of B'way. 757-8647

"Un des restaurants les plus renommés du monde."
Le Pavillon
LUNCHEON DINNER SUPPER
Every day except Sunday
111 East 57th Street PL 3-8388

we would do well to remember today.

Another of our more fortunate inheritances as flower arrangers, were we but to take advantage of it, comes from modern painting—or, rather, from the great modern artists in all mediums. I have been in the homes and studios of a few of them in this country and have always seemed to see flowers there but never flower arrangements of the studied sort one finds in the "artistic divisions" of the big flower shows, which appear to be singularly untouched by any modern Occidental art except the most avant-garde. There are many photographs that show what I mean in that revealing book by Alexander Liberman, "The Artist in His Studio" (Viking, 1960), in which the author-photographer explores "the mystery of environment" and captures brilliantly the ambiance of the great modern French painters, living or dead. He starts with Cézanne, Renoir, and the other Impressionists and Post-Impressionists, and covers all the important schools down to the contemporary French sculptors and painters—contemporary as of the late nineteen-fifties. Flowers apparently played a major role in the lives of a good many of them, and were, indeed, a part of their environment. Most of the artists Liberman documented in text and photographs were alive; luckily, artists are long-lived, and, even more luckily, the studios and sometimes the homes of some of the earlier moderns, long since gone, had been kept much as they were when the great men were alive. Cézanne's studio, "the birthplace of modern art," was still intact in 1949, when Liberman photographed it, and Monet's Impressionist garden, with its blocks and drifts of colored bloom and its secret Oriental lily pond, was still in flower at Giverny when the author visited and photographed it in 1954. The Monet house was then occupied by his stepson, who had continued to fill it with vases of the flowers that meant so much to Monet and his art. Liberman visited Braque's Norman peasant house and vast studio in Varengeville when the painter was seventy-eight. In the studio, Liberman writes, there were, wherever he looked, small bouquets of bright-red flowers that corresponded with the bright-red spots on Braque's otherwise monochromatic gray palette. A big ochre pitcher filled with tawny single dahlias was photographed in the Braque house. It was arranged by Mme. Braque, and it is decorative and artful in a good way, but it is perhaps the most "arranged" vaseful of flowers shown in the vol-

NOW thru NOV. 7
NATIONAL HORSE SHOW
ONE OF AMERICA'S GREAT SPORTS EVENTS
Evenings 7:45 PM
Matinees Daily 2 PM (Sat. & Sun. 1:30)
INTERNATIONAL JUMPING CONTESTS
CANADA • GREAT BRITAIN • UNITED STATES
Every Night and Friday & Sunday Mats.
Evenings: $9, $8, $6, $4, $3
Sat. & Sun. Mats.: $6, $5, $4, $3.50, $2.50
Other Mats.: $5, $4, $2.50
MADISON SQ. GARDEN
50th St. & 8th Ave. – Phone PL 7-8870

GALA BENEFIT
BALLET PERFORMANCE
and
CHAMPAGNE COCKTAIL HOUR
MIZRACHI WOMEN'S ORGANIZATION
Saturday evening, Dec. 2, 1967 at 8:15 P.M.
NEW YORK STATE THEATRE - LINCOLN CENTER
Direction—George Balanchine
Acts from Swan Lake—*Tchaikovsky*
Firebird—*Stravinsky*
Tarantella—*Gottschalk*
Stars & Stripes—*Sousa*
Proceeds for Children in Israel
Mrs. Max Eisenberg—Chairman
Tickets, Room 700–242 Park Ave. So. N.Y.C. 10003
Tel. 212-477-4720 Mon—Thurs 9-5
Friday to 2 P.M.

"BROADWAY'S BEST MUSICAL!"—LIFE
ANGELA LANSBURY
as
MAME
MAIL ORDERS FILLED
Evgs.: $9.90, 9.00, 8.50, 7.50, 6.50 (5.50 & 4.50 avail. beg. Jan.). Mats. Wed. & Sat.: $6.25, 5.75, 5.25, 4.25, 3.25. (Sat. Mats. Sold Out thru Jan.) List alt. dates.
WINTER GARDEN, B'way at 50th St.

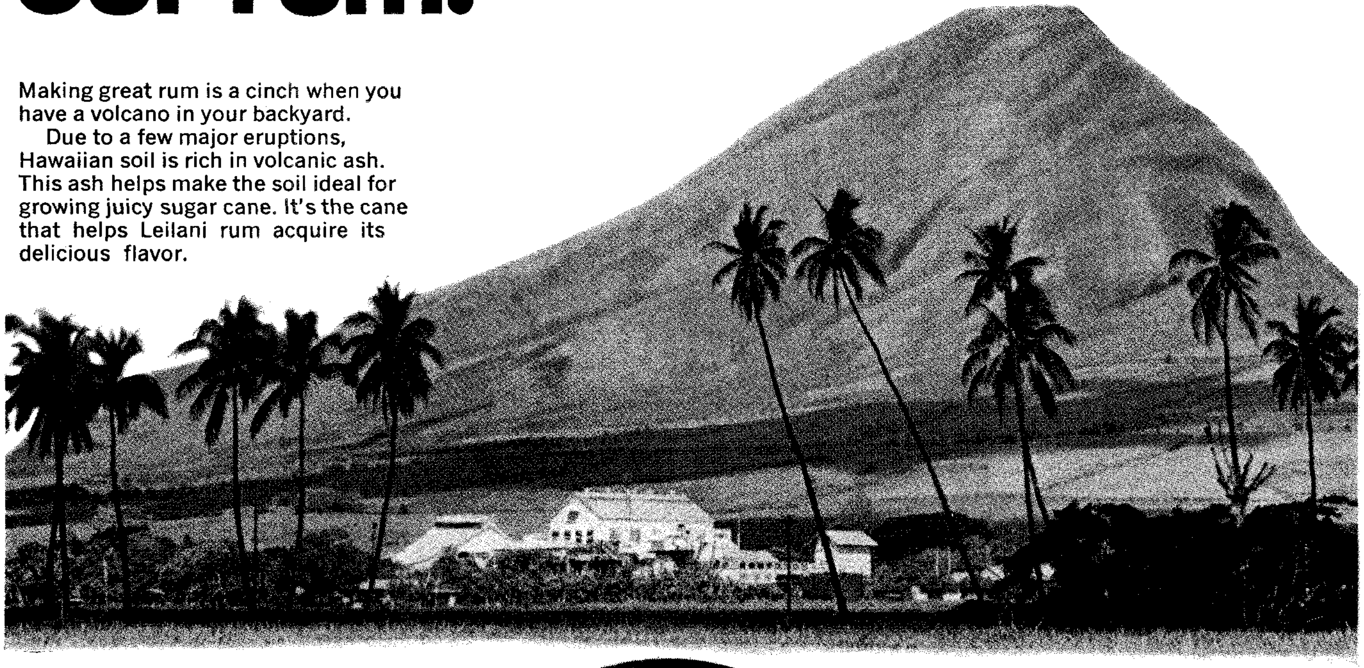
WORLD'S MOST ACCLAIMED MUSICAL
Fiddler on the Roof
Mon. thru Sat. Evgs.: Orch. & Boxes: $9.90; Front Mezz. $8.50; Rear Mezz. $8, 7, 6.40, 5.40, 4.60. Wed. Mat.: Orch. & Boxes $5.80; Front Mezz. $5.10; Rear Mezz. $4.60, 4, 3.60, 2.80. Sat. Mat.: Orch. & Boxes $6.10; Front Mezz. $5.50; Rear Mezz. $5.10, 4.60, 4, 3.60, 2.80.
MAJESTIC THEATRE, 245 W. 44th St., N.Y.C.
NATIONAL COMPANY
Nov. 6 thru 11—St. Paul, Minn.
Nov. 13 thru 18—Indianapolis, Ind.

MONSIGNORE
61 EAST 55th STREET • EL 5-2070
LUNCH • COCKTAILS • DINNER • SUPPER
Strolling Violinists
Open Daily • Closed Sun. • Charge Clubs

We get a little help from paradise when we make our rum.

Making great rum is a cinch when you have a volcano in your backyard.

Due to a few major eruptions, Hawaiian soil is rich in volcanic ash. This ash helps make the soil ideal for growing juicy sugar cane. It's the cane that helps Leilani rum acquire its delicious flavor.



4,000 hours of sunshine per year.

Aaah sunshine. And moisture in the air. We call it help.

Leilani
Hawaiian
Rum
Leilani
Hawaiian
Rum

We of Calvert Distillers are grateful to paradise. But due to our long years as distillers, we must take part of the credit for Leilani rum. True, we get help. But then we know best how to use that help. Try Leilani rum and you'll taste what we mean.

To capture the spirit of paradise when you serve Leilani, we offer these mugs in the form of the god Tiki. You can have 4 for only $3 (where legal). Send check to Tiki Leilani Mugs, P.O. Box 798, Dept. N, Mayfield, Kentucky.

Made in Hawaii by Calvert.

HAWAIIAN RUM • 80 PROOF • CALVERT DIST. CO. • HONOLULU, HAWAII

DESIGNED FOR ELEGANCE *SuPima® Cotton* DRESS SHIRTS RENDERED BY HATHAWAY IN OUR NEW DEEP-TONED COLORINGS

Our blueprint for elegance is just off the drawing board and is presented here in our distinctively new dress shirt. It's tailored for fashion in the inimitable Hathaway manner with the longer London pinned polo collar and French cuffs . . . and, it's created for long lasting luxury of lustrous SuPima® broadcloth woven from superior pima cotton grown in the American Southwest. This smoother, softer, silkier fabric reflects our new deep, rich colors in a way no ordinary fabric can. In handsomely proper Bristol blue or British chestnut, 9.50. Also with traditional button-down collar. Adding the finishing touch, our exclusive "Sutton East" silk ties designed for elegant coordination, 6.50. Men's Store, Street Floor and all branches.

Bloomingdale's Men's Store

®SuPima is the registered certification mark for products made of Southwestern extra-long staple cotton.

Bloomingdale's, Third Avenue at 59th Street, New York, N. Y. 10022 • EL 5-5900 ume. Most of the bouquets are like the handful of field daisies in a jug—a bouquet a child might have gathered—in the photograph of Giacometti's bare, shabby bedroom. In the excellent color plates of the modern French paintings, of which there is a representative selection for each artist, there are to be seen on the canvases other jars, jugs, and vases of flowers, not merely in the still-lifes of flowers but in the larger compositions, in which they play a more incidental part. Whatever the period of a painting, not a vaseful shown in the volume looks consciously set up to make a decorative or modish effect. As in the homes and studios, in the paintings they seem to be there because the artist or a member of his household liked flowers enough to bring them indoors. Naturally, in the paintings, since they *are* part of a composition, they are to that extent "arranged," but I doubt that the judges of a modern flower show, with their book of rules, would give them a second glance. For instance, in Matisse's "The Hindu Pose," perhaps the best known of his famous "Odalisque" series, there are some unrecognizable lavender flowers (they just *might* be wild flag)—five long stalks of even length, seemingly thrust without apparent plan or style into a two-handled green pottery jar, which stands on a table beside the semi-nude model, who sits, cross-legged, on a blue-checkered chair or divan. Obviously, the flowers are there for their color, mass, and balance in the whole composition and not because Matisse wanted to paint a carefully arranged vase of flowers.

This seemingly artless use of flowers in the home—or in art—to me is one good part of our Western inheritance, and better for Americans to aim at than imitating a complicated Oriental floral tradition that is not ours or trying to create a modern abstract out of dead vines or broken cattails just to be in style. For one thing, we Americans are too impatient a people to create Japanese arrangements even if we grasp their meaning to the Japanese and learn to feel, as Lafcadio Hearn did, the spirit behind the arrangement of the flowers. As for today's avant-garde bouquets, they seem to lose sight of flowers entirely. They may be fun to do as a sort of game, but they are often not even "living sculpture," as the modern Japanese teachers like to call their arrangements. ("Living," by the way, is a wrong term for any cut flower; one should never forget that anything that grows, once cut, is dying, unless it is a vine or leaf being rooted

Wing
and a
Flair.

The wing is a traditional oxford brogue. The flair comes in with the custom toe treatment and brass eyelets. Overall, the look is the classic that's as contemporary today as it ever was. Choose black smooth calf or hand-stained British tan grained calf. $45.

FRANK BROTHERS
our 100th year

A
B
C
dunhill

Wedgwood Cuff Links

Bas-relief sculptured in England and designed for us by Ralph Destino.

A—Julius Caesar, dramatic new color combination covers profile in Wedgwood blue on black basalt background. Choose sterling silver or 12 Kt. gold-filled mounting. Pair, 35.00

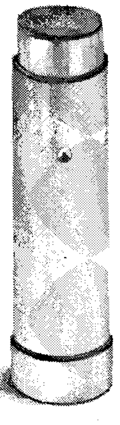
B—Heraldic Lion, in white on black Wedgwood set in 12 Kt. gold-filled mounting. Pair, 35.00

C—Dragon, mythological figure, sculptured in sage green Wedgwood on black basalt background. 12 Kt. gold-filled mounting. Pair, 35.00

Matching tie tacs. Each 10.00

Mail and phone, add sales tax where required, outside our delivery area add 50¢.

ALFRED DUNHILL OF LONDON, FIFTH AVE. AT 50TH STREET, N.Y.C., MU 4-7600
• CHICAGO • BEVERLY HILLS • SAN FRANCISCO



STEP
PERFUME DISPENSERS
GIVE YOU MORE
FRAGRANCE
FROM YOUR
PERFUME.

The Secret—A unique patented mechanism actually transforms each drop of perfume into 20 or more sprays of fragrance-laden mist. Perfumes stay fresher, last longer. Absolutely leakproof, evaporation-proof, fully guaranteed, imported from France. Beautiful styles for purse and table. As shown in Florentine gold finish (2¾" high) $6.50. Others from $3.50—$35.

Step
5 E. 57th St., N.Y. | At fine stores

There's no language barrier in Denmark. All Danes speak English. Just ask anyone where the most beautiful furs in the world are. They'll send you right to us.

BIRGER CHRISTENSEN
38 Ostergade-Copenhagen-Denmark

By Appointment to the Royal Danish Court

in water or sand.) This is why I prefer my modern sculpture straight and in a substance that endures.

OUR complex Occidental background, with its many, varied artistic influences, is important, but I like it better when Americans are simply themselves—unpretentious gardeners, farmers' wives, city dwellers, or suburbanites—bringing in a few flowers to brighten up the house and arranging them in any way that happens to please them, considering no inheritance or style, following no rules, imitating no other civilization, and using the nearest container that comes handy, whether it be an old beanpot or pickle jar, an expensive Steuben or Finnish crystal vase, a piece of antique china or a modern ceramic.

Best of all is when a modern flower arranger develops his or her own style. I cite as an example my friend Doris Wolfers, whose living room in summer is always bright with many small vases of flowers set about on low tables. The blossoms are in flat bowls or barely rise above the level of the tops of low vases and are crowded together to form a color pattern, like a jewelled inlay or a richly hued mosaic. They are the blossoms of the annuals she grows in her Maine garden, usually arranged without foliage so that only the bright purples, violets, reds, and golds of some such flower as salpiglossis make the pattern. There they gleam as one looks down on them—a flat composition made of bloom, glowing with the colors of old cathedral stained-glass windows on a sunny day. We have all of us, I guess, made flat, patterned arrangements by floating pansies or violas in a shallow dish, but to lop off the heads of taller flowers like salpiglossis, verbenas, annual phlox, and all the others and arrange them in a pattern of blossoms is unique in my experience. I asked Mrs. Wolfers how she came to develop this style, and she told me that when she was a girl in Switzerland and went on skiing or climbing parties in the Alps she and her friends would gather the Alpine wild flowers on the lower slopes of the mountains and bring them back to the hotel where they were lodged. Usually the only containers available were hotel soup plates, so she arranged the heads of her Alpine flowers to make an interesting pattern in these shallow dishes. From this beginning, Mrs. Wolfers, who is better known for her embroidered montages, developed a style of flower arrangement that is just right for an artist whose medium emphasizes texture and color.

Pleasure knows no season at Sea Pines.

The warm Gulf Stream makes many activities of Sea Pines Plantation year-round affairs here on tropical, almost foreign Hilton Head Island. Golf upon the championship Sea Pines courses. Tennis at the Plantation Club along with sauna baths, swimming in the indoor-outdoor heated pool and feasts of Carolina Coast Country cuisine.

Oyster roasts and champagne parties are a delight as always at our ocean front William Hilton Inn. All at Sea Pines, where rates may be off-season. But the pleasures certainly aren't.

For information on the Inn, Homesites, Homes or Golf Villas for rental, write us or contact the Robert H. Warner office in your area.

WILLIAM HILTON INN
SEA PINES PLANTATION
Box 72, Hilton Head Island, South Carolina

FOXHEAD BOOT SCRAPER

Finely detailed foxheads are mounted on a heavy black cast iron base. With long lasting Palmetto brushes. Stands 13½" tall.
$30.00

Please add $2.00 *for postage* and handling.

Write for free Christmas brochure, "Gifts for the Horseman."

MILLER'S
123 East 24 St., New York 10010

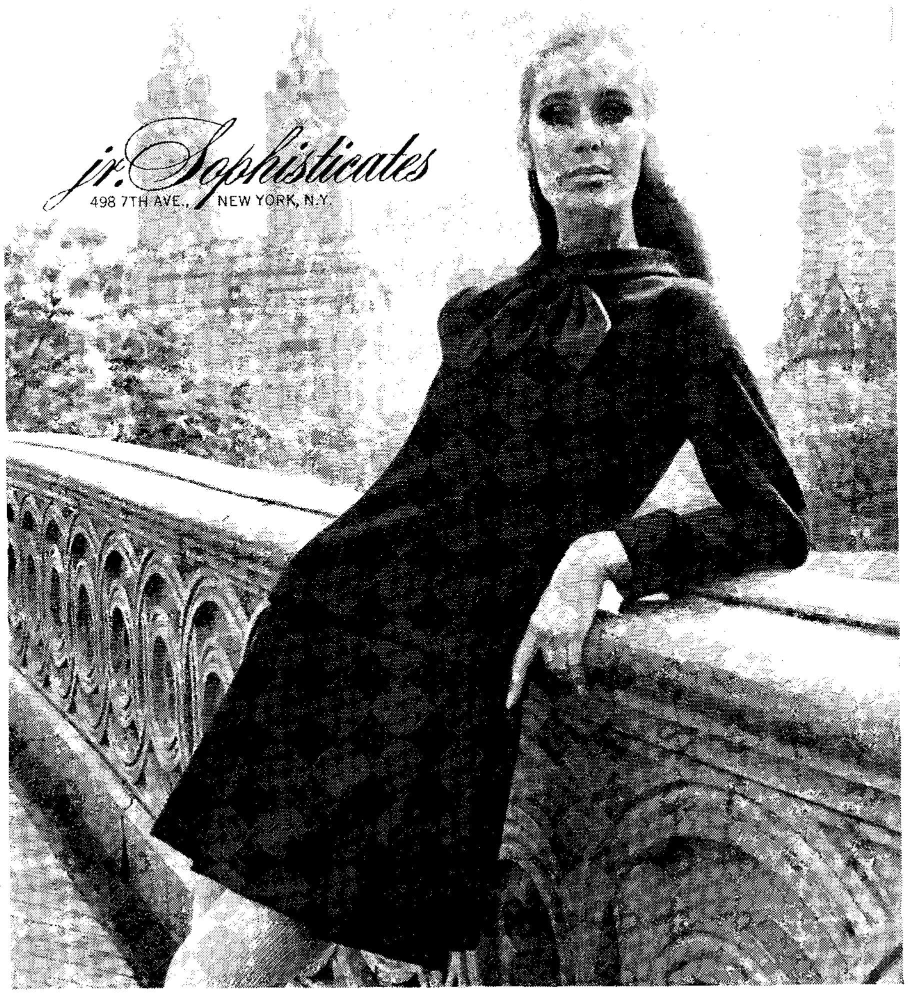
Succulent Steaks and Lusty Chops
The theatre district's
CANTERBURY
228 W. 47 St. 265-0480
Lunch dinner after-theatre

ANTIQUE MAPS
1482-1700 A.D.
Beautiful, decorative, interesting.
Ideal gifts. $30-$500
Orbis Old Maps
440 East 57th St.
By appointment
PL 9-2143

Where did this word "arranged" come from, to start with? In my girlhood, the question at breakfast was "Who will pick the flowers today?" (This meant who will pick *and arrange* the flowers.) If I had been English, it would have been "Who will do the flowers?" The word "arrangement" is newer in this country than we realize. Many garden flowers have to be picked if they are to continue to bloom, and houses from the earliest days in Europe and America were brightened by color from outdoors. Where there are small children (except, possibly, in the Orient), flowers will be instinctively gathered for their brightness alone. What country mother has not helped her child tuck his gathered wilting dandelions, daisies, and buttercups into a jelly jar or tumbler in order to preserve in water, if only for a day, these bright "objects of delight"? I daresay the earliest cave woman brought flowers into the cave.

FLOWERS have been a traditional offering to the gods (and also to the beloved, alive or dead) in many very different civilizations. And artists from the earliest days of Western art have painted them. Growing flowers and flowers in vases and bowls appear in Christian religious art even as far back as the Gothic period, and they form backgrounds for the Mother and Child during the great ages of Italian and Flemish religious art. (The chapter on the Renaissance in "Period Flower Arrangement" shows many such paintings; those from Botticelli and his school are outstanding for their use of flowers.)

Anyone who has read Kilvert's "Diary" in an uncut version will remember, from his far later period, his long, ecstatic entries for Easter Eve and Easter Day, April 16 and 17, 1870, which describe, more hauntingly than anything else I have ever read, the English and Welsh use of flowers for a religious purpose. The entries are far too long to quote entire, and to condense them at all is to lose much of their essence. The William Plomer one-volume selection from the long "Diary," with its excellent preface by A. L. Rowse (Macmillan, 1947), reduced them to a brief extract that catches little of the quality of the whole. Therefore, if you can't find Plomer's three-volume uncut edition, published by Jonathan Cape in 1960, I suggest a very fine recent anthology of English nature writings, "The Poetry of Earth," selected by E. D. H. Johnson (Atheneum, 1966; ten dollars), in


jr. Sophisticates
498 7TH AVE., NEW YORK, N.Y.

2,000 GIFTS FOR BOYS AND GIRLS!

Send for the World's Greatest Toy Catalog FREE

1967
1968
TOYS
AND TOGS
F.A.O. SCHWARZ
CHILDREN'S WORLD
EDUCATIONAL PLAYTHINGS
SPORTING GOODS
CHILDREN'S BOOKS
GAMES
CHILDREN'S CLOTHES AND ACCESSORIES
F.A.O. SCHWARZ FIFTH AVE. AT 58 ST., NEW YORK, N.Y. 10022

156 PAGES MANY IN COLOR

Shop by mail at the world's greatest toy store. The most complete selection of exclusive, educational and just plain fun toys you will ever see. Send for your free copy now.

F.A.O. SCHWARZ
"The World's Greatest Toy Store"

F.A.O. SCHWARZ
Dept NY2, 745 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y. 10022

Send to me, free, the new 1968 edition of your Toy & Tog Catalog.

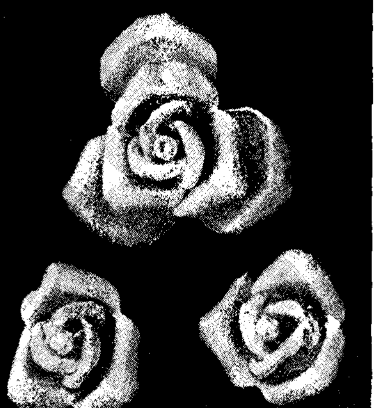
Name ____________________
Address ____________________
City ____________________
S5 State ____________ Zip ____________

Lyle & Scott
HAWICK SCOTLAND

Lomond. Classic small-buttoned cardigan from Scotland. Fully fashioned, in finest Super Lambswool. About $15.
At fine stores.

Or write to **Aston Imports Limited**
448 Fifth Avenue, New York 10018

C'EST
LES BERNARD



ROSES IN BLOOM. Pin and matching earrings of uniquely textured 14-carat gold-plated sterling (we call it diamond-point). At the center of each, the sparkle of pseudo-diamonds, lying like dewdrops. Pin, $25.00. Earrings, $30.00. Pick them up at B. Altman & Co., New York; Neiman-Marcus, Inc., Dallas. Or write Les Bernard, Inc., 417 Fifth Ave., New York N.Y. 10016.

C'EST LES BERNARD

which the "Easter Idyll" is reprinted complete except for one paragraph. When this section of the "Diary" was written, Francis Kilvert was a young curate in the Welsh village of Clyro. He was, it turns out, a flower arranger, and many of his parishioners came to be so, too, under his direction. His descriptions of the dressing of the graves in the church graveyard on Easter Eve—a custom not unlike our cemetery offerings on Memorial Day—and his account of his Easter Day that year of 1870 are classic examples of the Occidental natural feeling for flowers and their use in a Christian religious context.

Condensing Francis Kilvert is painful, and I quote from these touching entries at some length, though still cut too much, if only to show what I mean, and in the dim hope that our dressing of graves on Memorial Day (and especially our increasing trend to use artificial flowers for this purpose) and our often garish and stiff store-bought funeral "sprays" and "sheaves" made of real flowers might be forgotten, so that we could return to the combination of love, sorrow, joy, memory, and religious feeling that Francis Kilvert and his villagers achieved by their mossy crosses and artless bunches of freshly gathered wild primroses:

> *Saturday, Easter Eve, 16 April, 1870*
> I awoke at 4:30 and there was a glorious sight in the sky, one of the grand spectacles of the Universe. . . . I got up soon after 5 and set to work on my Easter sermon getting two hours for writing before breakfast. . . .
>
> At 11 I went to the school to see if the children were gathering flowers and found they were out in the fields and woods collecting moss, leaving the primroses to be gathered later in the day to give them a better chance of keeping fresh. Next I went to Cae Mawr. Mrs. Morrell had been very busy all the morning preparing decorations for the Font, a round dish full of flowers in water and just big enough to fit into the Font and upon this large dish a pot filled and covered with flowers all wild, primroses, violets, wood anemones, wood sorrel, periwinkles, oxlips and the first blue bells, rising in a gentle pyramid, ferns and larch sprays drooping over the brim, a wreath of simple ivy to go round the stem of the Font, and a bed of moss to encircle the foot of the Font in a narrow band pointed at the corners and angles of the stone with knots of primroses. . . .
>
> Coming back it was cooler for the fierceness of the sun was tempered and I met a refreshing cool breeze. . . . But now the customary beautiful Easter Eve Idyll had fairly begun and people kept arriving from all parts with flowers to dress the graves. Children were coming from the town and from neighbouring villages with baskets of flowers and knives to cut holes in the turf. The roads were lively with people coming and going and the church-

THAT SUPERB PLACE
TO DANCE and TO DINE
Longchamps'
Riverboat
THE HOME OF THE BIG NAME BANDS
5th Ave. at 34 St. • Empire State Bldg.
for reservations: PL 9-2444
VALET PARKING

Through NOVEMBER 8
"THE MOST EXPLOSIVE FORCE IN JAZZ"
COUNT
BASIE
and
HIS ORCHESTRA
plays for Dinner and Supper Dancing

COMING — NOV. 9 thru NOV. 15
WOODY HERMAN
and the
SWINGIN' HERD

You can learn to write in the Italic hand if you have an Osmiroid pen, an Italic nib and our free introductory manual.

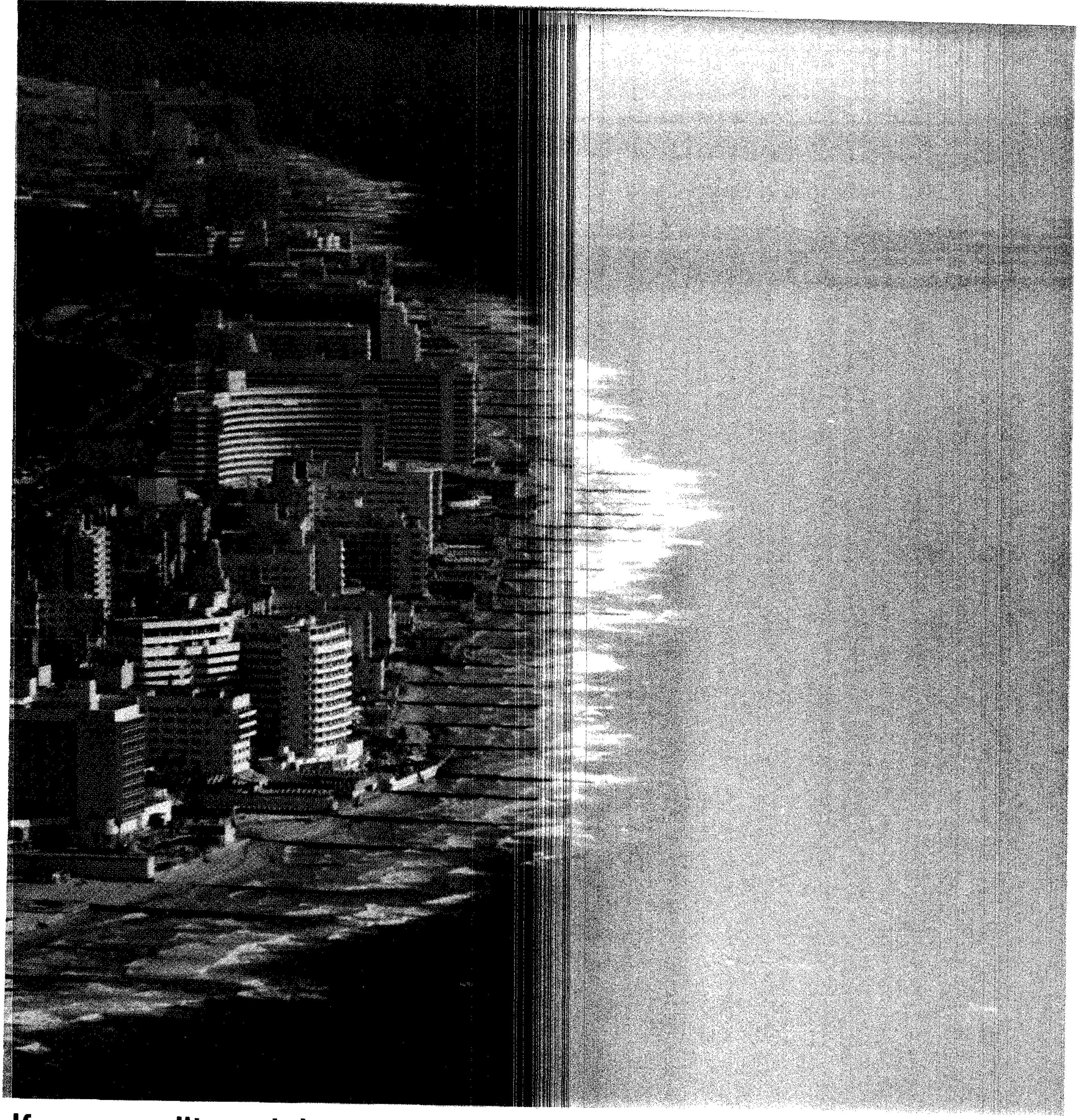
OSMIROID
Italic
MEDIUM
STRAIGHT
ENGLAND

Only $2.50 at art material, stationery and pen shops as well as college book stores. Your check or money order can also be mailed to H. M. Storms Co., 561 Grand Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y. 11238. Add 50 cents to cover handling. State whether right or left handed. . . . Nothing is more satisfying than learning to produce the beautiful thicks and thins that characterize the italic hand and it's easy to learn as the pen, held at the proper angle, does most of the work for you. So be a penman, own an Osmiroid. H. M. Storms Co., 561 Grand Ave., Brooklyn, New York 11238.

big time on a
small island
ANCHORAGE
HOTEL
NASSAU, BAHAMAS
Go mod at Nassau's newest hotel...beautiful beach, pool and delightful cuisine...near the heart of downtown Nassau and famous Bay Street.
NORMAN ANDERSON, Vice President-General Manager
See any Travel Agent or call our representatives
HETLAND & STEVENS, INC., 211 E. 43rd St., N.Y.
TN 7-1450

HOTEL
Meurice
145 WEST 58th STREET
NEW YORK 19, N. Y.

Centrally located two blocks off Fifth Ave. Around the corner from Central Park. Unusually large, tastefully furnished accommodations.
Singles from $11.50.
Doubles from $17.50.
Suites from $19.00.
Air Conditioned
212-247-7440



If your credit card doesn't let you vacation from Maui to Miami— you're not carrying American Express

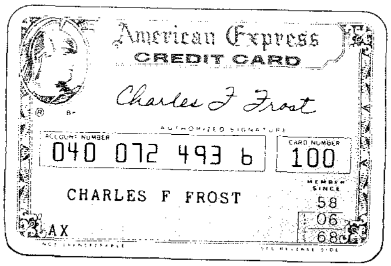
The American Express Card has shortened up the world and made vacationers out of daydreamers.

If your bank account is low, you can charge your vacation now and pay next month.

If you only have so much to spend at any one time, you can use our extended pay plan and take a year to pay for airline tickets. You can do it with the lowest service charge in the business.

And by using the American Express Card with the family rate plans of airlines, hotels, motels, you can afford to bring the children.

Unless, of course, you were thinking of using the Card to turn one of those daydreams into a second honeymoon.


American Express
CREDIT CARD
Charles F. Frost
AUTHORIZED SIGNATURE
ACCOUNT NUMBER
040 072 493 6
CARD NUMBER
100
CHARLES F FROST
MEMBER SINCE
58
06
68
AX

Unquestioned credit at airlines, restaurants, hotels, motels, rent-a-cars, shops—worldwide.

six
sox

If your boy doesn't know what the rest of his class seems to know, this new Borg-Warner educational system could help him out.

By the same token, it could help him make faster progress in subjects he's good at. Read how the great engineers of Borg-Warner's Research Center started with the two major classroom problems—and developed a new kind of audio-visual system to cost under $400.

THE first problem is to diagnose a student's progress. Find out where he stands in any subject at any time.

The second problem is what to *do* about his progress. How do you help him where he's weak, let him go forward where he's strong—and do it *without* disrupting the classroom?

The engineers at Borg-Warner's Research Center set out to solve both problems. They worked hand in glove with a leading suburban school system. Result: the Borg-Warner Educational System 80™. Its basic parts: a color filmslide, a synchronized record and an electronic unit to play them on.

Let's say your seven-year-old son is learning basic math. First, his teacher gives him a *diagnostic* program.

Your boy slides the record into the top of the unit, the filmslide into the bottom. A picture comes on the screen and a voice asks him to do something. If he makes the right response, he goes on to the next question. If he gives the wrong answer, the unit notes the fact and repeats the question until he pushes the right button.

When the diagnostic program is completed, the system helps his teacher prescribe the proper *instructional* program. This program doesn't *tell* him the answers. It lets him *discover* for himself the principles behind the answers. He works at his own pace. Fast students can go fast, slow students slow.

"It never gets mad at me, never shouts at me," says one boy of the system.

"I'm amazed how much they can learn so fast," says his teacher.

Best of all, the equipment is ruggedly built, is easy to use and carries a practical price: under $400—or a small fraction of the cost of computerized systems intended for the same job. Right now, it's going through final in-class evaluation that will determine just how soon it will be on the market.

Maybe it comes as a surprise that Borg-Warner engineers are doing research in education. Well, they're doing a lot more than that.

Take medicine. In open heart surgery, surgeons have only a short time for an operation. That's because blood pumped through the patient's arteries is damaged by the pump—and a patient can take only so much damaged blood.

Now Borg-Warner's industrial equipment group has developed a new pump that pumps so gently doctors believe the blood can be recirculated again and again, allowing much more time for delicate operations.

Take urban renewal. Borg-Warner's builder and consumer group is taking part in a revolutionary new engineering project. They're supplying equipment for pre-assembled kitchen, bathroom and furnace units. The units are lowered into tenements through a hole in the roof at big savings in time and cost.

Your wife's throw-away paper dresses of the future may not be throw-away. Borg-Warner's chemical group has learned how to *knit* them—which means your wife can have them dry-cleaned and wear them again.

Medicine. Urban renewal. Textiles. And now education. What will the engineers do next?

CHEMICAL & STEEL MATERIALS / INDUSTRIAL / AUTOMOTIVE / BUILDER & CONSUMER PRODUCTS. ©1967, BORG-WARNER CORP., 200 S. MICHIGAN AVE., CHICAGO, ILL. 60604

The new Borg-Warner Educational System 80 is in final evaluation in schoolrooms like this—with programs in mathematics, reading and beginning French.

BORG WARNER®
The great engineers

Oh, to have a little house

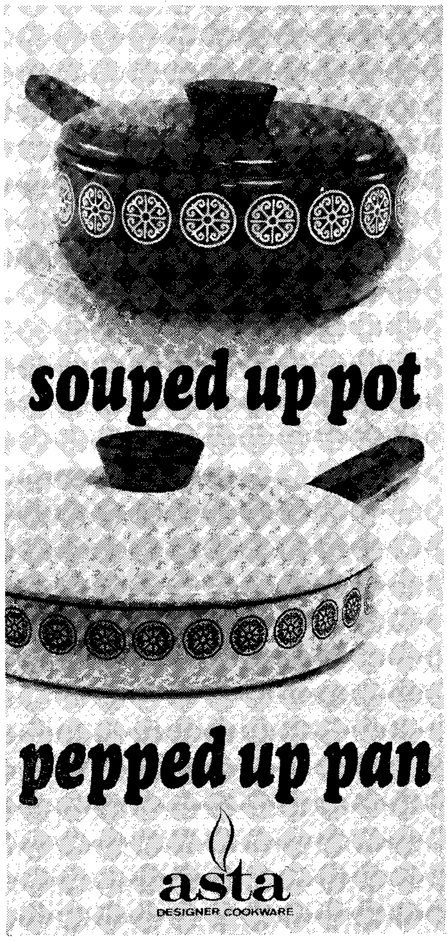
. . . to own the hearth and stool and all. Would the Irish poet's modest needs satisfy 250 families that Homerica houses happily each month? Most of these family heads are under job-transfer pressure to areas about which they may know only the name. But Homerica, thoroughly familiar with that and 4000 other communities, has on-the-spot Realtors, (a hand-picked nationwide network). They stand ready to take you to the right house in the right suburb as soon as your family requirements and desires are made clearly known. For this and other invaluable help, Homerica charges you *nothing*. Little house, big house, just tell us which you need, and where. *Brochure on request.*

HOMERICA INC.

200 Park Avenue
New York 10017
(212) 661-3111

3460 Wilshire Blvd.
Los Angeles 90005
(213) 387-3111

Marina City, Chicago 60610 (312) 527-3111



A MilNor import. For color folders, dealer's name, write Dept. N2, Millard-Norman, Cincinnati, Ohio 45229

yard a busy scene with women and children and a few men moving about among the tombstones *and kneeling down* beside the green mounds flowering the graves. . . .

More and more people kept coming into the churchyard as they finished their day's work. The sun went down in glory behind the dingle, but still the work of love went *on through the twilight and into the dusk* until the moon rose full and splendid. The figures continued to move about among the graves and to bend over the green mounds in the calm clear moonlight and warm air of the balmy evening. Water was in great request for the ground was very hard and dry and wanted softening before flowers could be bedded in the turf. The flowers most used were primroses, daffodils, currant [word illegible], laurel and box. . . .

At 8 o'clock there was a gathering of the Choir in the Church to practise the two anthems for to-morrow, and the young people came flocking in from the graves where they had been at work or watching others working, or talking to their friends, for the Churchyard on Easter Eve is a place where a great many people meet. . . . The anthems went very nicely and sounded especially well from the chancel. The moonlight came streaming in broadly through the chancel windows. When the choir had gone and the lights were out and the church quiet again . . . the schoolmaster and his friend stood with me at the Church door in the moonlight. . . . As I walked down the Churchyard alone the decked graves had a strange effect in the moonlight and looked as if the people had laid down to sleep for the night out of doors, ready dressed to rise early on Easter morning. . . .

Easter Day, 17 April, 1870 The happiest, brightest, most beautiful Easter I have ever spent. I woke early and looked out. As I had hoped the day was cloudless, a glorious morning. My first thought was "Christ is Risen." It is not well to lie in bed on Easter morning, indeed it is thought very unlucky. I got up between five and six and was out soon after six. . . .

The village lay quiet and peaceful in the morning sunshine, but by the time I came back from primrosing there was some little stir and people were beginning to open their doors and look out into the fresh fragrant splendid morning. Hannah Whitney's door was open. I tied my primroses up in five bunches, borrowed an old knife etc. and a can of water from Mary and went to Mrs. Powell's for the primroses Annie had tied for me last night. . . .

It was now 8 o'clock and Mrs. Evans was down and just ready to set about finishing the moss crosses. She and Mary *Jane went out to gather fresh primroses* in the Castle Clump as last night's were rather withered. The moss had greatly improved and freshened into green during the night's soaking and when the crosses were pointed each with five small bunches of primroses they looked very nice and pretty because so very simple. . . .

There was a very large congregation at morning church the largest I have seen for some time, attracted by Easter and the splendour of the day, for they have here an immense reverence for Easter Sunday. . . . After morning service I took Mr. V. [Mr. Venable, the vicar] round the churchyard and showed him the crosses on

ENTERTAINING IN TERRY

Hostess Coat
Striking in the extreme. Pockets set into curved darts and glimmering green buttons all the way down the front. Moss-green scroll printed on Montego-blue **terry.** Sm(8-10), Med(12-14), Lg(16-18). **$18.95**

Terry Mules
By Oomphies. Low-heeled, backless slippers in scroll print to match. Sizes 5 through 9½, medium width. **$7.95**

Add 35¢ each for shipping.

Send for new color catalog.

THE TOG SHOP LESTER SQUARE AMERICUS, GA.

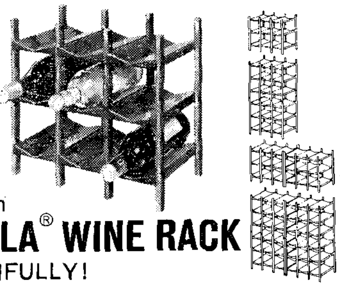
GRACE RARE TEA
UNSURPASSED CUP QUALITY—
The Only Criterion of Professional Tea Tasters
LIMITED SUPPLY FROM THE ORIENT

	½ lb.
Winey Keemun (English Breakfast)	$2.50
Rare Darjeeling 6000	3.50
Formosa Oolong Supreme	2.50
Lapsang Souchong Smoky No. 1	2.50
Before the Rain Jasmine	2.50

Add 35¢ per ½ lb. for postage

SPECIAL OFFER—Assortment of the above five superb selections—in individual canisters—makes over 100 cups . . . . . . **$5.00** (plus 35¢ postage)

GRACE TEA COMPANY, LTD.
79 Wall Street, Dept. Y, New York 10005



GROW your own MODULA® WINE RACK —BEAUTIFULLY!

Exclusive design, hand rubbed and modulated contours give great distinction to this oiled solid walnut (or oak) rack. Grows vertically or sidewise as you add extra units. Each 9-bottle unit 14″ x 13″ x 8″, cabinet-joined throughout. Prompt delivery. Satisfaction guaranteed. $16.50 per unit Postpaid

DESIGN INDUSTRIES 207 Penn Ave., Pgh., Pa. 15221

"Haute Cuisine" *Holiday Mag.*
DINNER BY CANDLELIGHT
Le Bijou
168 W. 4th St., Greenwich Village, CH 2-9338

his mother's, wife's, and brother's graves. He was quite taken by surprise and very much gratified. I am glad to see that our primrose crosses seem to be having some effect for I think I notice this Easter some attempt to copy them and an advance towards the form of the cross in some of the decorations of the graves. I wish we could get the people to adopt some little design in the disposition of the flowers upon the graves instead of sticking sprigs into the turf aimlessly anywhere, anyhow and with no meaning at all. But one does not like to interfere too much with their artless, natural way of showing their respect and love for the dead. I am thankful to find this beautiful custom on the increase, and observed more and more every year.

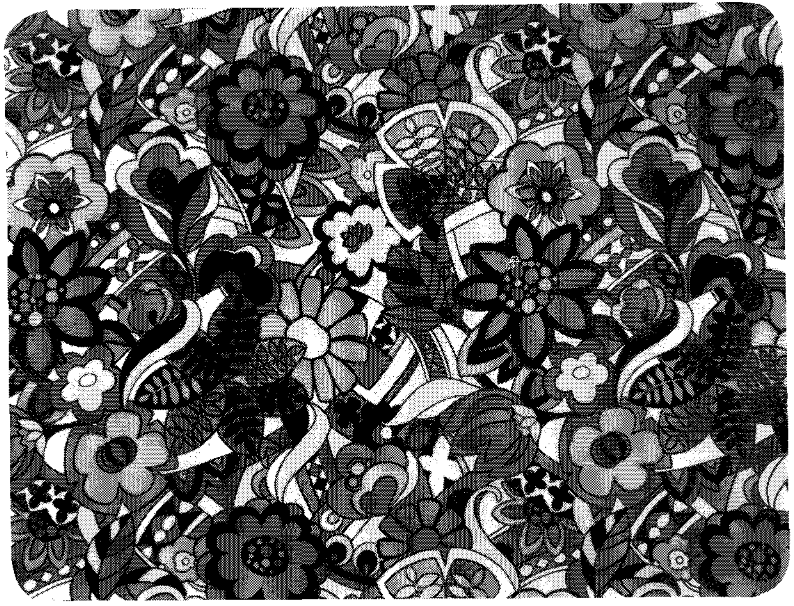
It is hard, for believer or non-believer, to accept Lafcadio Hearn's term "barbarians" after reading the Easter entries.

IF Hearn, in the nineties, thought of all Occidental flower arrangements as vulgarities, one can't help wanting to know what he would make of the new trends in the West *after* it had been strongly influenced by the Japanese art of *ikebana.* I began wondering when a sharp-eyed reader of this magazine sent in a photostat of a modernistic arrangement by an American professional flower arranger and teacher named Bob Thomas. It was taken from his fifty-two-page booklet titled "A Concise Study of New Trends in Flower Arranging," which was privately printed in Nashville, Tennessee, in 1965. The arrangement, one of sixty-six shown in gray photographs, is titled "The Road (Subjective-Abstract)," and I'll let Mr. Thomas describe it by his own caption for the illustration:

> A free-form earthy-toned container here represents the good earth, in color and in form. A looped piece of Wisteria represents the line beauty created in our expanding highway systems across our country. The one large muted colored Mum is the guiding supervision of the State and National Highway Depts. The green Philodendron Leaf represents the masses of workmen and machinery used in the overall construction.

Our reader pointed out that the only thing missing was a scrap of paper to represent the litterbug.

My curiosity about Bob Thomas was enough aroused for me to try to buy the "Concise Study." I failed, so I don't know its price or whether it's even for sale. Finally, a review copy arrived, with the compliments of the author. From it I learned that Mr. Thomas conducts classes in his Nashville studio and travels about the South by station wagon each autumn giving lessons. He is, the "Study" says, a charter member and past-president of

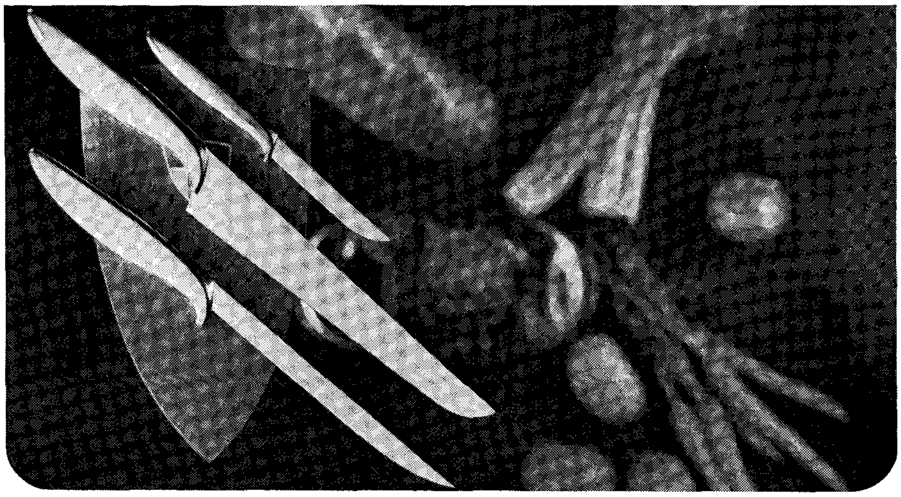


"Tiffany." At fine stores.

beauty guaranteed to last

...fabric by EVERFAST® protected with DU PONT ZEPEL® FABRIC FLUORIDIZER from watery and oily spills. EVERGLAZE® easy care cotton

THE EVERFAST COLOR GUARANTEE: We unreservedly guarantee that should a fabric by EVERFAST fade for any reason during the life of the fabric, we will refund not only the cost of the fabric, but also any reasonable making up cost. EVERFAST FABRICS, INC., 70 W. 40TH ST., N.Y.C. 10018



these 3 gerber kitchen blades stay too busy to put in a drawer

so we shield 'em. A favorite trio 365 days a year. There's Pixie, the paring blade; an 8-inch French blade; and Durendal the boning and filleting blade—each handmade from a steel so superior that it is known as "the steel that cuts other steel." The cutting edges are superb; make slicing, paring, chopping, and carving a delight. Rest in solid walnut shield when not in use. Just $27.50 at fine stores.

5-Blade Royal Chef set, $54.50. Other blades from $4.50. Write for free Selection Folder.

GERBER Legendary BLADES

14200 S.W. 72nd Avenue, Portland, Oregon 97223

FOR THE MOST EXQUISITE TASTE
CHAMPAGNE
de CAZANOVE

CHATEAU D'AVIZE
MAISON FONDÉE EN 1811
Ch. de Cazanove
CHAMPAGNE
BRUT 1955

IMPORTED BY
PARK, BENZIGER & CO., INC., NEW YORK

Camel Hair Cardigan

Lord Cardigan himself would have approved of this English sweater that bears his name. Soft, warm, with saddle shoulders and pearl buttons. Natural camel shade. Sizes 38 to 46. $37.50. Also in a handsome V-neck pullover, $30.

PLEASE ADD 75C FOR PARCEL POST.

at
Paul Stuart
18 EAST 45TH STREET, NEW YORK, N. Y. 10017

the Nashville Men's Garden Club, a member of the Nashville Chapter of Ikebana International, and past member of the Board of District II, Tennessee Federated Garden Clubs. Incidentally, he has now taught me what a flower arranger's "assemblage" is (a term used by the National Council of State Garden Clubs), since he photographs and describes one of his own—obviously a huge affair suitable only for exhibition halls. Again let the author describe it in his own words:

> Forms in Space (Assemblage), two copper drain pipes have been anchored together and placed on a long black base. A barrel hoop is painted orange and placed in interlocked position. A cup-needle holder is painted black to hold the plant material which consists of one umbrella palm painted orange, and a cluster of purple Sea-Foam Static [*sic*]. The collection of things are assembled in orderly fashion giving a feeling of an Abstract flower arrangement.

So now, it seems, Occidental flower arrangers are merely *giving the feeling* of flower arrangements.

Another of my favorite Thomas productions is "Sea Forms," designated as a "Non-Objective Abstract." It consists of a dried Tampa Bay starfish, two red feather dusters, and a four-foot curled piece of a leafless stem of trumpet vine extending upward into space. All the components are stuck into a modern Japanese pottery container made to look like a fishbone. Still another "Subjective Abstract," titled "Space Platform No. 1," needs to be seen to be believed. A black cloud is suggested by a mess of intertwined bittersweet vine sprayed with black paint, and, rising above it, three dried Allium blossoms give "the illusion of being unknown elements of space."

Is this flower arranging or is it a new kind of game entirely? Not all the moderns are as far out in space as Mr. Thomas, but just what *is* happening to the pleasant habit of bringing flowers into the house? The answer changes from year to year, it seems, but there are some signposts and warnings that may lead us a bit farther down this tangled path.

—KATHARINE S. WHITE

(*This is the first of two articles on flower arrangement.*)

•

Soon it will be the site of the tallest building in the world, the twin-towered world trade center for the Port of New York Authority. It will top the naughty Empire State Building, soaring 110 stories.—*Manila* (*P.I.*) *Times.*

Just give the news, please.

Attention owl lovers!
(AND PRINT COLLECTORS IN GENERAL)

For your gift list: this distinctive Eagle Owl or The White Headed Eagle, The Common Pheasant or The Common Wild Duck by John Gould. Reproduced in full color on fine paper directly from the George W. Vanderbilt library in famous Biltmore House, these award-winning prints frame well for home, office, den or lodge. (18x24) $7.50 each, pre-paid. Orders in by Dec. 10 should arrive by Dec. 24. Specify choice and enclose all names and addresses with check payable to:

BILTMORE HOUSE & GARDENS
P.O. Box 5375 (N) Asheville, N.C. 28803

HOTEL HERSHEY
One of the Great Resorts of North America

Hotel Hershey, Hershey, Pa.
Represented by Robt. F. Warner, Inc.
New York: JU 6-4500 • Wash., D.C.: 737-2440
Chicago: 939-1040 • Boston: LA 3-4497

NOON TO 2:30 • 6:30 TO 11:00
The Leopard
RESTAURANT
RESERVATIONS ONLY
253 EAST 50TH ST., PL 9-3735

MONTEGO BAY
at the Royal Caribbean HOTEL
"a bit of Jamaica that swings"
Privately owned by Mr. & Mrs. Lawrence M. Paul. Directly on the ocean — fully air conditioned. A staff of 250 — no conventions — adults only. For brochure and tariff see your Travel Agent or write owners. Box 15073, Cincinnati, Ohio 45215

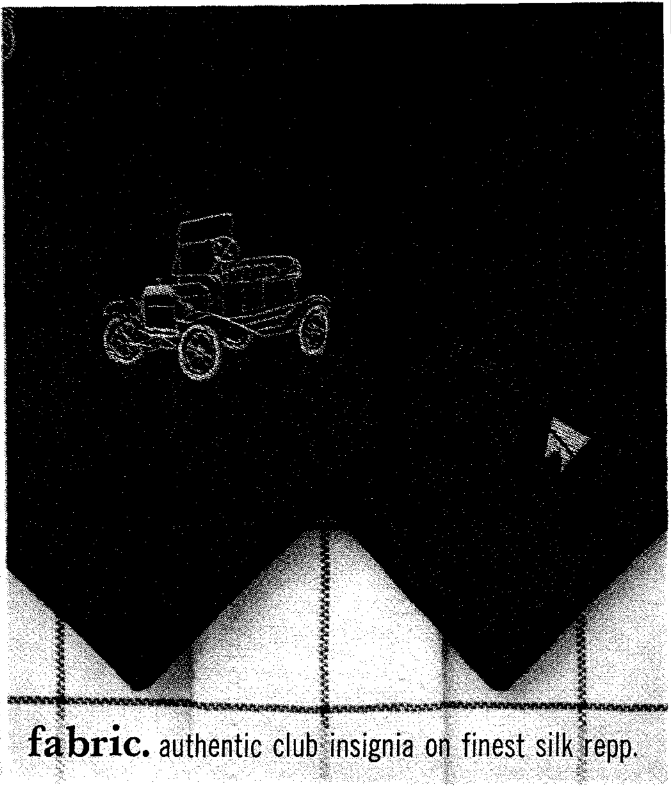
WHAT MAKES A BRITISH CLUB TRADITIONAL?

width. at least 3" wide, no slimmer.

Resilio®
All Silk

loop label. keeps small end in place.

medallion. tie hangs better, looks neater.



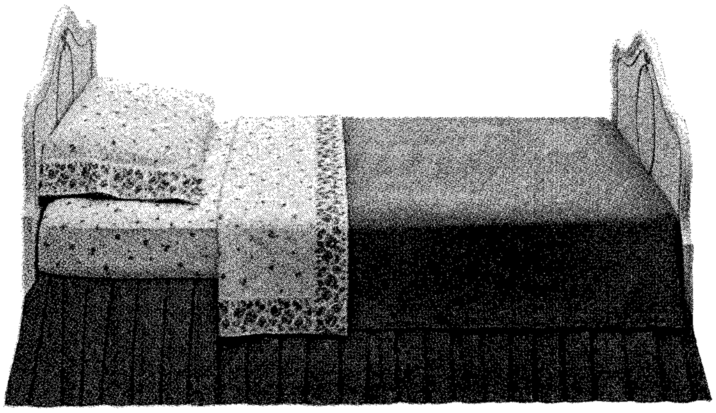
fabric. authentic club insignia on finest silk repp.

P.S. Every Resilio tie has all these authentic traditional features. To be completely knowledgeable about traditional ties, send for our free booklet "Tiemanship." Resilio Traditional Neckwear, Empire State Building, New York, N.Y. 10001

Resilio®
TRADITIONAL NECKWEAR

Come close...touch the luxury of Grand Manner

Cannon's new no-iron sheet in a fine 200-count percale



Flex-O-Matic® fitted Grand Manner® sheet shown with Portofino sheet.

This is true luxury. Cannon's superb 200-count percale sheet that requires only laundering to keep it fresh and smooth. A careful blend of 50% cotton, 50% polyester gives Grand Manner years of astonishing wear, plus the soft, cool hand you love. And this sheet absolutely defies wrinkles, even though it's never ever ironed. Have the Grand Manner sheet in white or the Portofino pattern, shown. At fine department stores. Cannon Mills, Inc., New York 10020

CANNON® *Royal Family of Home Fashions*

THE RACE TRACK

Damascus Again

IT is pleasing when top-class form is confirmed the way it was by Damascus, our best three-year-old and the probable Horse of the Year, in the Jockey Club Gold Cup at Aqueduct last Saturday. He won with consummate ease from Handsome Boy, Successor, and Gentleman James, the other starters. I suppose to a casual spectator it looked like a procession—Handsome Boy leading Damascus, Successor, and Gentleman James around the course, most of the time with open daylight between them. (It reminded me a bit of the Wheatley Stable's geese—mascots, no doubt—marching in single file, as they do, in front of their barn at Belmont Park.) The fascination of the race, however, was all the more gripping to those of us who were watching and waiting for Shoemaker, who rode Damascus, to make his move. With three furlongs to go, he did, and his mount responded by sweeping past Handsome Boy in a dozen strides. In the stretch, Shoemaker used his whip, for Damascus tends to slow down once he takes the lead. It wasn't necessary. He passed the post four and a half lengths ahead of Handsome Boy, who, in turn, was seven and a half ahead of Successor. The time for the two miles was 3:20⅕—a second slower than the mark set by Kelso in 1964 when he won his fifth Jockey Club Gold Cup.

Damascus, who is owned by Mrs. Edith Woodward Bancroft, is a son of Sword Dancer, winner of the Gold Cup in 1959. He's a medium-sized bay, with great quality and as good a shoulder as you'll see in a month of Sundays. He also has an effortless way of galloping and that priceless quality in a racer—the ability to quicken his pace tremendously and at once. He has won twelve of his fifteen starts, eleven of them stakes, and $792,941, which is more prize money than any other horse has ever amassed in one season. In 1955, Nashua, racing for William Woodward, Jr., Mrs. Bancroft's brother, ran up a total of $752,550—the record until last weekend. Now may I give full marks to Frank Whiteley, Jr., the trainer of Damascus, for a fine job of conditioning? The colt made his first start this year at Pimlico on March 11th, and has been on the go

New: luxurious knits of Wintuk yarns of Orlon®

by F. A. MacCluer, Inc.

The sophistication of fine-gauge knits with the easy care of the newest Du Pont science fiber. Fashioned by F. A. MacCluer in extra-luxurious Wintuk yarns of Orlon* acrylic. Fully fashioned mock-turtle and polo-shirt styles available at these fine stores: *New York City:* Abercrombie & Fitch Co. & Branches; *New York City:* Lord & Taylor & Branches; *Detroit, Mich.:* J. L. Hudson & Branches; *Phila., Pa.:* Strawbridge & Clothier & Branches; *Cleveland, O.:* The Halle Bros. Co. & Branches; *Columbus, O.:* The Union & Branches; *Richmond, Va.:* Berry-Burk & Branches; *Wichita, Kans.;* Henry's; *Lexington, Ky.:* Graves-Cox; *Dayton, O.:* The Rike-Kumler Co.

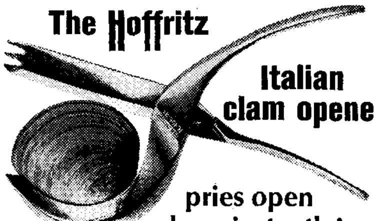
*Du Pont reg. trademark.

F. A. MacCluer, Inc., 501 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y. 10017. YU 6-0450.

"Now I Can Whistle" Child's Cup

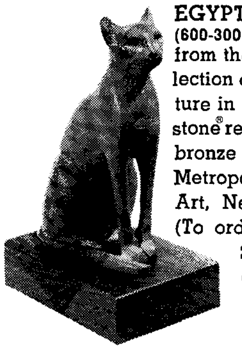
My cup is from England. It's pewter, just like Daddy's tankard. And I can even whistle for more. Got it from my aunt, but an uncle, grandmother, or Santa can give it, too. It's at their jewelers. ½ pint **$7.50**

ROYAL WORCESTER PORCELAIN CO., INC.
11 East 26th Street, New York, N.Y. 10010



The Hoffritz Italian clam opener pries open clams instantly!

Simply insert small or medium-sized clams into the opener. Press gently. The stainless steel blade cuts the muscle in the proper place, and the worst is over. Forked end pries clam away from its shell. Opener comes apart for fast cleaning. Free clam recipes included.
$4.95 plus 35¢ postage. By Edwin Jay. Major credit cards accepted. Add appropriate sales taxes. **Hoffritz,** 551 5th Ave., Dept. G-47, N.Y., N.Y. 10016, or come into any Hoffritz store.



EGYPTIAN CAT
(600-300 BC)
from the Brentano's Collection of museum sculpture in replica. 7" Alvastone® reproduction of the bronze original in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York. **$10.00** (To order by mail add $1.00 shipping and sales tax.)

The Sculpture Gallery at
BRENTANO'S
586 Fifth Avenue at 47th Street
New York City, 10036. Dept. NY114

60-page, handsomely illustrated catalogue free with purchase. For catalogue alone, send 25c in coin.

frank's
Established 1886

FANCIFUL FLOWER

Exquisite dimensional pin of sculptured 18 kt. gold with enameled petals and diamond center. Green, Blue or Coral enamel, $450.

Jewelers
1054A THIRD AVENUE, N.Y. 10021
(Between 62nd and 63rd Streets)

OUR HIGHLANDER SHETLANDS

The genuine yarn—twice nice in our saddle-shouldered, hand-framed classics. Quality rating at a gifty price! Her cardigan, 34-40. His pullover, 38-46. Each $9.95, here or by mail.

Trimingham's
BERMUDA

Write TRIMINGHAM'S, Hamilton, Bermuda, Dept. N-45. Hers: Bermuda blue, Sandringham, navy, moon-ray yellow, hibiscus pink, white. Same colours, l.s. pullovers, $8.95. His: Clyde blue, lovat, yellow, Breton red mix, frost green. Add postage, 50¢ sea; $1.00 air. Send for free illus. "Treasures" catalogue.

intermittently ever since. His next will be in the Washington, D.C., International at Laurel on Veterans Day. He has never raced on the grass, so I'll keep my fingers crossed.

TEN-YEAR-OLD Bampton Castle sailed home by seventeen lengths in the three-mile Temple Gwathmey Steeplechase Handicap, the last and richest jumping race of 1967, at the Big A's second United Hunts Day, earlier in the week. Lumiere, who won the race last year and hasn't won since, led Irish Hammer and Mako by lesser margins. After a turn of the field, Irish Hammer set off as though it would be a runaway, but he made a bad landing two fences from home, and Bampton Castle took over. The winner's share of the purse, $35,000, went to Mrs. William C. Riker, who owns him. The main event of the first United Hunts Day was the New York Turf Writers' Cup, in which Roublet, My Chap, and Brandon Hill finished a neck and a head apart in a merry scramble. The winner, bought in Chile by Bobby Davis and trained by him for Guilford Dudley, Jr., might well be rated second to Quick Pitch. All in all, I'd say this was the best jumping season in years. Fewer horses fell—perhaps because the fences were higher and they had to jump them instead of brushing through, or because they were schooled better, or both. At any rate, it was a good sign. Next year things should be still better.

THEY all get beat if you run them often enough. It happened last weekend to Queen of the Stage, winner of seven straight, in the Selima Stakes at Laurel. She ran fourth, a dozen lengths behind Singing Rain, who was far back of Syrian Sea and Gay Matelda, the Meadow Stable pair, who finished one, two. The Queen had beaten both repeatedly. Only six two-year-old fillies came out for the mile-and-a-sixteenth race, and after the first quarter of a mile Syrian Sea and Gay Matelda dominated the scene and made the wish that Casey Hayes, who trains them for C. T. Chenery, has had for months come true. From all accounts, Queen of the Stage started well but weakened after half a mile. Well, she's still tops with

—AUDAX MINOR

•

DEATH PENALTY LOSES
POPULARITY IN THE U.S.
—*Headline in the Rome Daily American.*

Just a passing craze.

Yuletide delight...
Five little flacons of our
own Fauve perfume trim a fir,
pine cone and mistletoe ball.
Ours alone in the world. 7.50
Mail orders to Dallas Add 45c postage
Christmas wrap 1.00

Neiman-Marcus
Dallas · Houston · Fort Worth

One of the 7 Wonderful Inns of the world!
Luxurious accommodations for 600
Year 'round resort activities
Write for Color Brochure & Weekend Plans

Cherry Hill Inn
Route 38 at Haddonfield Rd.
15 min. from downtown Phila.
N.J. Turnpike Exit 4 • Cherry Hill, N.J.
Reservations: (609) NO 2-7200

VIRGIN ISLANDS-
MYSTIC WHALER

7 grand days from St. Thomas—Dec.-May—different isle each day—great meals, showers, swim, snorkel, explore. $219-$249. Write, call Mystic Whaler, 90 Maple Avenue, Hartford, Conn. 06114. Phone (no toll chg.) Ask Opr.—Enterprise 6910. Free Brochure.

Some Fine Day
You'll Come
To
Waterville, Maine

the Silent woman
RESTAURANT

BOOKS

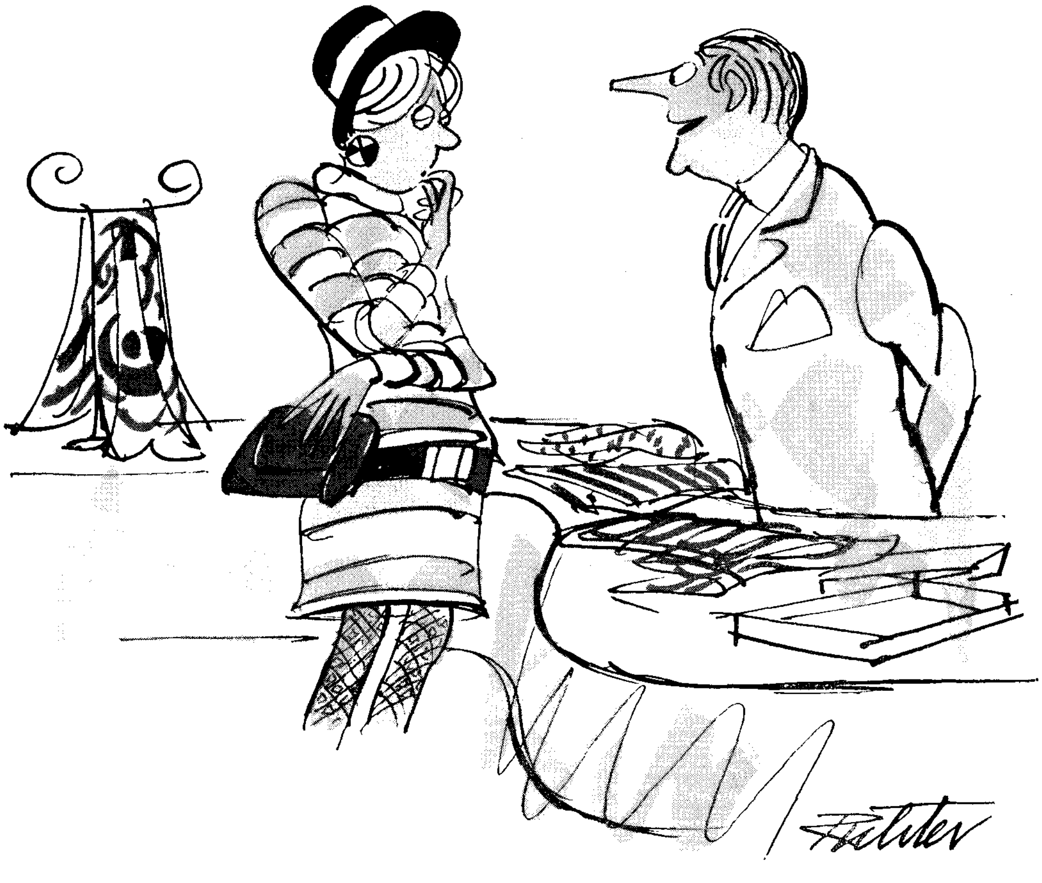
Grove Is My Press, and Avant My Garde

GROVE PRESS, that happy caterer to our prurience and our progressivism, continues to nourish the illusion of a literary avant-garde by dishing up hitherto obscure modern masters (Jorge Luis Borges, Witold Gombrowicz), pornography with a taint of sociological or psychological interest ("My Secret Life," "The Story of O"), native scat-writing (LeRoi Jones, William Burroughs), and such imported delicacies as the three French novels about to be savored. The *smörgåsbord* is mixed but not to be sniffed at. On balance, Grove Press has been the one postwar publishing house to show a personality and mission of its own, to serve the fifties and sixties as New Directions served the thirties and forties. Its courage has preceded its commercialism; it pioneered in the territory it now so cheerfully exploits with its black-mass version of the Book-of-the-Month Club, its roguish get-with-the-sexual-revolution ads, its stable of Ph.D.s willing to preface the latest "curious" memoir or "underground" classic with admonitory sermons on the righteousness of fornication. And if Grove Press's best American author remains Eric Berne, its Art Nouveau jackets have enfolded many foreign titles for whose translation the conscientious reader should be grateful.

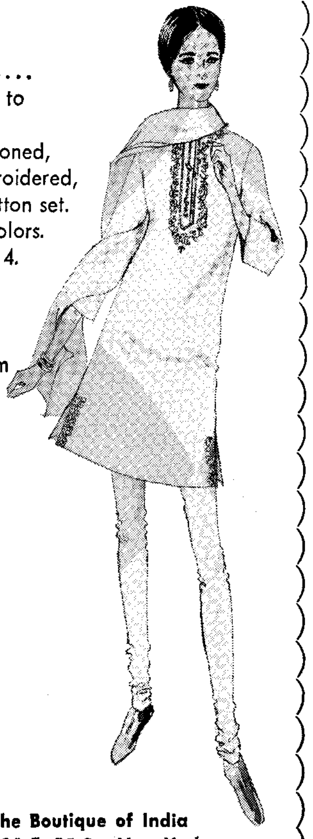
It is surprising, for instance, that no more orthodox publisher undertook to make the works of Alain Robbe-Grillet available in this country. Robbe-Grillet is the leading theoretician of the *nouveau roman;* he coined the phrase and composed the first example—"The Erasers" (1953). If American writers, and loud worriers like Susan Sontag ("The novel is probably the most rear-guard art form today. . . . Most critically respectable novels . . . are, I think, essentially journalistic in conception. . . . [American novelists] are not essentially concerned with the novel as a work of art in the sense that most other art forms are today . . ."), imagine that progress is being made elsewhere, Robbe-Grillet's astute propagandizing is a prime cause. The tired cry "Make it new" has become new in his essays, and before consideration of his fifth and most recent novel ("La Maison de Rendez-Vous," translated—except for the title—by Richard Howard) his program should be summarized. The first major essay, "A Fresh Start for Fiction" (1956), announces:

> The world is neither significant nor absurd. It *is,* quite simply. That, in any case, is the most remarkable thing about it. . . . Around us, defying the mob of our animistic or protective adjectives, the things *are there.* Their surfaces are clear and smooth, *intact,* neither dubiously glittering, nor transparent. All our literature has not yet succeeded in penetrating their smallest corner, in softening their slightest curve.
>
> Instead of . . . "signification" (psychological, social, functional), we must try to construct a world both more solid and more immediate. Let it be first of all by their *presence* that objects and gestures impose themselves, and let this presence continue to make itself felt beyond all explanatory theory that might try to enclose it in some system of reference, whether sentimental, sociological, Freudian, or metaphysical. In this future universe of the novel, gestures and objects will be "there" before being "something," and they will still be there afterward, hard, unalterable, eternally present, mocking their own meaning, which tries in vain to reduce them to the role of precarious tools. . . . Thus objects will little by little lose their inconsistency and their secrets; will renounce their false mystery, that suspect interiority which Roland Barthes has called the "romantic 'heart' of things."

A later essay, "Nature, Humanism, Tragedy" (1958), develops these ideas into a stylistic purge. Metaphor is the villain, weaving a complicity between humanity and the alien world of "things;" metaphor—a concept including all adjectives with moral or anthropocentric coloring—implies a general myth of *depth,* humanizing nature, cheating it of its essential otherness. The categories of the "tragic" and the "absurd" are oblique maneuvers of this persistent humanism, this "bridge of souls thrown between man and things." The task, then, is to "scour" descriptive prose of any "analogical vocabulary" and to restore "things" to "themselves," cleansed of any hint of profundity or preëstablished order. In this scouring, the sense of sight occupies a privileged position, as the sense that measures distances—"our best weapon, especially



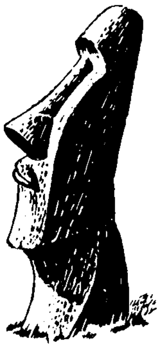
"May I say, Madam, you're beautiful when you're dubious?"



SONA

Churidars...
India's gift to
beauty.
Chain-buttoned,
hand-embroidered,
3-piece cotton set.
Assorted colors.
Sizes 8 to 14.
30.00
Other
Churidars
in silk from
38.00

The Boutique of India
at 11 E. 55 St., New York



LINDBLAD TRAVEL INC.
announces an
EASTER ISLAND
EXPEDITION

Explore unique Pacific civilization on remotest island in the world. Temples, towers, caves, gigantic statues. Exploration by jeep or horseback of stirring sites, escorted by famous archaeologists. Swimming, fishing, Polynesian feasts and dances.

13 days, $1,280 including round trip air fare from New York. Departures monthly.

LINDBLAD TRAVEL, INC.
Lindblad Travel Building
133 East 55th Street
New York, New York 10022

Please send Easter Island brochure.

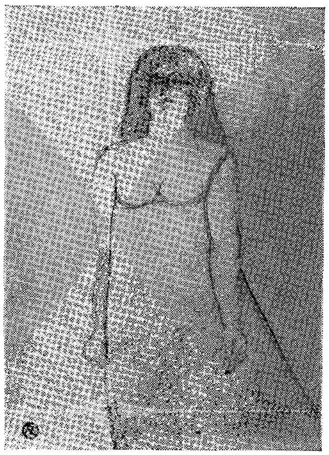
Mr.
Mrs.
Miss__________

Address__________City__________

State__________Zip__________ NY11467

if it keeps exclusively to outlines." And in a still later essay, "Time and Description in Fiction Today" (1963), Robbe-Grillet adds to the priority of visual precision "the breaks of cutting, the repetitions of scene, the contradictions, the characters suddenly paralyzed as in amateur photographs" that in fact do distinguish his later novels and his films alike. The purpose of these devices is to "afford this perpetual present [of the cinema, of the *nouveau roman*] all its force, all its violence." Temporal and spatial discontinuity, a present that never accumulates, are employed to dissolve "the trap of the anecdote." The thereness of things emerges from this dissolution.

Robbe-Grillet's theories constitute the most ambitious aesthetic program since Surrealism. My summary necessarily has skimped much: his reasoning is close; his remarks upon other writers, including the classics of the bourgeois novel, are reverent and lively. Because of his training as an agronomist, his understanding of science and of how its truths subvert our workaday assumptions exceeds that of most writers. His pronouncements do catch at something—a texture, an austerity—already present in other, often older French novelists, such as Nathalie Sarraute. To an American, however, there is a hollow ring of Thomism. Robbe-Grillet's concept of thereness looks like the medieval *quidditas*; the attempt to treat existence itself as a quality that can be artistically emphasized seems a formal confusion, a scholastic bottling of the wind. Robbe-Grillet's key concept—of "purely external and superficial" things—takes no account of the vast area of mobile and animate phenomena that mediate between *Homo sapiens* and inert matter, or of the difference between raw material and artifacts already imbued with human intention, or of the fact that to one man another is as much a "thing" as a chair or waterfall. In making his cleavage between "humanity" and "things," is he not guilty of a kind of humanism, elevating men into a glorious concept—Man? The real split, surely, is between the single ego and the external world—which would take us back into psychology, where Robbe-Grillet does not want to go. There is a forced naïveté in his vision, and a strange inversion of the pathetic fallacy he detests, for in artistic practice his concern with the inviolable otherness of things charges them, saturates them, with a menace and hostility as distortive of their null inner being as an imagined sympathy. One's reservations about



13 x 10 inches
MLLE. COCYTE DANS
"LA BELLE HELENE"

A Red and Black Chalk Drawing
BY
HENRI de
TOULOUSE-LAUTREC

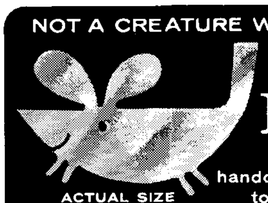
LOWER LEFT: MONOGRAM

HIRSCHL & ADLER
Galleries inc.
21 E. 67th St. • NY21 • LE 5-8810
Open Tues. through Sat.

900 NORTH MICHIGAN
Jacques
FRENCH RESTAURANT
CHICAGO

Dine in our beautiful Year-around Garden or Continental Dining Rooms. Also facilities for private parties. Parking at Delaware entrance. For reservations: WH 4-4795

OPEN DAILY 11:30 A. M. TO 12:00 P. M.



NOT A CREATURE WAS STIRRING
"NOT EVEN"
...our mouse pin, handcrafted in sterling to make her squeal with delight!
ACTUAL SIZE
$5.50 postpaid
STOUSLAND • 107 E. Central
Oxford, Ohio • 45056

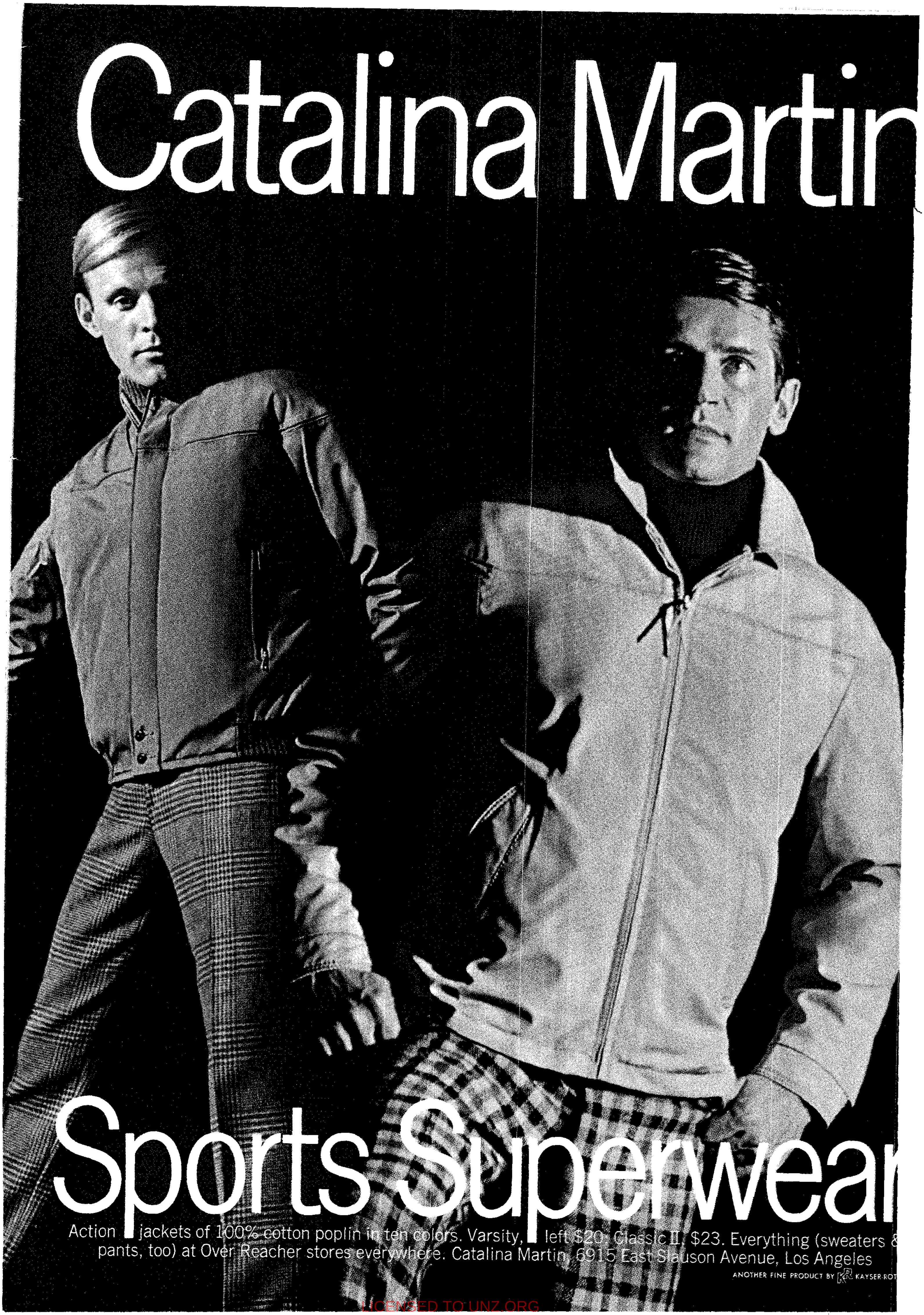
NANTUCKET COVE
Fresh Seafood
(never frozen) flown from all coasts
ENJOY THE CHARM OF OLD NANTUCKET
CHICAGO 1000 LAKE SHORE DRIVE 943-1600
ST. LOUIS WEST PINE AT KINGSHIGHWAY FO 1-0625

We named it "Generation" because we knew t would start something.

How's this for starters: The American Institute of Interior Designers (tastemakers to America) has presented its 1967 International Design Award to Dansk Designs Ltd. for Generation" china. And the Board of Den Permanente showplace of Danish Design) has just awarded its coveted Kay Bojesen prize to Niels Refsgaard, designer of "Generation."

We have 493 other prize-winning designs which can be seen in our great 96 page catalog. Just send 25¢ to Dansk Designs Ltd., Dept.LB, Mount Kisco, New York 10549.

DANSK
DESIGNS
LTD.



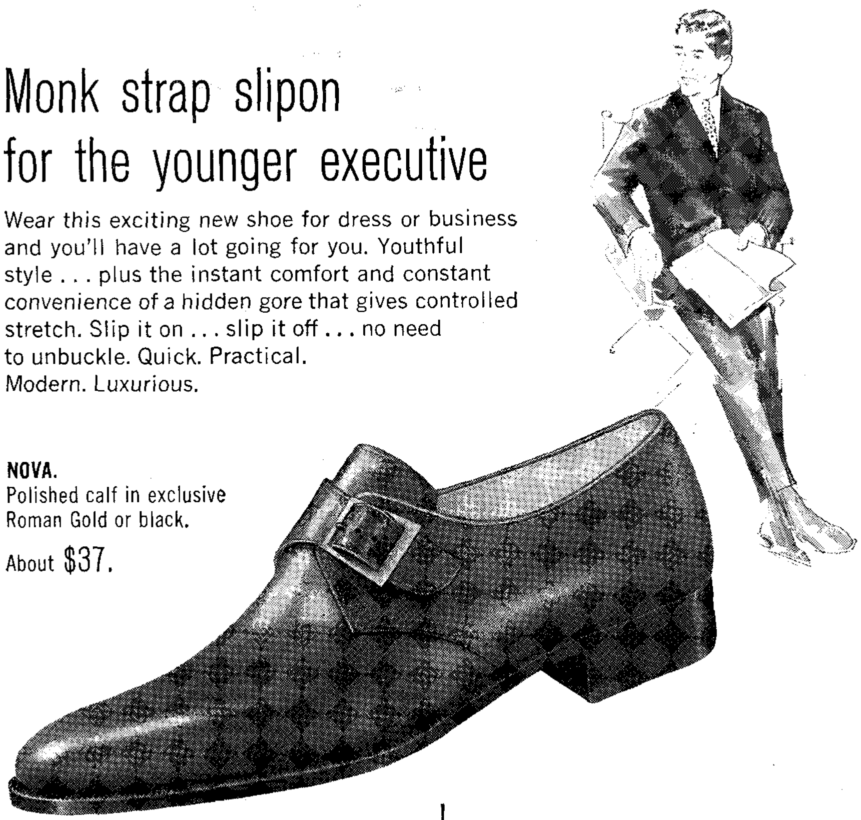
Catalina Marti
Sports Superwea

Action jackets of 100% cotton poplin in ten colors. Varsity, left $20. Classic II, $23. Everything (sweaters &
pants, too) at Over Reacher stores everywhere. Catalina Martin, 6915 East Slauson Avenue, Los Angeles

ANOTHER FINE PRODUCT BY KR KAYSER-ROT

obbe-Grillet's formulations come own to the discrepancy between his escription of what happens in his ficon and what actually happens. Far om striking us with their unsullied hereness, the "things" in his novels re implicated in the pervasive flimsiess and inconsequence.

"La Maison de Rendez-Vous" could ave been translated as "The House of ssignation" or "The Blue Villa" or ven "Up at Lady Ava's." It tells of, circles around, a night at the elegant rothel run by Lady Ava, or Eva, or ve, in Hong Kong. There is a police aid, and an American, or Englishman, amed Ralph or Sir Ralph Johnson or onestone, in love with a prostitute alled Lauren, and the murder of a an called Edouard Manneret and f another named Georges Marchat or Marchant or Marchand, and several erry rides to Kowloon, and a fluctuatg penumbra of dope smuggling and hite slavery and Cold War intrigue. bove it all is an "old mad king" ounding an iron-tipped cane on the oor and insomniacally rocking in a ocking chair; his name is given as King Boris, but he strongly resembles Manneret. The other presiding presnce is a narrator, who confesses to beg constantly beset by images of female esh and who sometimes inhabits Johnon's body or partakes of his adventures. Through this fog of events, or antivents ("What does all that matter? What does it matter?" the book asks itelf, answering, "All this comes to the ame thing"), rotates a constellation of epeated and refracted images—a broen champagne glass, an envelope conining sand or heroin or documents, a crap of paper illustrating the evils of rugs or else pushing them, a ubiquitous ickshaw driver, the slit hobble skirt of everal interchangeable Eurasian beaues who are also mannequins in shopindows. True to Robbe-Grillet's creo, the present never accumulates; ather, it unravels. There is a studied alse numerical precision. A hand is about eight or twelve" inches from serving tray; forty pages later, the istance is given as six inches. Maneret's apartment is on the third floor, r the fifth, or the sixth, or the ighth. Different characters relive the ame adventures; a play within the acion becomes the action; and twin servnt girls have the same name, "proounced quite similarly, the difference mperceptible except to a Chinese ear." The ingenuity behind all this doubling and shuffling is considerable. The writng is clean and deft and even enteraining, though the reader's interest



Monk strap slipon for the younger executive

Wear this exciting new shoe for dress or business and you'll have a lot going for you. Youthful style . . . plus the instant comfort and constant convenience of a hidden gore that gives controlled stretch. Slip it on . . . slip it off . . . no need to unbuckle. Quick. Practical. Modern. Luxurious.

NOVA.
Polished calf in exclusive
Roman Gold or black.
About $37.

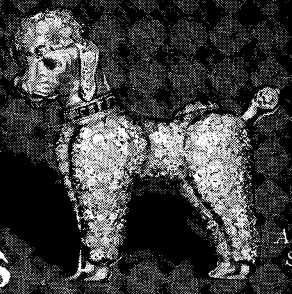
Write for our new Style Folder #683 and name of your nearest Nettleton dealer. A good booklet to have and a good man to know.

Nettleton
A. E. NETTLETON CO. ■ SYRACUSE, NEW YORK

1967 AMERICAN SHOE DESIGNER AWARD WINNER

The most expensive poodle in New Orleans.

This bejeweled pooch brooch is made of platinum set with 136 diamonds. The collar is square cut rubies.
$1950.



Actual Size

ADLER'S
NEW ORLEANS' FINE JEWELERS
722 Canal Street, New Orleans, La. 70130

Telephone
Coleman E. Adler, II
504-523-5202

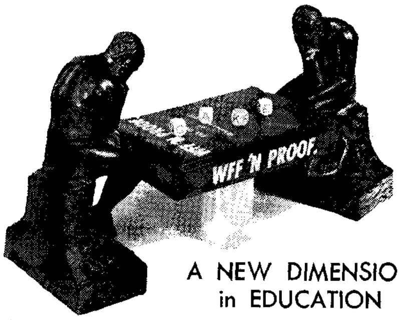
Make a splash this weekend at the Dennis

Frolic in our glass-enclosed pool. Enjoy golf, cycling, horseback riding on the beach. Explore smart shops on the boardwalk. Ride in a rolling chair. Go dancing every night. Great activities for children, too. Spend a weekend (or stay a week) in our charming oceanfront hotel or connecting modern motel. Free parking. Ask about our All-Inclusive Plans.

On the Boardwalk
at Michigan Avenue
Reservations:
phone Atlantic City
(609) 344-8111
New York Tie Line:
WAlker 5-3970

HOTEL/MOTEL
Dennis
ATLANTIC CITY, N.J.

GAMES FOR THINKERS



A NEW DIMENSION
in EDUCATION

Designed by university professors to teach and challenge those who enjoy **BRAIN-TO-BRAIN COMBAT.**

WFF 'N PROOF (logic)	$6.50
EQUATIONS (mathematics)	3.50
ON-SETS (set theory)	4.50
PROPAGANDA (social studies)	5.50
CONFIGURATIONS (geometry)	4.50
5-GAME SPECIAL (the above)	19.95

Send check to: **WFF 'N PROOF,**
Box 71-QW, New Haven, Conn. 06501
Available in book and department stores.

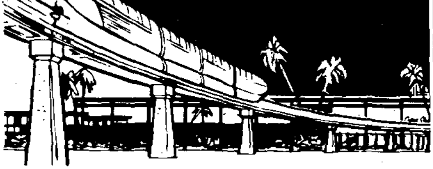
Edelweiss, our own
superb kidskin gloves from
France—a beautiful
pull-on length in black,
white, taupe or camel, all
lined with silk. 16.50
At all Lord & Taylor stores

Disneyland Hotel
FUN N' CONVENTION LAND

616 air-conditioned rooms and suites with private sun patios; Gourmet Restaurants; Golf Center; Direct monorail to the Park; Minutes from studios, sports and Southern California attractions; Complete convention facilities and Shopping Complex; Heliport on hotel grounds: FREE PARKING.

The Official Hotel on the Monorail at the Magic Kingdom

For reservations call:
Anaheim (714)535-8171
From Los Angeles,
MAdison 5-1369



N *Please Send me a Free Color Brochure and Rate Card for accommodations at Disneyland Hotel, Anaheim, Calif.*

NAME
ADDRESS
CITY
STATE ZIP

tends to cling, pathetically, to the excitements of the hackneyed tale of exotic intrigue that is being parodied, fragmented, and systematically frustrated. The popular adventure form underlying the sophisticated *nouveau roman* rises up and revenges itself by imposing upon the book a cliché ending of double-cross and a flat last sentence: "And there is nothing in her eyes." But there has never been anything in her eyes. Upon the basis, I think, of false analogies, Robbe-Grillet has already dissolved, with his "descriptions whose movement destroys all confidence in the things described," the credibility as elemental to the art of narrative as stone or metal is to sculpture.

The analogies are with the cinema and modern painting. The twentieth-century novelist finds himself in competition with a mode of storytelling—motion pictures—that is astonishing in the directness with which it presents and manipulates imagery and virtually tyrannical in its possession of the viewer's attention and its power to compel emotion. The novel, rooted in the historical past tense of the histories, legends, journals, and epistles from which it is descended, cannot but envy this constant present that does not tell but simply *is*, dancing and slicing through space, juxtaposing in montage landscapes and faces, swords and roses, violence and stasis—a new poetry, a wordless vocabulary that engulfs us like an environment. "Ulysses" was one of the first attempts, and remains the noblest, to appropriate to prose fiction some of the new medium's properties—the simultaneous intimacy and impersonality, the abrupt shifts from closeup to boom shot, the electric shuttle of scenes. Joyce immerses these effects in an orgy of literariness; Robbe-Grillet's fiction is almost exclusively cinematic. "La Maison de Rendez-Vous" is not so much written as scripted: "The scene which then takes place lacks clarity," "Then the images follow one another very rapidly," "Now we see the young Eurasian girl backed into the corner of a luxurious room, near a lacquer chest whose lines are emphasized by bronze ornaments, all escape cut off by a man in a carefully trimmed gray goatee who is towering over her." The full syntax of splicing, blurring, stop-action, enlargement, panning, and fadeout is employed; the book lacks only camera tracks and a union member operating the dolly. The trouble is that prose does not inherently possess the luminous thereness of a projected image, and all of Robbe-Grillet's montages, visual particularization, care-

DeLuxe Hotel Accommodations at attractive rates on New York's exclusive Central Park South

...YOURS FOR THE ASKING!

That's why it's the favorite of travelwise men and women. Superb midtown location, continental check-in, exclusive 100% fresh air conditioning system, fine cuisine, 24-hour operator attended elevators and warm personalized service make The Barbizon-Plaza one of New York's finest luxury hotel values.

The Barbizon-Plaza
A Luxury Hotel
106 Central Park South, N.Y., N.Y.

RESERVATIONS AT GUARANTEED RATES
Choice Singles: $13.00 to $19.50
Choice Doubles: $18.50 to $26.00
Tower Studio Suites: $28.00 to $33.00

FREE INDOOR GARAGE—includes pick up and delivery. Available only for de luxe singles from $18.00 up and doubles from $25.00 up. Not included on package tours or special group rates.

WRITE FOR FREE COLOR BROCHURE N
Tel: CI 7-7000 • Teletype 212 640 4099

The Ultimate in French Cuisine
Café Chauveron
Your host ROGER CHAUVERON
FOR RESERVATIONS PLaza 1-6480 139 East 53 St., N.Y.C.

THE MAYAN ROOM Luncheon • Cocktails
Dinner • Superb Continental cuisine and *Mayan dishes served in a gracious Continental manner.* ROCKEFELLER CENTER
16 West 51st Street • Tel.: LT 1-3580

SINCE 1880
ALL THAT IS NEW ORLEANS!
Commander's Palace
FRENCH AND CREOLE CUISINE
Washington at Coliseum Sts., New Orleans, La.

l distinctions between right and left,
nd so on do not induce the kind of
articipation imposed by, say, his real
ovie "Last Year at Marienbad." A
an sitting with a book in his lap is a
reature quite different from a man sit-
ng hypnotized in a dark theatre. The
ind translates verbal imagery into
miliar images innocent of a photo-
raph's staring actuality; it seizes on a
ngle detail and enshrouds it in vague
emories from real life. An image, to
enetrate the mind, must be weighted
ith a momentum beyond itself, by
at movement of merged relevance
at Aristotle called an "action."

For this movement, and the accu-
ulating emotion and concern around
e things described, Robbe-Grillet, in
is essay "Time and Description in Fic-
on Today," offers to substitute "the
ery movement of the description."
ere we have the second false anal-
gy—with painting. The practitioners
f literature can hardly escape the im-
ression that painting is the century's
eroic, dominant art, the art that has
on the allegiance of the rich, the art
ost productive of manifestos, credos,
intliness, and fresh waves of innova-
on. Above all, it is painting that has
urified itself of content; with Cézanne,
e canvas ceases to be a window and
ecomes a flat field whereupon a drama
as occurred—the oranges or Mont
ainte-Victoire or Mme. Cézanne serv-
g as a mere excuse. Abstraction elimi-
ates even the excuse. Naturally,
ovelists seek to attain to this lordly in-
ependence of circumstance, this sacer-
otal self-sufficiency. As early as 1861,
laubert was assuring the Goncourt
rothers that "The story, the plot of a
ovel is of no interest to me. When I
rite a novel I aim at rendering a col-
r, a shade. For instance, in my Car-
aginian novel, I want to do something
urple. . . . In 'Madame Bovary,' all I
anted to do was to render a gray
olor, the mouldy color of a wood
ouse's existence. The story of the novel
nattered so little to me that a few days
efore starting on it I still had in mind
very different Madame Bovary from
he one I created. . . . she was to have
een a chaste and devout old maid."
laubert's claim seems wistful; he
ounds like an Impressionist, and the
mpressionists were still short of the
inal liberation, insofar as their brush-
vork recalls the beauty of *real* water
ilies, sunshine, haystacks. A page of
rint can never, like a rectangle of
aint, lift free of all reference to real
bjects; it cannot but be some kind
of window, for words are themselves
ransparent; even nonsense like "Jab-

Only one meal today

CHUNG HAE KYUNG, KOREAN, AGE 6. One of three children. Mother dead. Father TB. Grandmother stays at home to look after her sick son and his two younger children. Eldest sister, 18, sells vegetables in market. Earns $7 per month, family's only income. Live in one room. Rent $2 monthly. No facilities. Children always hungry. Winters cold and hard. Insufficient clothing and blankets. Grandmother unable to buy medicine for son and sufficient food for children. Help to Hae Kyung will relieve her grandmother's worries by bringing aid to the entire family, medical care included.

Thousands of children as needy as Hae Kyung anxiously await "adoption" by you or your group. Choose a boy or girl from Greece, South Korea, Viet Nam, Hong Kong, the Philippines, Brazil, Colombia, Ecuador or Peru. Your child and his family receive a monthly cash grant, as well as counselling, medical care, blankets, household equipment, clothing—and primary school education. You receive a case history and photograph. Each month you write and receive a letter (original and translation). Learn how your "adoption" benefits the entire family. Soon, through the regular letters and progress reports, you and your child develop a warm, loving relationship.

CHECK YOUR CHARITY! We eagerly offer our financial statement upon request because we are so proud of the handling of our funds.

PLAN is a non-political, non-profit, non-sectarian, independent relief organization, approved by the United States Government, registered under No. VFA019 with the Advisory Committee on Voluntary Foreign Aid of the Agency for International Development and filed with the National Better Business Bureau in New York City.

© Foster Parents Plan, Inc. 1967

Foster Parents Plan, Inc.

352 PARK AVENUE SOUTH, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10010 - Founded 1937

PARTIAL LIST OF SPONSORS AND FOSTER PARENTS

Steve Allen
Sen. Paul H. Douglas
Helen Hayes
Conrad N. Hilton
Sen. Jacob K. Javits
Sen. Robert F. Kennedy
Art Linkletter
Amb. & Mrs. Henry Cabot Lodge
Garry Moore
Sen. William Proxmire
Dr. Howard A. Rusk
Mr. & Mrs. Robert W. Sarnoff
Gov. & Mrs. William W. Scranton
Sen. John G. Tower

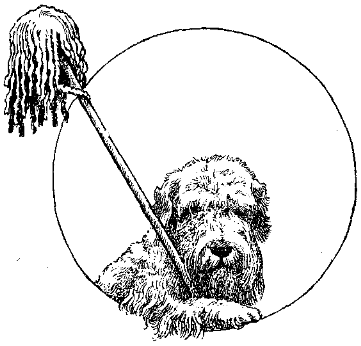
FOSTER PARENTS PLAN, INC. NY-11-67
352 PARK AVENUE SOUTH, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10010
In Canada: P. O. Box 65, Sta. B, Montreal, Que.

A. I wish to become a Foster Parent of a needy child for one year or more. If possible, sex......, age......, nationality......................
I will pay $15 a month for one year or more ($180 per year).
Payment will be monthly ( ), quarterly ( ), semi-annually ( ), annually ( ).
I enclose herewith my first payment $............

B. I cannot "adopt" a child but I would like to help a child by contributing $............

Name..
Address...
City.......................State................Zip..........
Date......................... Contributions are income tax deductible

Maurice
Sendak's



HIGGLETY
PIGGLETY POP!
OR
THERE MUST BE MORE
TO LIFE

"With this book Maurice Sendak again proves his right to be ranked as one of the few modern writers to make a genuine contribution to the great tradition of children's literature. Sendak's development has consistently erased the barriers between literature for the child and for the adult. More and more, his writing moves into the arena inhabited by the great nonsense fantasists, by Carroll and Lear, just as his illustrations connect to the 19th century graphic traditions of Rodolphe Bresdin and Grandville."

— Barbara Novak O'Doherty,
N.Y. Times Book Review

$4.95. All ages.

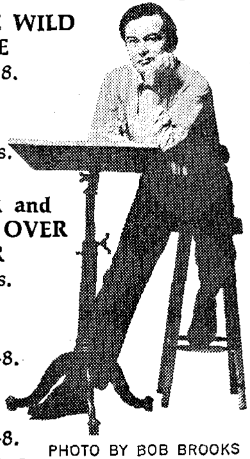


PHOTO BY BOB BROOKS

WHERE THE WILD THINGS ARE
$3.95. Ages 4-8.

NUTSHELL LIBRARY
$3.95. All ages.

HECTOR PROTECTOR and AS I WENT OVER THE WATER
$4.25. All ages.

VERY FAR AWAY
$3.50. Ages 4-8.

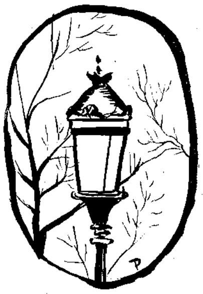
KENNY'S WINDOW
$3.50. Ages 5-8.

THE SIGN ON ROSIE'S DOOR
$2.75. Ages 5-8.

150th ANNIVERSARY
Harper & Row

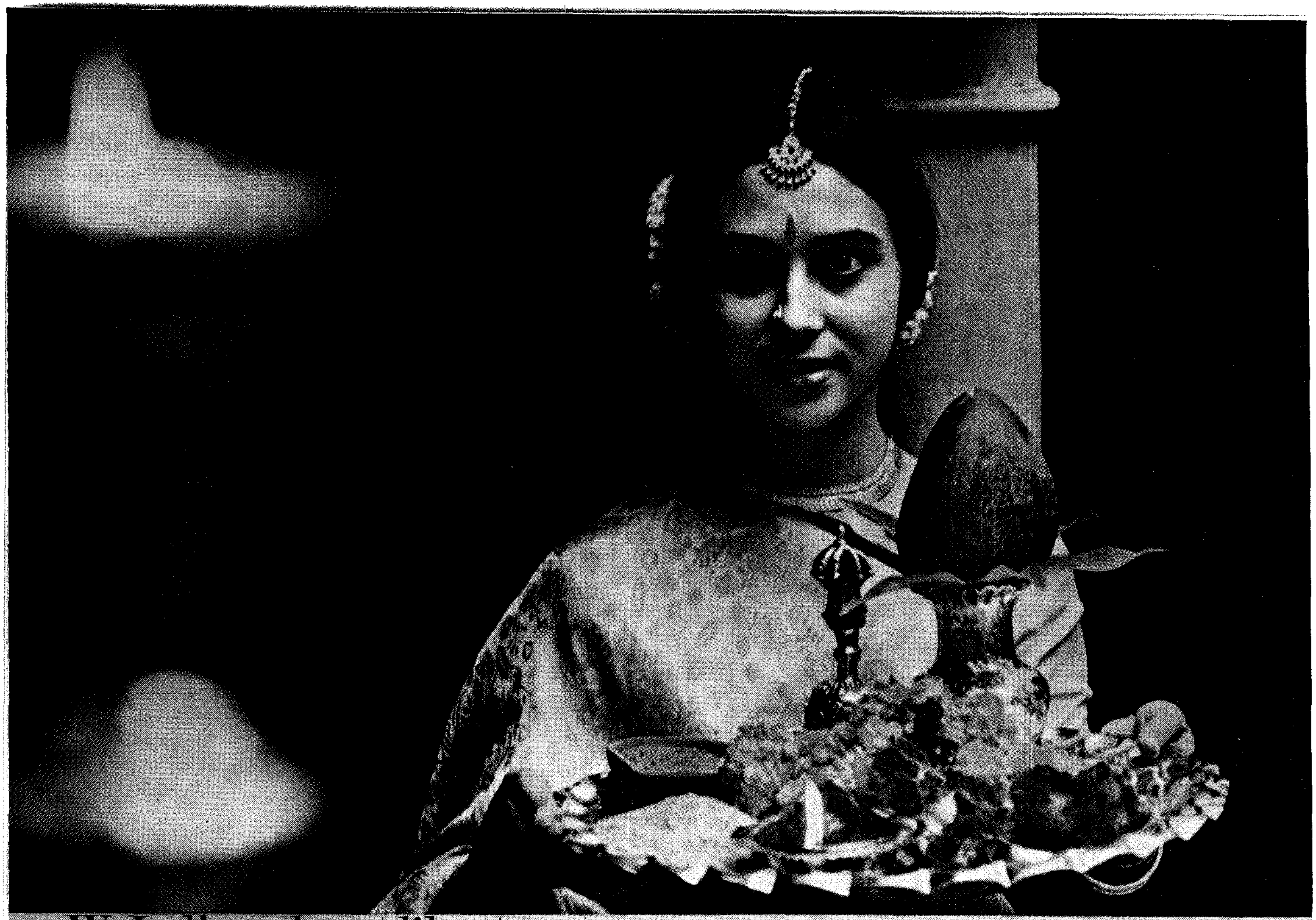
berwocky" glows like a honeycomb held up to the light. Further, a painting is from the painter's hand, whereas a book has passed through a mechanical process that erases all the handwriting and crossing-out that would declare the author's presence and effort. Robbe-Grillet's off-center duplications, subtle inaccuracies, and cubistic fragmentation do not convey "the very movement of the description." They instead seem mannered devices intended to give insubstantial materials an interesting surface.

Compare Kafka's truncated chapters and warps of narrative. They rise, we feel, from within, *in spite of* the author's pained sincerity and conscientious prose; they are neurotic in nature. And a neurosis is a profounder product of a culture than a theory. Robbe-Grillet does have instincts, tropisms toward certain styles of experience; his first novel, "The Erasers," a coherent detective story, shows the same surveyor's eye, the same fondness for duplication and stalled motion, as does his last. But between the two there has been a buildup of theory, of stylization of intuition. "La Maison de Rendez-Vous" is less a work of art than an objet d'art, shiny with its appliqué of progressive post-Existential thought; it has a fragile air of mere up-to-dateness, of chic.



WHEREAS "Miracle of the Rose," by Jean Genet (translated by Bernard Frechtman), is as subjective and compulsive as one could wish. This, his second novel, was written in the prisons of La Santé and Tourelles, in 1943, on the pieces of white paper supplied to the convicts for the making of paper bags. Any hope of publication must have been desperate. His first novel, "Our Lady of the Flowers," written in 1942, proclaims itself, and is acclaimed by Sartre in his introduction, as a jailbird's masturbatory fantasies. "Miracle of the Rose" springs, as it were, from the same aesthetic: "I carried Bulkaen off in the depths of my heart. I went back to my cell, and the abandoned habit of my abandoned childhood took hold of me: the rest of the day and all night long I built an imaginary life of which Bulkaen was the center, and I always gave that life, which was begun over and over and was transformed a dozen times, a violent end: murder, hanging, or beheading." Reality and fantasy are inextricable. "Miracle of the Rose" seems slightly more earthbound than "Our Lady of the Flowers"—a touc less brilliant and soaring, a shade mor plausible and didactic. Genet's own per son emerges somewhat more solidly, while the earlier novel made the reade marvel that a criminal had becom a writer, now it seems stranger tha such a writer became a criminal. W are permitted glimpses—in categorica phrases like "a region to which irony has no access," in a critical disquisition on the vulgarity of placing slang word in quotation marks—of a depraved man whose vocation, nevertheless from boyhood on has been literary. A a thief, he stole books!—"books with heraldic bindings, the Japa- nese vellum of de-luxe edi- tions, the long-grained mo- roccan copies."

As in "Our Lady," th story line of "Miracle of the Rose," obeying no known gravitational laws, flies back and forth among the men Genet loves: Harcamone, the condemned man invisible in the death cell; Bulkaen, the young weakling covered even to his eyelid with tattoos; Villeroy, the big shot whose chicken Genet becomes at the boys' reformatory of Mettray; Divers, Villeroy's successor, who marries Genet in a mock ceremony and reappears fifteen years later, at the state prison of Fontevrault, and again possesses his bride. An occasional physica description or snatch of dialogue reveals the lustreless thugs beneath the extraordinary flowers of metaphor in which they are garlanded, but these pimps and crashers, big shots and chickens exist primarily as angels and archangels in the inverted heaven of Genet's dreaming. The prison Fontevrault was once a monastery; when Genet arrives, manacled, the doorways are lit up as if for Christmas. Christianity permeates his confinement there. He suffers a series of mystic visions centered upon Harcamone, and indeed the prison world, "the eternal gray season in which I am trapped," does approximate the religious view of the world. Abasement gives rise to transcendent consolations: "And as our life is without external hope, it turns its desires inward. I cannot believe that the Prison is not a mystic community," "Your pride must be able to undergo shame in order to attain glory," "One is a saint by the force of circumstances which is the force of God! . . . I loved Bulkaen for his ignominy." These testimonies, obtained under pressures of deprivation comparable to the oppression in which primitive Christianity thrived, cannot be



We Indians do not like strangers.
That is why we have so many friends.

You are in a silk shop in Madras. The proprietor, after showing your wife a few saris, expresses a desire to talk with you about America. "Stay for tea. I have a thousand questions. Stay. It may be years before you are back in Madras again."

On the way to Agra, your driver speaks of his mother-in-law. "Ah, there is a gifted woman. She has a voice that can shatter glass. And frequently does." You laugh and talk the trip away and when you arrive in Agra he says: "How long will you be in India? Stay another week and come to my nephew's wedding. The poor chap is getting married Saturday."

Languishing on your houseboat in Kashmir, a flower vendor paddles alongside. "A dozen roses, sir?" You have no need of roses. "Have you need of conversation, sir?" Indeed you have. *When will the almond trees be in bloom?* "In about another week, sir. Then the willows will turn green. And the snows in the upper reaches start to melt. Would you like me to show you around Srinagar, sir? I will do it for the pleasure of your company."

Such happenings are not uncommon in our country. A foreigner is not destined to remain a foreigner for long. Why this is so we are hard pressed to explain. But the reason does not matter. You will be welcome, that is what matters.

If you would like to know more about India, complete the lines below and mail them to us. We will send you a colorful, 50-page booklet filled with useful travel information. There is no charge, dear friends.

Government of India Tourist Office: New York, 19 E. 49th Street; Chicago, 201 North Michigan Avenue; San Francisco, 685 Market Street.

Name____________________
Street____________________
City____________________
State________Zip Code_____

How to describe Cointreau

FOR LESS INFORMED FRIENDS,
ACQUAINTANCES, AND UNCLASSIFIED STRANGERS.

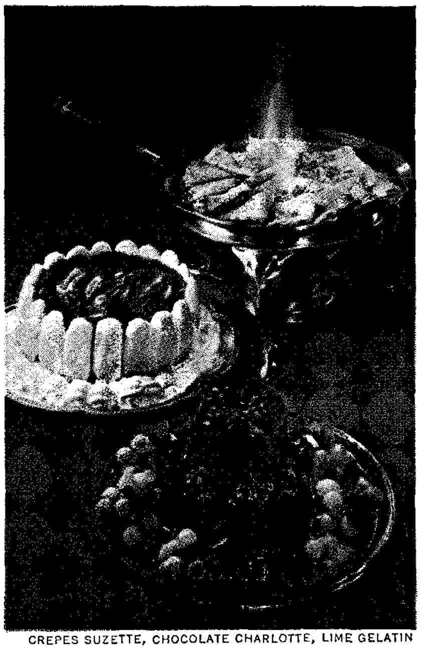
COINTREAU
LIQUEUR
COINTREAU

80 PROOF, PRODUCED & BOTTLED BY COINTREAU LTD., PENNINGTON, N. J.

New on-the-rocks idea. Pour Cointreau over ice cubes in an Old Fashioned glass. Tastes as refreshing as it looks.

The Cointreau Cocktail. A cocktail you'll wish you had met years ago. 1½ jiggers Cointreau, 1 jigger vodka, juice of half a lime. Stir with ice and strain into a cocktail glass or serve in an Old Fashioned glass over ice cubes.

Cointreau Barbecue Sauce. Simmer together one bottle red burgundy, 4 medium onions and 2 celery stalks chopped, 2 cans beef bouillon, 3 cans tomato paste, salt, pepper and Tabasco sauce to taste. Cook until reduced by half. Add 1 ounce Cointreau. Excellent for steaks, hamburgers, spareribs ...indoor broiling or out. Extra sauce keeps well in refrigerator.



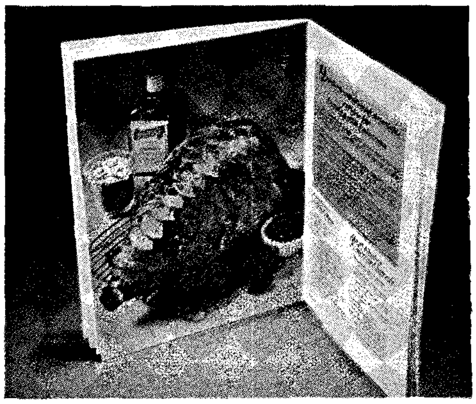
CREPES SUZETTE, CHOCOLATE CHARLOTTE, LIME GELATIN

There's only one Cointreau But endless ways to use it. A crystal-clea spirit with a silky-smooth bouquet and flavor to match, Cointreau is the versatil invention of those clever French. You ca enjoy it anytime. And it's priced abou the same as good Scotch.

Cointreau...the adventurou spirit. Don't try to list all the pleasurable possibilities with Cointreau or you'l shoot the whole evening. Simply hit the hig spots: its use in the world's most adventurous cocktails, on the rocks, in cooking and as an after-dinner companion.

SIDE CAR, CHAMPAGNE COOLER, ACAPULC

Cointreau turns simple food into creations. One doesn't need diploma from a gourmet school to us Cointreau in the kitchen. All it takes i imagination. Cointreau can add a touc of genius to meat, vegetables, fresh frui ...to puddings, ice cream, and dessert of all kinds.



You could write a book on ways to enjoy Cointreau. We know because we did. It tells you how to make all the tantalizing drinks and dishes shown here. And a lot more. Get a copy of our 20-page booklet, "Adventures with Cointreau," free for the asking at your local purveyor of spirits. Or write: P.O. Box 4200, Grand Central Sta., New York, N.Y. 10017.

dismissed as blasphemous any more than the pervasive erotic content can be dismissed as "homosexual." Genet is one of the few writers to make homosexual love credible, both in concrete detail—"Our shaved heads rolled around each other, with our rough cheeks scraping"—and in inner essence, in the tenderness and hysteria it shares with all sex.

Some months ago, the Reverend Tom Driver, writing in the *Saturday Review*, admired "Miracle of the Rose" for showing Genet's transformation from a passive, "female" homosexual, the concubine of Villeroy, into an aggressive "male" one, the assaulter of Bulkaen. The improvement, to Driver, seemed self-evident, but three angry letters responded, one refusing to renew a subscription, another deploring "the literary morass of this decade," and a third likening Genet to the Nazis. Indeed, Genet, whose wartime efforts consisted of weaving, while in prison, camouflage nets for the Germans, does write kindly of the occupation forces: "When it was reported that the Germans were preparing to leave, France realized, in losing the rigidity they had imposed on her, that she had loved them." It must be admitted, especially by those of us bewitched by his rhetoric, that Genet, in his submission to rigidity and his quest for the otherworldly beauty of emotional extremes, is led into a moral realm where no conventional liberal, or even civilized person, can follow. "War was beautiful in the past because in shedding blood it produced glory. It is even more beautiful now because it creates pain, violence, and despair. . . . I love the war that devoured my handsomest friends. . . . Novels are not humanitarian reports. Indeed, let us be thankful that there remains sufficient cruelty, without which beauty would not be." He worships Harcamone, who gratuitously murders a guard at Fontevrault; at Mettray, he admires Van Roy, who betrays an escape plot and thereby has "dared make a terrible gesture" demonstrating that "the strongest big shots were squealers." He is nostalgic for the superior—compared to mature criminals—ferocity of adolescents and remembers his own cruelty: "My cruelty, when I was sixteen, made me stab the left eye of a child who, frightened by my pitiless stare and realizing that his eye attracted me, tried to save it by putting his fist to it." Consistent with this savagery toward others is a fervent death wish: "My love of beauty (which desired so ardently that my life be crowned with

Are you still cooking with your grandmother's "coal-stove cook book"? You need

The new "STANDARD AMERICAN COOK BOOK

...A whopping selection of recipes for the most delicious specialties from all sections of the United States."(1)

"AN ALL-IN-ONE COOK BOOK FOR THE HOUSEWIFE

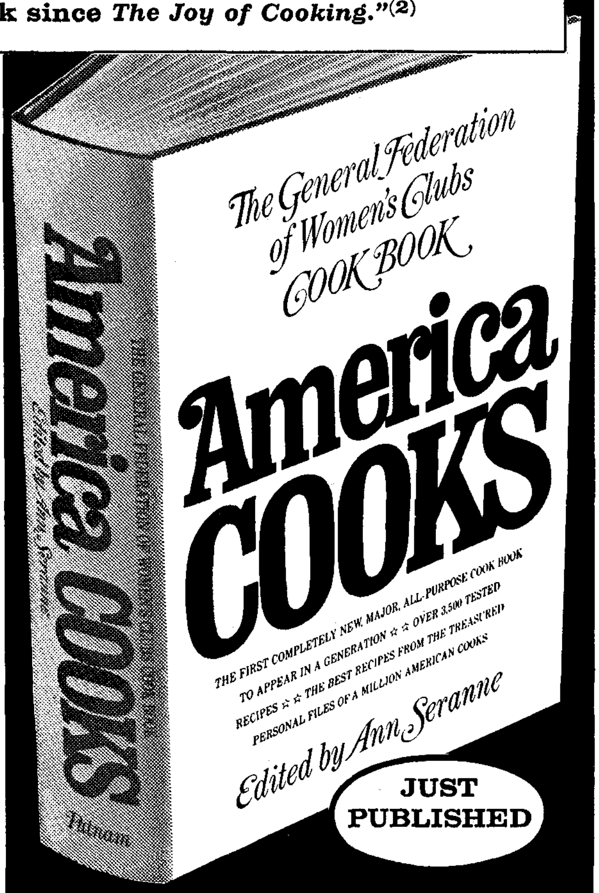
...No comparable, broad-gauged cook book since *The Joy of Cooking*."(2)

The first completely new, basic, all-purpose cook book in a generation!

Edited by ANN SERANNE

"One of the most remarkable talents in the world of food."

– Craig Claiborne, Food Editor of the *New York Times*


The General Federation of Women's Clubs COOKBOOK
America COOKS
THE FIRST COMPLETELY NEW, MAJOR, ALL-PURPOSE COOK BOOK TO APPEAR IN A GENERATION ☆ ☆ OVER 3,500 TESTED RECIPES ☆ ☆ THE BEST RECIPES FROM THE TREASURED PERSONAL FILES OF A MILLION AMERICAN COOKS
Edited by Ann Seranne
THE GENERAL FEDERATION OF WOMEN'S CLUBS COOK BOOK
America COOKS
Edited by Ann Seranne
Putnam

JUST PUBLISHED

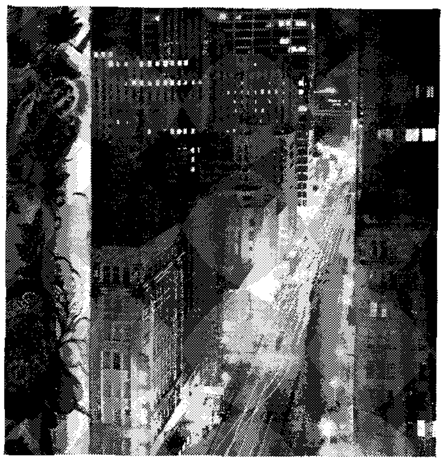
2 HUGE PRINTINGS SOLD OUT BEFORE PUBLICATION
3rd LARGE PRINTING NOW AT YOUR BOOKSTORE

Eight years in preparation, America Cooks offers *more than 3,500 superb recipes created by members of the General Federation of Women's Clubs* . . . step-by-step instructions for everything from the simplest to the most elaborate cooking procedures . . . hundreds of cooking short-cuts and kitchen hints . . . glossary of cooking terms . . . finger-tip index . . . and much, much more! It's the one *truly modern, truly indispensable* cook book for both brides and experienced cooks.

Washable cloth binding • 800 pages • Only $6.95

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS, *Publishers Since 1838*

(1) *Publishers' Weekly* (2) *Kirkus Service*



Downtown Houston's all around us

In fact, you can walk to Jones Hall, the Civic Center and Old Market Square. We're in the business district, too. Let us confirm your reservation soon — and affirm our reputation as Houston's great hospitality house.

THE RICE HOTEL
Main at Texas
(713) CA 7-2111

CHRISTMAS means a Viyella sport shirt, a fine blend of lambswool and cotton. Colorful plaids, tailored by Arrow. $20

BOYD'S
SAINT LOUIS

a violent, in fact bloody, death) . . . made me secretly choose decapitation." Genet's outlawry is more thorough than de Sade's, who at least blamed God for the existence of pain; Genet says, "God is good. . . . He strews so many traps along our path." Only the desert saints of early Christianity, perhaps, would so blithely have burned the world to produce visions.

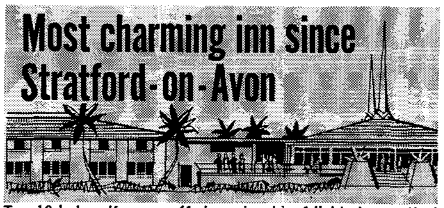
Is "Miracle of the Rose" an avant-garde novel? Genet does not claim it to be: "If I were writing a novel, there might be a point in describing the gestures I made, but the aim of this book is only to relate the experience of freeing myself from a state of painful torpor, from a low, shameful life taken up with prostitution and begging." Certainly it lacks description in the sense of giving persons and objects an appearance of autonomy. The characters, apart from their names, are no more distinguishable than the mosaic figures aligned within a Byzantine dome. The dome is Genet's skull: he is absolute Creator within this universe, not only of persons but of the laws that control their motions. The humanization of nature, which Robbe-Grillet would eliminate from fiction, here operates with a vengeance; everything is transmuted into metaphor, nothing is more than what it means to Genet. The very prison melts so that, at the book's climax, Genet can mystically join Harcamone on his walk to the guillotine. The novel is a loose form, but "Miracle of the Rose" seems to me to fall outside it and to belong rather to that older stream of French literature, contributory to the novel, of essay and *pensée*, memoir and letter, confession and self-revelation. "We belonged to the Middle Ages," Genet says of his fellow-convicts, and when he writes of entering through Harcamone's gullet a country landscape detailed down to "the remains of a country fair: a spangled jersey, the ashes of a campfire, a circus whip," his untrammelled hyperbole belongs—in defiance of intervening centuries of bourgeois empiricism and objectivity—to Rabelais.

ROBERT PINGET is not as yet well known on this side of the Atlantic. "The Inquisitory" (translated by Donald Watson) was originally published in 1962; from the jacket copy, and a laudatory review of some earlier novels printed among Robbe-Grillet's essays, I gather that since his first book, a collection of stories entitled "Entre Fantoine et Agapa," Pinget's fiction has explored an imaginary provincial

Delightful recollections of exquisite recipes and famous people —from a man who grew up in the exotic, cosmopolitan gourmet's paradise that was pre-war Shanghai

Memoirs & Menus

THE CONFESSIONS OF A CULINARY SNOB
By GEORGES SPUNT
9 full-page 2-color illustrations by Jerry Joyner
$12.50, now at your bookstore
CHILTON BOOK COMPANY



Most charming inn since Stratford-on-Avon

Two 18-hole golf courses (1 championship, 1 lighted executive) • gourmet wining and dining • luxurious guest rooms • meeting facilities • Scottish baronial atmosphere • open year 'round • near airports and arterial expressways. Write for brochure:
Miami Lakes Inn & Country Club • Palmetto Expressway & N.W. 154th Street, Miami Lakes, Florida 33012. Dept. X

Miami Lakes Inn & COUNTRY CLUB

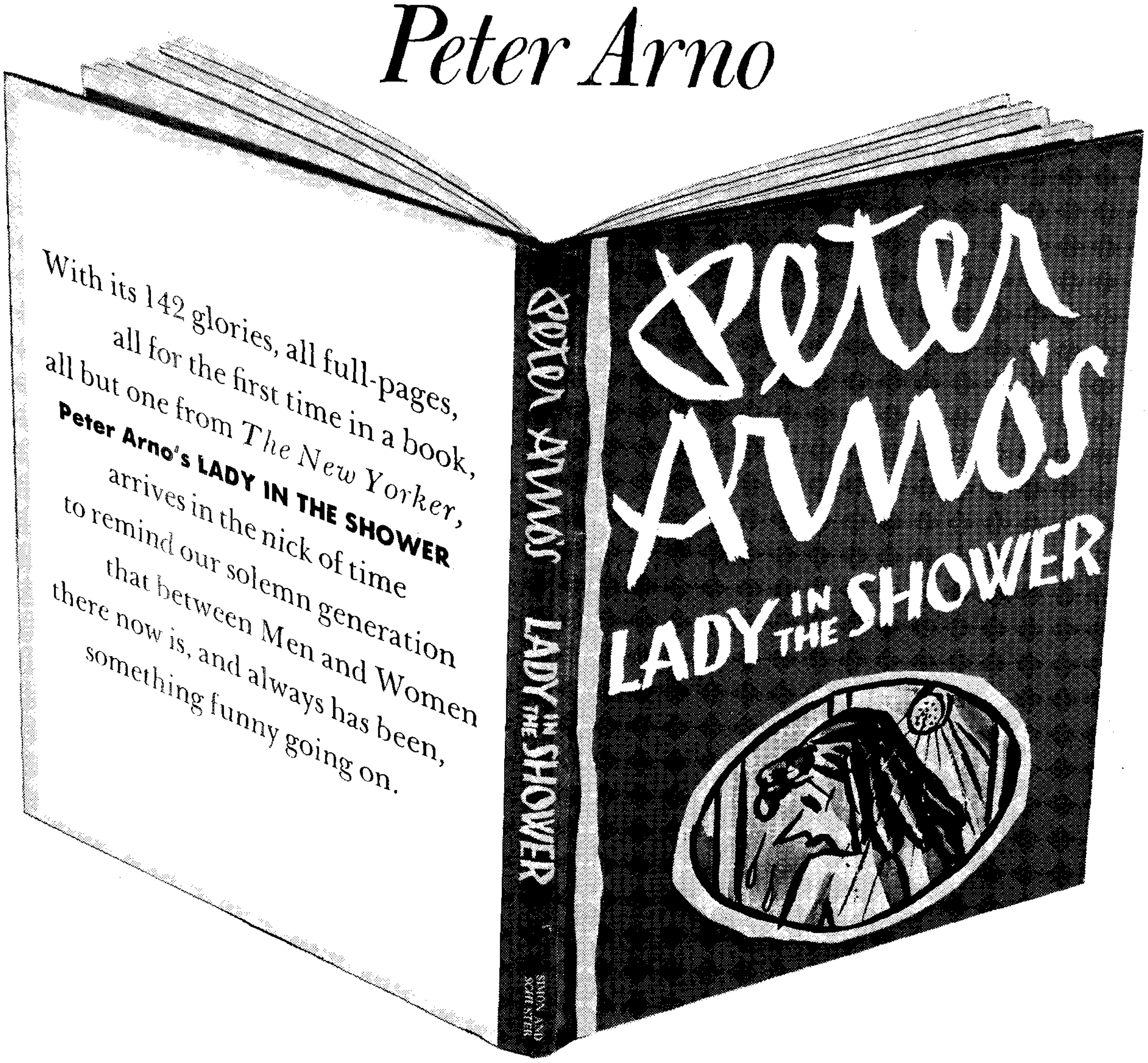
The Golden Door RESTAURANT
Atop the International Arrival Building
Kennedy International Airport
Reservations: 656-4600

Villa marbona
MARIO BONARELLI
OWNER AND CHEF
55 EAST 10th STREET AT B'WAY
FINE NEOPOLITAN CUISINE IN NEW YORK
PHONE 477-9928 FOR RESERVATIONS

Surprise!

For the first time in 10 years
a new cartoon collection by

Peter Arno



With its 142 glories, all full-pages,
all for the first time in a book,
all but one from *The New Yorker*,
Peter Arno's LADY IN THE SHOWER
arrives in the nick of time
to remind our solemn generation
that between Men and Women
there now is, and always has been,
something funny going on.

Peter Arno's
LADY IN THE SHOWER
Peter Arno's
LADY IN THE SHOWER
SIMON AND SCHUSTER

$4.95 • Just published • SIMON AND SCHUSTER

You may never know enchantment, until you've known
The Carib Ocho Rios

By day the Carib Ocho Rios is merely fabulous. Its location is Jamaica's fabled North Coast. Enough said. Virtually all accommodation is spacious and in suite form. There are complete facilities for everything from waterskiing to duty-free shopping.

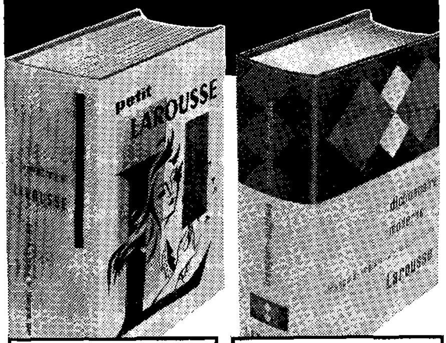
By night the Carib Ocho Rios is something else. When you're completely enmeshed in the spell of superb cuisine and wines and the moonlit Caribbean sky, resist the temptation to pinch yourself. It's not a dream. It's enchantment.

To ensure your reservation, see your travel agent soon or contact:

Robert Reid Associates, Inc.
New York Plaza 7–2444 • Miami • Chicago • Toronto London

McNicholas Bludau Associates
Los Angeles • San Francisco

2 Treasures
for those select few who read French



THE BRAND NEW PETIT LAROUSSE 1967
yours for only $1.00*

DICTIONNAIRE MODERNE 1967
English-French
French-English
yours for only $1.00*

***IF YOU JOIN NOW**

SELECT EITHER of these two great works, plus one of eight great French books, when you join the French Book Guild. No fees, no dues, choose only 4 books a year, fiction and nonfiction, all in original French, many not available in translation, all at amazingly low cost.

SEND NO MONEY—MAIL COUPON TODAY!

FRENCH BOOK GUILD, 101 Fifth Ave., N. Y. 10003
Please send me without obligation information regarding membership in The French Book Guild.
Name__________ N.Y.
Address__________
____
City__________State__________Zip______

region between Fantoine and Agapa, a Gallic Yoknapatawpha County—an "absurd suburb of reality," in Robbe-Grillet's phrase. Certainly "The Inquisitory," which won the Prix des Critiques, abounds with circumstantial information. Thirty pages are devoted to a description, shop by shop, of the main square of the village of Sirancy; the street geography of the town of Agapa is exhaustively examined; eleven pages call the roll of furnishings in the drawing room of a château, which is eventually inventoried from cellar to attic; and an attentive reader with pencil in hand could probably draw, from the various textual indications, a map of the entire region. Now, such feats of particularization demand more patience than passion from writer and reader alike, but the end result is the kind of trustworthiness absent, for different reasons, from both "La Maison de Rendez-Vous" and "Miracle of the Rose." "The Inquisitory" is of the three by far the best novel, if by novel we understand an imitation of reality rather than a spurning of it.

Not that Pinget is old-fashioned; he has put himself to school with Robbe-Grillet and Beckett. The novel's premise is a Beckettian stripped situation: an infinitely garrulous old château servant is being quizzed by an infinitely curious investigator. Both are nameless. Punctuation marks are abjured. A shadowy secretary is in the room, typing up all three hundred and ninety-nine pages of meandering testimony. The object of the investigation—the disappearance of the château secretary—is never clarified. The dialogue, initially full to bursting of visual measurement and *quidditas*, ebbs into a fatigued exchange, laconic and baffled. All this circumstantiality protests against circumstantiality, both as an adjunct of the novel and as the illusory stuff of life: "Another twenty rooms and then there'll still be more and you'll tell me to describe them, and more and more kitchens servants tell-tale tittle-tattle secrets of the bedchamber families mile upon mile of streets and stairs and lumber-rooms and junk-shops of antique-dealers grocers butchers of skimping and scraping everywhere in our heads how dreary it all is always starting all over again why." The investigator is in a sense the all too ideal reader, asking again and again, "Go on," begging, "Describe the longest route." And the answerer, with his omnivorous memory and solipsistic deafness—the questions put to him must be written on slips of paper—is the aborig-

Jane Trahey
(nee Baba Erlanger)
and Daren Pierce
announce with pleasure
the eagerly awaited
SON OF MARTINI COOKBOOK
at a special
prepublication price, $3.94*
7 YEARS IN THE WRITING. 32 PAGES.

Checks or money orders
to Clovis Press
P.O. Box 474, Lennox Hill Station,
New York, N.Y. 10021
*$3.95 thereafter at specially selected bookstores.

A HARPER NOVEL OF SUSPENSE
MADAME AUBRY DINES WITH DEATH

By HUGH TRAVERS. "Immediately engaging," said *The New Yorker* of Madame Aubry's first appearance. Now she returns in triumph—"the kind of mistress every man should have around, especially when he's in trouble."
— LOUIS UNTERMEYER. $4.50
A HARPER NOVEL OF SUSPENSE

RITZ
Old Poodle Dog
San Francisco's Oldest French Restaurant
65 Post St. Su 1-1918

By subscription only $4. yr.
The Southern Cruising Issue now out!
YACHTSMAN'S WIFE
the quarterly digest of seagoing articles & etc. of lasting interest
P.O. Box 342/New Canaan, Conn. 06840
published by Richard Manning Associates

inal storyteller, whose enterprise is essentially one of understanding:

> . . . we're bound to understand in the end
> Understand what
> The rest what one's forgotten sometimes I tell myself
> Explain
> Perhaps that's the answer that does the least harm
> What answer
> Understanding what one's forgotten
> What
> It seems so to me unless I'm talking nonsense. . . .

Pinget's very avant-garde novel of the absurd incorporates the full French novelistic tradition. Like Proust, he has a curé who dabbles in the etymology of place names; like Balzac, he avidly traces the fortunes of little provincial shops through all their vicissitudes of gossip. The number of anecdotes, of miniature novels, caught in his nets of description cannot be counted; presumably some are expanded elsewhere in Pinget's *œuvre*. In this book, the curve of interest moves through the château itself (the two "gentlemen" who own it, their wealth, their homosexuality, their fussiness, their decadence, all implied by lengthy humorous descriptions of their housefurnishings), and then out into the social and geographical composition of the region as a whole ("The main resources of the district are in the soil and always will be"), and finally into the character and philosophy of the narrator himself. He has lost a wife and child; he is immensely lonely; he believes in diabolism and locates direct access to Hell in a quarry region called Vaguemort. Heaven's counterpart appears with the revelation that in the medieval section of the château lives a third employer, Monsieur Pierre—"a few intimate friends used to call them the Holy Trinity but to be frank the only holy man is Monsieur Pierre"—who is a hermit and an astronomer. So by the novel's end this district, into which enough historical allusion has been insinuated to render it an analogue of France, serves as a model of the world, with all human possibilities somewhere touched upon. Grove Press will, I hope, publish more of Pinget's work, which seems not only highly accomplished but thoroughly masculine, quite without the eunuchoid air of distress with which too much modern fiction confronts its bride the world.

All praise conceded, it remains to confess that none of these three books was hard to put down and that it is hard to imagine very many Americans, except for reviewers and students of

Reflection of Quality:

Most people own a camera.
A particular few own a LEICAFLEX®

LEICAFLEX
Leitz
WETZLAR

by the makers of the Leica® camera
E. Leitz, Inc., 468 Park Avenue South, New York, N. Y. 10016 66167

New York went out to dine in elegance
and the synonym for a great restaurant was
coined by the original Delmonico's

"Whether one is interested in New York history, the customs and manners of the 19th century, or the Delmonico family, this is a fascinating book." — *Library Journal.*

A Century of Splendor
By LATELY THOMAS

At your bookstore • *Illustrated* • $10.00 HMCo

Santaphobes unite!
Ogden Nash reveals what's wrong with Santa Claus, in hilarious verse embellished with hostile drawings by **Robert Osborn.**

Santa Go Home
A Case History for Parents
$4.95 at bookstores
LITTLE, BROWN

Ах, как вку́сно!*

Wonderful recipes from
Armenia
Azerbaidzhan
Belorussia
Estonia
Georgia
Latvia
Lithuania
Russia
Turkistan
Ukraine
THE RUSSIAN COOKBOOK
by BARBARA NORMAN
$6.95. Atheneum
* "Oh, how delicious"

the "art of the novel," reading them. All partake of that resistant modern motionlessness, so different from the lightning speed of Biblical chronicle or the tidal roll of Homeric narrative or the bustling forward march of the Balzacian novel—a motionlessness present in the circular structures of "Finnegans Wake" and "Remembrance of Things Past," in the unconquerable distances of Kafka and the unconscionable length of Bloom's day, in the final "Let's go" of "Waiting for Godot," followed by the stage direction "[*They do not move*]." The avant-garde novel itself has been saying "Let's go" for forty years, and has not outdistanced Joyce or left Kafka behind. There is an enfeebling doubt as to *ends:* Do stories end? Do novels have an end, a purpose? To entertain? To educate? To exasperate? To dehumanize literary idiom? To facilitate the author's onanism? The characteristic movement of modern narrative is of prolongation, of postponement. Novels end but do not *have* an end.

> Yes or no answer
> I'm tired

Thus "The Inquisitory" concludes. It is an honest, inconclusive conclusion. In an age of waiting (of, Christian eschatology would have it, a between-times), we find our loss of teleological sense reflected in books whose intricate energy, like that of barbarian designs, is essentially static. —JOHN UPDIKE

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE VALE OF LAUGHTER, by Peter De Vries (Little, Brown). The story of Joe Sandwich, an irrepressible joker, whose short life is a succession of failures and disasters that he regards as so many occasions for laughter, and of Wally Hines, a more staid but no less entertaining type, who eventually succeeds to Joe's dubious blessings, his wife and son. To set off these two heroes, or anti-heroes, Mr. De Vries' inventive vitality has produced an array of characters who are more than just foils—Wally's mother, for instance, is perfectly hilarious in her own right. A funny book.

IT ENDS WITH REVELATIONS, by Dodie Smith (Atlantic-Little, Brown). Miles Quentin, a famous and talented actor who is also a generous and considerate man, is rehearsing his new play in a picturesque English spa when his sweet-natured but dowdy wife, Jill, has an accidental

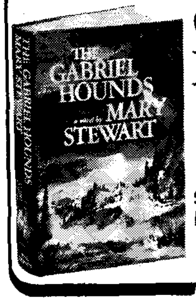
The Faces of Virginia

Bright smiles greet you at the New York Offices of the Virginia State Travel Service. Stop by or phone for free service . . . trip planning, routing, reservations, literature, maps, information on places to see and things to do.

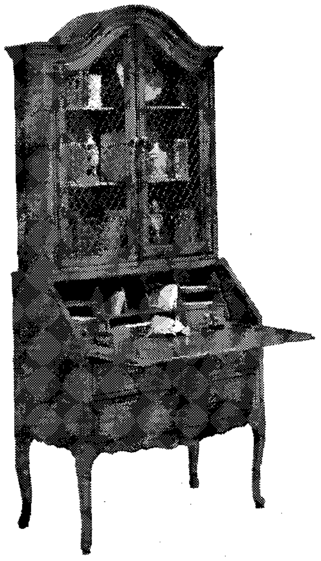
VIRGINIA STATE TRAVEL SERVICE
11 Rockefeller Plaza
New York, New York 10020
Telephone 245-3080
The Commonwealth of Virginia's complete, free travel service.

The humor and the humorists of the 20's and early 30's — Benchley, E. B. White, Harold Ross, Lardner, Dorothy Parker, W.C. Fields, Thurber, Frank Sullivan, FPA, et al — lovingly recalled by

COREY FORD
THE TIME OF LAUGHTER
Illustrated, $5.95
LITTLE, BROWN



Her new bestselling novel
MARY STEWART
THE GABRIEL HOUNDS
$5.95 at all booksellers
MORROW



Solid wood, of course.

But that's not the only reason Davis furniture grows old gracefully. Davis designs especially for *solid* wood. Then patiently takes an average of twelve weeks to build one solid walnut piece like this Rue Chapelle secretary. It makes a difference . . . one your granddaughter will appreciate, too.

For our complete story of Solid Wood furniture, send $1.00 to Dept. NY-11A
Davis Cabinet Co., Nashville, Tennessee 37206.

DAVIS CABINET COMPANY
"Craftsmen of Fine SOLID WOOD Furniture"

The Queen of American suspense novelists
Charlotte Armstrong
author of The Gift Shop, once again works her special magic in a story with all the compulsive fascination of a ticking bomb. $4.95
LEMON IN THE BASKET
Coward-McCann, Inc.

ART and the SHELL
Stix
daily 1–5:30
closed sun. & mon.
13 VANDAM ST. N.Y. 13

THE CAPRICE
Kirby Atterbury's Restaurant
on San Francisco Bay
TIBURON • CALIFORNIA
Reservations 415-435-3400

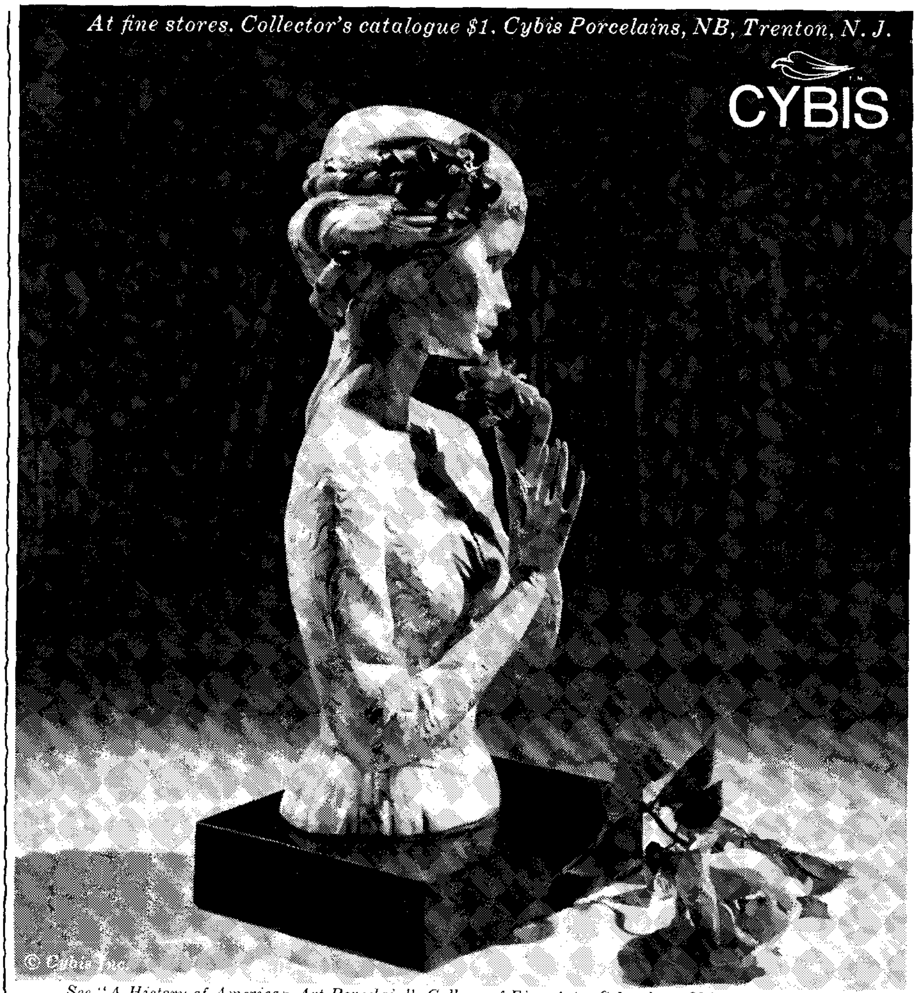
encounter with the local Member of Parliament, Geoffrey Thornton. Geoffrey, who is rich and worldly and just as generous and kind as Miles, is a widower with three grown children. For reasons Miss Smith does not really make clear, Geoffrey and Jill are attracted to each other, but the resulting triangle turns out to have one side missing. London and the spa are the background of this stately tale, in which all the characters are just a little too stylized to be interesting.

AGAINST ENTROPY, by Michael Frayn (Viking). "Entropy" denotes a lack of energy, figuratively as well as thermodynamically. Michael Frayn's third novel is the story of the undoing of two sluggish London newspapermen by a laconic young hustler whose activities incorporate and quickly surpass their wildest private and professional dreams, which include, for one of the victims, appointment as a permanent TV panel expert on the racial question. The overtones of the story are not as coherent as the militant title suggests, and the point of view not as steady, but Mr. Frayn is a master at producing and juggling a series of running gags, and he has a good ear.

GENERAL

INFIDEL IN THE TEMPLE, by Matthew Josephson (Knopf). The author calls this "A Memoir of the Nineteen-Thirties," and it is an exceedingly rich and crowded one—perhaps the most cogent informal history of the Depression that we have had. Mr. Josephson was very much part of the scene in that decade, as a journalist and a historian, and he takes us into many milieus—the Wall Street of Richard Whitney, the dining room at the *New Republic*, Key West on the eve of Hemingway's departure for the Spanish Civil War, early New Deal Washington, Communist Party headquarters on East Thirteenth Street, and the poolsides of Hollywood's kept writers. The book recaptures the feel of the Depression years, which were frightening but certainly far from dull.

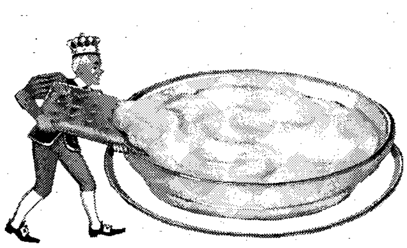
A MUEZZIN FROM THE TOWER OF DARKNESS CRIES, by R. P. Lister (Harcourt, Brace & World). Mr. Lister's first travel book, "The Hard Way to Haparanda," was about Lapland; this, his second, is about Turkey. The unfashionable scenes of his travels make it clear that he is not a chic traveller. Nor is he, on the


At fine stores. Collector's catalogue $1. Cybis Porcelains, NB, Trenton, N. J.
CYBIS
© Cybis Inc.
See "A History of American Art Porcelain", Gallery of Fine Arts, Columbus, Ohio, Nov. 15-Dec. 3.

A new *Superintendent Dalgliesh* mystery by
P.D. JAMES
UNNATURAL CAUSES
at all bookstores *$3.95* SCRIBNERS

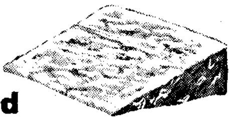
Just published:
a new work
of fiction by
SHIRLEY
HAZZARD
(author of *The Evening of the Holiday*)
PEOPLE IN
GLASS HOUSES
Fictional Portraits from Organization Life
(which originally appeared in slightly different form in *The New Yorker*).
$4.95 • now at better bookstores
ALFRED • A • KNOPF

All Thumbs
by W MILLER
introduction by Whitney Balliett
Many will agree with Whitney Balliett: "Miller is, I think, the most original and venturesome of this new generation of cartoonists." Here, for confirmed Miller fans, is a collection of over 130 of his best and funniest drawings. For those new to Miller, it offers the joy of discovery of a unique comic talent. $3.95
Nearly all of these drawings first appeared in The New Yorker.
Bobbs-Merrill



HAVE YOU MET
THE DIPPY DANE?

Danish blue cheese makes the most scrumptious party dip, for crackers, carrot sticks, or potato chips. It's dreamy, delicious . . . with a tangy taste of heavenly blue laced all through. Dippy or not, the best of the blues comes from the Danes.



Imported
DANISH BLUE
CHEESE

PRIME
FILET MIGNON

not for sale
(in any market, that is)

These primest of filet mignon are not sold in any market. Yet, you've probably enjoyed them in luxury restaurants. They're Prime Pfaelzer steaks—tender, flavorful, aged. Enjoy them at home, or have them sent as gifts with personalized card. Quick-frozen, packed in dry ice for guaranteed perfect arrival.

Box of 16—
6 oz. each, 1¼" thick. #30405 $34
Railway Express Prepaid
Write for free catalog listing more than 100 gift items

pfaelzer BROTHERS
(pronounced FELZER)
Dept. YN-81 • Chicago, Ill. 60632 • YARDS 7-7100
©P.B. 1967

SKIRA
THE ULTIMATE IN ART BOOKS

PICASSO
DRAWINGS

51 Illustrations-Color & Monochrome
At better bookstores...$7.50

other hand, a grimly serious one. He avoids both the Istanbul Hilton and the socio-political activities of the Justice Party. His aim is simply to see as much as possible of the actual grain of the country—to make the best of horse-and-buggy transportation, sub-toxic food, and rooms shared with strangers—and show us through the lens of his intelligence, his wit, and his sense of history what it is like. He triumphantly succeeds. Drawings by the author, and maps.

TOWARD THE AFRICAN REVOLUTION, by Frantz Fanon, translated from the French by Haakon Chevalier (Monthly Review Press). A collection of journalism and occasional pieces by the Negro psychiatrist from Martinique who became an Algerian revolutionary, died of cancer in 1961, and is now, with Malcolm X, a favorite ideologist of the Black Power movement here and abroad. Most of the pieces are from *El Moudjahid*, the underground newspaper of the Algerian F.L.N., and much of their content is the windy rhetoric of revolution ("We must cut off all her [France's] avenues of escape, asphyxiate her without pity"). But Dr. Fanon's three powerful ideas come through: that Negroes must rejoice in black identity, that only violence can wash away humiliation, and that Africa must be freed and unified.

NOTE: "Ooty Preserved: A Victorian Hill Station in India," by Mollie Panter-Downes, has been published by Farrar, Straus & Giroux. Nearly all the book was first printed in *The New Yorker*, in slightly different form. . . . Doubleday has published Emily Hahn's "Animal Gardens," a good part of which originally appeared in this magazine.

•

SAN FRANCISCO OPERA

In its forty-fifth annual season at the War Memorial Opera House, the program includes established classics as well as lesser known works. DeRosan's "Cavalier" is being presented Oct. 7 at 8 p.m. and Oct. 10 at 8:30 p.m.—*Where, a guide for visitors to northern California.*

Next week, Don's "Giovanni."

•

The movement to grant women franchise succeeded because housewives, dowagers, social workers, teachers, and writers chained themselves to fire hydrants and marched six abreast down Fifth Avenue.—*Harry Golden in the Long Island Star-Journal.*

Dowagers in those days were big, powerful women.

Just 3½ jet-hours to island atmosphere!

Half Moon Inn

on San Diego's exotic Shelter Island

Jet-away from it all to the magic of Half Moon Inn. Enjoy south seas atmosphere, luxury surrounded by magnificent views of sparkling waters. Pools, putting green, 220 boat slips—minutes from unlimited attractions. Write:
Miss Billy Riley,
Vice Pres. & Gen. Mgr.
2303 Shelter Island Dr.
San Diego, Calif. 92106

RED MASK MYSTERY

Just out—a new RED MASK MYSTERY

THE NINE
MILE WALK

The Nicky Welt Stories
of HARRY KEMELMAN

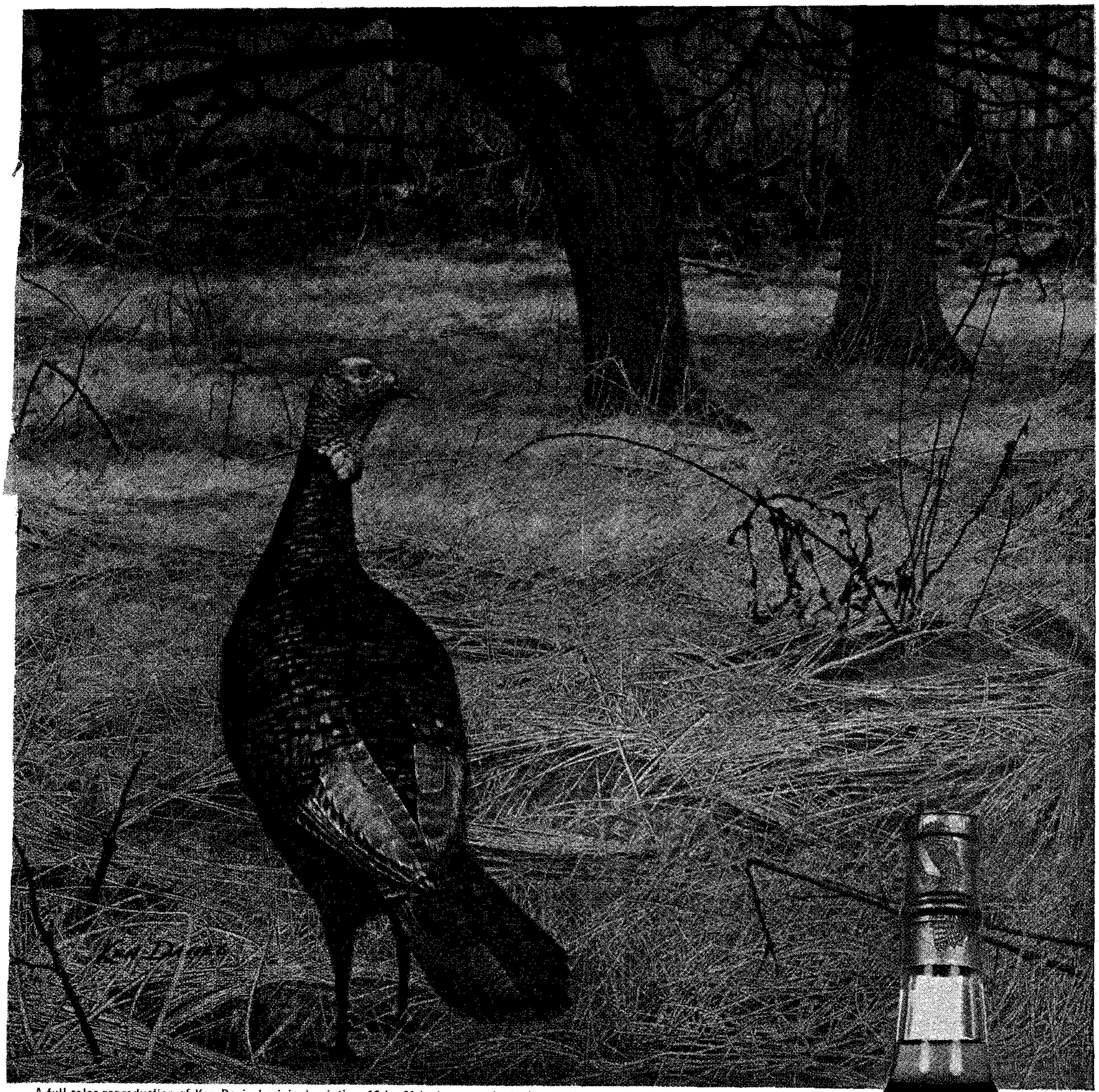
Eight ingenious stories by the best-selling author of *Friday the Rabbi Slept Late* and *Saturday the Rabbi Went Hungry.* "Very much in the Sherlock Holmes tradition. As Holmes did, so does Welt." —*Publishers' Weekly.*

$3.95 at bookstores

PUTNAM

RIZZOLI
International
Bookstore & Gallery
Peter Novelli, Director
Books • Periodicals • Records • Objets d'Art
Graphics and Fine Art • from around the world
712 Fifth Avenue, New York 19 • 245-0400
Open six days a week until midnight

FANNY'S
WORLD FAMOUS RESTAURANT
Spaghetti • Southern Fried Chicken • Prime Steaks and Fanny's salad dressing.
Hours 5 to 10 pm daily (OPEN EVERY DAY) 1601 Simpson St.
Sunday 12 noon to 10 pm Phone GR 5-8686 Evanston, Ill.



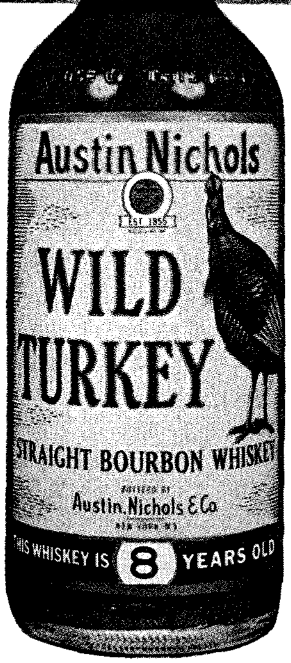
A full color reproduction of Ken Davies' original painting, 19 by 21 inches, may be had postpaid by sending $1.00 to Department Y, P.O. Box 432, Maspeth, New York 11378.

The Responsibility of Being the Best—

There is always one best—a tribute to its producers, a recurrent delight to those privileged to enjoy it.

Rightly proud of their position, the proprietors of such a brand must also be deeply aware of the responsibility.

Every unit of their classic product must be the essence of perfection in all, and every, detail. It must stand comparison to the utmost if necessary, and yet by itself should be so completely satisfying that the suggestion of making any comparison is never broached.

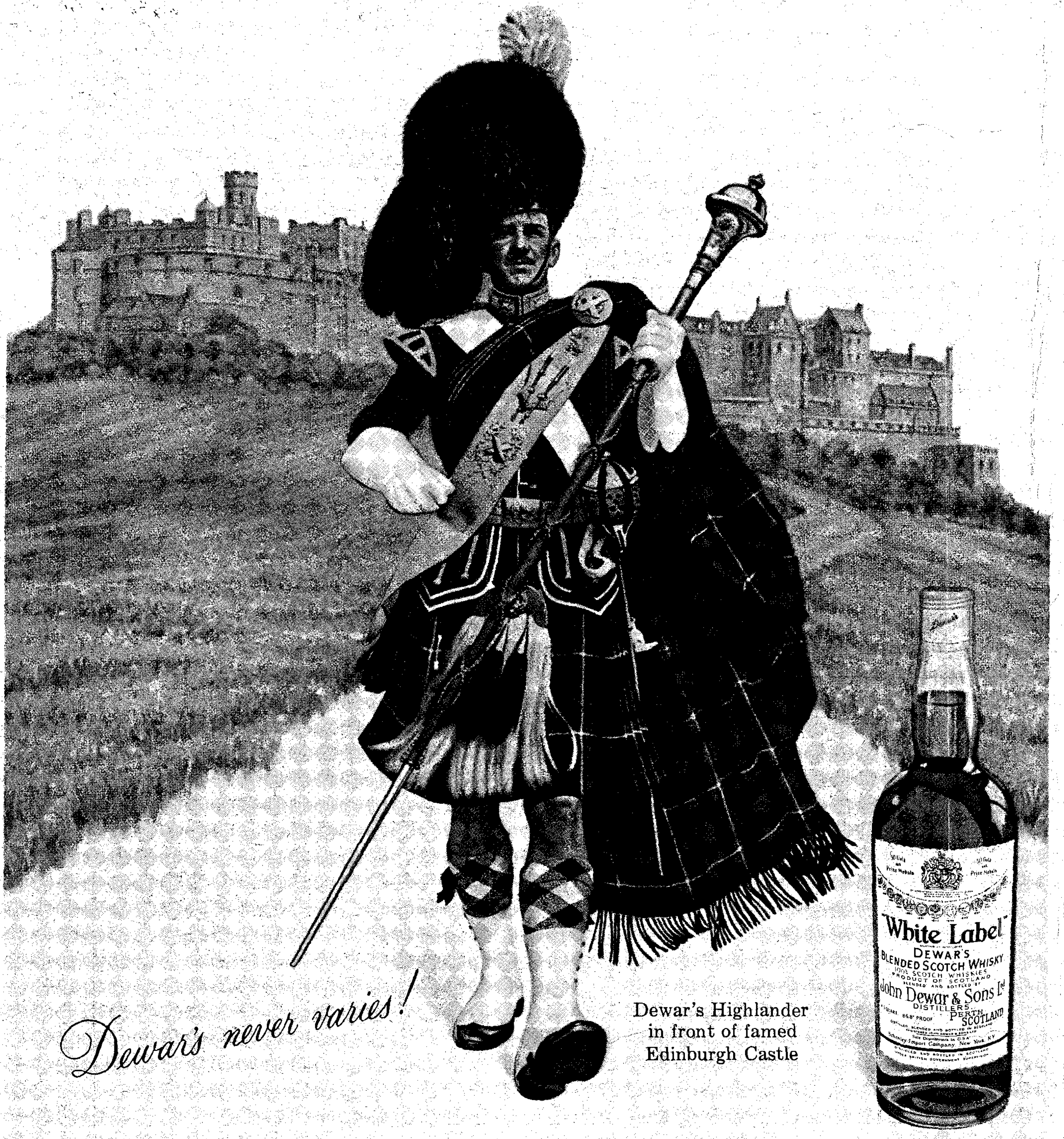

Austin Nichols
EST 1855
WILD TURKEY
STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
BOTTLED BY
Austin, Nichols & Co
NEW YORK NY
THIS WHISKEY IS 8 YEARS OLD

01 Proof–8 Years Old–AUSTIN, NICHOLS & CO., INC. New York-New York

Welcome Scotch The World Over!

DEWAR'S

"White Label"


Dewar's never varies!
"White Label"
DEWAR'S
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
John Dewar & Sons Ltd
DISTILLERS
PERTH
SCOTLAND

Dewar's Highlander
in front of famed
Edinburgh Castle

86.8 PROOF · BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY © SCHENLEY IMPORTS CO., NEW YORK, N.Y.

About $7.25 FIFTH (PRICES MAY VARY ACCORDING TO STATE AND LOCAL TAXES.)